

June 20, 1962

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The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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**SKI-LOOK 1962**  
Page 9

*Yves Montand's*  
**Dictionary  
Of Love**

SEE THESE  
WONDERFUL  
COLOR  
FEATURES

**TELEVISION LIFTOUT . . The biggest pin-up ever**

**Delicious Dishes . . For a WINTER BUFFET**

**BEAUTIFUL CANBERRA . . Four pages of pictures**



# £2,250 CASH PRIZES!



## Rosella 11 Soups Contest

**FIRST PRIZE, £1,000 CASH**

**SECOND PRIZE, £450; THIRD, £300; FOURTH, £200  
FIFTH, £100; 10 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF £10  
20 CONSOLATION PRIZES OF £5.**

If you've ever wished for £1,000 to spend exactly how you please . . . maybe on a house, a trip overseas, or a car . . . then use your culinary skill and enter this Rosella 11 Soups "Taste Testing" Contest. There's no entrance fee. No slogans or jingles. This Rosella 11 Soups Contest is a straightforward test of your kitchen skill.

A nationally-known cookery expert has listed her order of preference for the 11 Soups in the Rosella range. This list is lodged with the Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney. All of them, you'll agree, are superb. But we want you to nominate your order of preference after taste-testing the 11 Rosella Soups. For example, you may start your entry this way: 1, Celery; 2, Chicken; and so on for the whole of the Rosella range. The nearest to the cookery expert's list will be adjudged the winner.

Check these rules before you start:

1. All entries must be accompanied by 1 Rosella Soup label. This is not required in States where it infringes local laws.
2. There is no entry fee. Competitors may send in as many entries as they wish, provided each is accompanied by a Rosella

Soup label in those States where this is permitted by law.

3. All entries will be considered and must carry the name of the Grocer . . . and your own name and address written in block letters.

4. If more than one correct entry is received, the nearest will be judged the winner. Should none contain the correct list, the prize will be awarded to the nearest, nearest correct entry. In the event of a tie, prizes will be divided. The decision of the Judges is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

5. The following are not eligible to compete: Members and families of staff of Rosella. Members of the Advertising Agency or their families. Staff members of the Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney.



**ENTER NOW! 11 Soups Contest closes 30th June, 1962. Results will be announced in the "Public Notices" column of major daily newspapers on Saturday, 28th July, 1962.**

### Clip This Entry Blank Now

For your convenience you may use this entry blank and get additional blanks at your grocery store. Before mailing, read the rules above and be sure to attach a Rosella Soup label.

Send to:  
"11 Soups Contest," Rosella Ltd.  
Post Office Box 1665N, G.P.O.,  
Melbourne, Victoria.

### My Order of Preference is:

- |         |         |         |          |
|---------|---------|---------|----------|
| 1. .... | 4. .... | 7. .... | 10. .... |
| 2. .... | 5. .... | 8. .... | 11. .... |
| 3. .... | 6. .... | 9. .... |          |

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

### USE BLOCK LETTERS

Grocer's Name .....

Address .....

State .....

R55-62/C

### HERE ARE YOUR 11 ROSELLA DOUBLE-STRENGTH SOUPS:

- ASPARAGUS
- CELERY
- CHICKEN
- TOMATO
- MUSHROOM
- OX TAIL
- PEA WITH HAM
- SCOTCH BROTH
- MULLIGATAWNY
- TOMATO-VEGETABLE
- VEGETABLE



# CANBERRA

## *see how it grows*

● Canberra residents say these days that if they miss a Sunday drive they don't recognise their city the next weekend. It's a joke with a kernel of truth. Pictures on this and following pages illustrate the rapid growth of modern Canberra.

Pictures by Keith Barlow



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, Canberra (above), is doomed within the next decade. The building will become interstate and international council chambers and will be replaced by a new Parliament House on the shores of the lake. Below: Tom Bass' statue of Ethos, symbolising the Spirit of the Community, overlooks Canberra City Square and the fast-growing business centre of the capital.







*REX AT CANBERRA HOTEL, with its own swimming-pool on a flagged terrace, helps cater for the increasing numbers of visiting dignitaries from overseas and interstate, as well as for tourists. It is also one of the centres of nightlife in the capital.*

... Continuing

## CANBERRA

● The aerial view below shows what has happened to the village of 1000 inhabitants that was Canberra 53 years ago. Population (now 60,000) has doubled in the past eight years, and building is keeping pace. This year Government and private enterprise will spend £18,000,000 on new buildings. Canberra today is a city of many faces. As the national capital it houses diplomats from 30 countries. It is rapidly winning renown as a centre of research and learning. And tourists—half a million of them last year — pour through it continually. The ambitious lakes scheme which will be completed next year will set the crown on the city's reputation as one of the most beautiful of the world's capitals.







*ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, surrounded by a moat and illuminated by large discs set in the dome, is close to the Institute of Anatomy and University and C.S.I.R.O. buildings. A landmark, it houses the Becker Lecture Hall and the Basser Library.*



*HOLY TRINITY Lutheran National Memorial Church is in striking contrast to the ultra-modern Academy of Science building (at top of page), designed by the same firm of Melbourne architects, Grounds Romberg and Boyd.*

*PANORAMA OF CANBERRA (left), showing City Square and the city's administration buildings in the centre of the circular layout. The dome of the Academy of Science is in the foreground, at left, and the Australian War Memorial in the background, right.*

*Continued on page 7*





Any season, Any weather . . .

SOUP 'n **Salada** go together!



Serve crisp, golden SALADA Crackers with a bowl of piping hot Tomato Soup . . . and here is savoury satisfaction . . . soup flavour beyond your dreams! That's because SALADA is so delicious in itself — unique in its toasted, salty tang . . . its crispness. Truly a perfect cracker . . . SALADA is the touch of

cleverness that makes any good meal better! Try breaking SALADA into soup with your next meal . . . you'll love the extra flavour SALADA gives to all soups.

Here's a hot and hearty idea! Spread a crisp Salada square with butter and grated cheese . . . float on top of Tomato Soup just before serving . . . Looks great . . . tastes even better . . . lots of nourishment too!



Baked Oven-Crisp  
by

**BROCKHOFF**





... Continuing  
**CANBERRA**



● Canberra's modern embassies reflect the architecture of the many nations which have diplomatic representation in Australia. Two recent additions to "Embassy Row" are the Belgian Embassy (above), designed by Sydney architects Fowell Mansfield and MacLurean in a blend of Flemish and Georgian styles; and the Japanese Embassy (right), in the Shinden and Shoin styles of 12th-century Japan, designed by I. Shimada, of Tokio. Both were completed last year.



**TOWN HOUSE MOTEL** is a modern building which looks like a story-book Noah's Ark. New hotels and motels have doubled Canberra's tourist accommodation in the past three years.



**FLATS** are a major feature of recent residential building in Canberra. Currong Flats (above), an eight-storey block at Braddon, is a "zigzag" design and overlooks the city area.



# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## Another Noatable Oat Eatable made with **UNCLE TOBY'S**

### UNCLE TOBY'S SAVOURY CASSEROLE

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup Uncle Toby's Oats • 2 tbsp. Uncle Toby's Maize Oil • 2 medium onions • salt and pepper •  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. minced steak • 1 level tbsp. chopped parsley • 1 level tsp. horseradish (optional) • 1 egg • 4 bacon rashers • tomatoes and parsley.

Peel onions, cut in  $\frac{1}{2}$ " slices and arrange in greased casserole. Pour over Uncle Toby's Maize Oil and season with salt and pepper. Combine steak, oats, chopped parsley, horseradish, salt and pepper and bind with beaten egg. Place over sliced onions. Remove rind from bacon, cut in 4" lengths and arrange on top. Cover and bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Garnish with tomato wedges and parsley.

**To make sauce,** pour off liquor from casserole, make to 1 pint with water and thicken with two level tbsp. of Wades, Clement's or Brown & Polson's cornflour. Bring to boil, season if necessary.

Write for more Uncle Toby's oaty recipes to:

**CLIFFORD LOVE & CO. LTD.**  
Hope Street, Enfield, N.S.W.

### Champion Oat says:

This pack contains a full 2 lb.  
— your best buy in oats. A good  
hot breakfast of Uncle Toby's  
beats them all. Extra creamy.  
**Cooks while the kettle boils.**

**EVERYBODY DOTES  
on UNCLE TOBY'S OATS**



## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Like cowboys? Then you'll like the mammoth double-page color pin-up of the "Bonanza" boys in our new TV section.

**T**HE section (a "wrap-round" on Teenagers' Weekly—see the middle of the paper) will be a regular feature.

As well, we will continue to run TV Parade (page 27).

"Bonanza" is the highest-rated TV show seen in Australia. In the United States, it is photographed in color for color TV.

"Bonanza" is what I call a pretty Western, as distinct from a utility Western," says our TV critic Nan Musgrove.

"I see so many Westerns that I know the scenery off by heart in most of them. I know just which rocks the villain will be hiding behind.

"But 'Bonanza' has beautiful backgrounds. Imagining them in their original color seems to add to my enjoyment."

**PATRICIA O'CONNELL**, who wrote the story about European ski fashions (opposite page), recently returned to our staff after 12 months abroad.

Patricia, who spent Christmas and New Year skiing in Austria and Switzerland, says:

"Ski lessons were riotously international, with French, English, Italian, German, Dutch, and Australian pupils in a class of eight.

"The Austrian ski instructor had a smattering (and I do mean smattering) of every language.

"My accent confused the issue even more, as my Australian drawl had become very Southern after seven months in Louisiana, U.S.

"For instance, I'd learnt to say 'braid' for bread. I had to, or I would have been eating cake."

### Our cover

● Jill Morris, of Cooma, N.S.W., skiing across a slope at Thredbo, N.S.W., captures the spirit of the 1962 Australian snow season. Cover picture by Raymond Ferris. Opposite page, the lazybones look in European snow fashions.



# The lazy-bones look

*It's new 'beatnik elegance'*

*for Europe's snowfields*

● The elegant beatniks of Switzerland, Italy, Scandinavia, and Germany have brought a new set of lazy-bones fashions to the snowfields of Europe.

THE 1962 look is a long, lean, loping mess. But combined with a stem christie of the utmost nonchalance it's marvellous.

There is just one basic requirement: that you can ski—and ski well.

If you don't know a stem christie from a snowplough it's not for you.

On the snowfields today it's not the thing to take the slopes carefully color-matched in a pastel parka and stretch ski pants with a dainty silk scarf round your well-set hair. That look is deader than the dinosaur.

The "don't-care" look is the latest. Colors are so bright they're loud; and against a snow-white background the shaggy-Aggy shape is sensational.

Fur hats, as high and frankly fox as possible, are the rage—like a cosack's or guardsman's bushy, crammed on hard over all your hair except for a few shaggy wisps left to blow round your face in the wind.

Shiny, open-to-the-sun faces with lashings of freckles and no lipstick appear under every fur hat.

Even the most devoted sunworshippers wear goggles—but nothing that looks like a refugee from a motor-cycle club.

Goggles must look as much like ordinary sunglasses as possible—light, narrow, and streamlined.

A loose-fitting, straight-to-the-thigh layer of Nordic fair-isle sweater is a must over tight, tight stretch pants. No sissy colors, either.

A safe choice is a navy sweater patterned in red over scarlet ski pants. Much jazzier is purple pants with green-and-violet sweater.

These sweaters are knitted from greasy wool which is practically waterproof. Therefore parkas are out, especially in quilted-nylon.

Continental would only wear these in a blizzard when they couldn't be seen—and who'd ski in a blizzard when she could be sipping punch round a roaring fire instead.

However, if you must wear a parka (and you can freeze to death without one), the look of leather or skin is madly in; or a tough-looking thick felt or shaggy wool poncho—waterproofed, of course.

They play it carefully casual in the evenings, too, in comfortable slouchy clothes which, in fact, are anything but.

The wispy hair is brushed high and handsome in a beehive, but the faces still look shiny and scrubbed, despite lashings of brown eye make-up.

These 1962-model skiers sport satin only in long-sleeved shirts tucked into velvet trousers that end in matching velvet boots.

The trousers appear in strong solid colors of violet, mustard, or olive-green and also team with splotchy patterned shirts of Italian silk.

Ponchos appear again in the hot

pinks and oranges that a Mexican would go for.

(Mohair and bulky-knit sweaters had to move out fast as the Twist moved in.)

In the chalets round Kitzbuehel, in Austria, which is now snow mecca for young Europe, they dance the Twist in black tights topped with straight-cut shifts fringed just above the knees.

All over Europe the ski resorts are booming.

Low-cost package tours have transformed the sport into a winter holiday must for the masses.

The London papers are constantly running pictures of the young Aga and Eddy (Khan and Kent) schussing round the slopes of Switzerland, Austria, or France.

But you're more likely to ride up on the ski-tow with a medical student from Munich or a teller from a London bank who hasn't had to rob the till to afford it.

For as little as £40 (stg.) he can have a two-week holiday "winter-sporting" in Austria. That £40 covers everything—train fares, hotel accommodation and meals, ski hire, even ski lessons.

Of course he won't be staying in the grandest Grand Hotel, but he'll still be getting superb service in a tiny Austrian pension or inn. And the snow is for free, even if he has to pay for ski-tows and cable-cars.

If he has robbed the bank, he can rent a chalet at St. Moritz and start catching up on the alpine version of La Dolce Vita, which doesn't involve much skiing.

But he'd probably prefer to combine the best of both worlds and book in at the Hotel de Paris in Monte Carlo.

Here he'll find the same blue skies and brilliant sunshine—but no snow. However, when swimming in the heated hotel pool begins to pall, a helicopter waiting on the hotel lawn can whisk him up to La Colmiane, in the nearby French mountains, to ski all day, then helicopter home again in the evening.

But the smart young things have woken up to the fact that there's more fun in the smaller resorts of Austria, which are cheap, but never nasty.

The facilities are superb practically wherever you go. There are more than 50 cable-cars through the country to swing skiers thousands of feet up mountains; ten mountain railways and hundreds of ski- and chair-lifts.

Even the Americans are favoring the snowfields of Europe.

Charter planes now fly regularly from New York laden with skiers, who will have two weeks or more in whitest Austria, Norway, Italy, or Switzerland (perhaps even Scotland) for not much more than they'd pay to ski in Colorado or Squaw Valley, California.



**THE LONG, LEAN, ELEGANT LOOK.** This girl typifies the latest look on the snowfields of Europe with her carefully casual clothes, hair hanging shaggy and loose to her shoulders, and almost-nothing make-up.





"Darling, are you all right?"  
 "I think so . . . I just had a terrible nightmare. I dreamed your boss and his wife came to dinner . . ."  
 "Go on . . ."  
 "And I came in with the chicken . . ."  
 "Yes . . ."  
 "And you carved . . ."  
 "Yes . . ."  
 "And the boss's wife said 'Can I have some stuffing please?'"  
 "What happened then?"  
 "There wasn't any. *We forgot the stuffing!*"  
 "Oh brother! Now that your dream is over, I hope you have plenty of stuffing in the kitchen."  
 "Oh I have! I've got PAXO."  
 "Is that the stuffing your mother told you about?"  
 "That's it."  
 "Good, now we can relax and go to sleep. Anything your mother recommends is bound to be good. What a cook!"  
 "Beast!"  
 "Go to sleep."

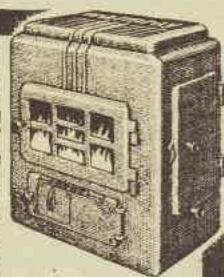
PAXO is complete ready-mixed seasoning with good old fashioned ingredients. Breadcrumbs, onions, sage, parsley, thyme, finely shredded beef suet. Use PAXO always . . . it makes dinners delicious!



BUY **PAXO** TODAY  
 MADE BY CEREBOS (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

**NOTHING EQUALS  
 Warmray's  
 amazing efficiency!**

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!**  
 • TRIPLE PURPOSE • SLOW COMBUSTION  
 • AIR CONDITIONING HOME HEATER  
 THE "H.D." STANDARD has over 7,000 cu. ft. heating capacity. Equipped with non-jamming shaker grate. Burns any solid fuel. Ceramic Grey, Hawaiian Cream, or Mahogany porcelain enamel.



**warmray**

The secret of Warmray's efficiency is the patented heating tubes (shown here), which are built into the firebox. The air in the room passes through these tubes continuously, thus maintaining an even, overall warmth.

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**WARMRAY PTY. LTD.**

Manufacturers and Wholesale Distributors  
 Challis House, Martin Place, Sydney • 25 2216  
 If unavailable locally, phone, write or call for illustrated brochure and name of nearest Agent.

# Detective tracked her sister down

● Twenty-one years of police work in London taught Eileen Thomas that it was a crime to waste valuable time, so when she recently resigned as a detective from Scotland Yard, she was aboard an Australia-bound plane within two days.

WITH her was her sister Angela, a London fashion expert, and their joint mission was to see a third sister, Pat Thomas, who runs a Perth TV pets' session.

Eileen Thomas, who spent 14 years with the Criminal Investigation Department during her 21 years with the Metropolitan Police, found her work of crime detection was "exciting, stimulating, and a constant challenge."

"Anything could happen at any time," she told me in Perth when we discussed her police work.

"For instance, you walk into your office at 9 a.m. and find another detective waiting for you. 'Hello, Bill (or Tom or Dick),' you say. 'What's happening?'"

"'No time to waste,' he replies. 'Hop into the car and I'll tell you as we go along.'"

Detective Thomas began her exciting career during World War II.

When war broke out she was a nurse specially trained to look after handicapped children.

Though this was a reserved occupation, she began to think about joining the Services when the London blitz was at its height.

The Air Force was "out" because the only vacancies left for women were for dental mechanics, and she didn't want to join her sister, Pat, in the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

"I wasn't going to have any sister of mine as my superior officer," she said with a twinkle.

Disconsolate, she was wandering down Whitehall when she saw the sign, "Metropolitan Police Force," and on an impulse walked in. "Do you want a recruit, constable?" she asked.

The constable looked hard at her and said, "How tall are you?" "I'm five foot six." "No, you're jolly well not," he said. "You're only 5ft. 4½." And he was right.

Minimum height for women police with the Metropolitan Police Force was then 5ft. 4½in., so she was in by a quarter of an inch.

(Today the minimum for women has been lowered to 5ft. 4in., but policemen in the City of London must still be 6ft. tall.)

For five years, from October 13, 1941, Policewoman Thomas went on the beat, and then applied to become a detective.

When she was accepted she was one of a force of



EX-DETECTIVE Eileen Thomas, of London, pictured in Perth during a recent holiday. She resigned from Scotland Yard in April.

only five women detectives attached to Scotland Yard, compared with today's strength of a hundred.

Since then there have been many times when the life of Eileen Thomas might have been in danger, but it is typical of her that she sees only the humor of these situations.

One night, for instance, she was assigned with a man detective to a house in London to await the arrival of a violent husband.

"I was posted inside the front hall, and my male colleague at the back door," said Miss Thomas. "As the husband walked in we both stepped forward and said, 'Police here!'"

## Not the night

"Oh, yes," he said, walked into the front room, picked up the paper, and began to read.

"It just wasn't one of his violent nights."

Not all problem assignments went as smoothly, though, and Miss Thomas has been commended five times for exceptionally good work in detection.

She modestly brushes aside these tributes to her work, commenting: "I was just doing my normal job, and

we are trained to face all contingencies.

"There's nothing brave about any of it really. We are all too busy anticipating what will happen next to think of ourselves."

Miss Thomas said that her work in the Force mostly involved a 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. day.

"But it really all depended on what was down in the book for us," she added.

"If an assignment sent us out of London on an 8 a.m. train, we started work then. And we always saw an assignment through, whatever hours—or days—that might involve."

Miss Thomas said that unobtrusiveness was the password for women detectives' behaviour when they were on a job.

"If you attend a party given by a well-known hostess who has lovely jewels or treasures, you go there as one of the guests," she said. "You wouldn't like to stick out like a sore thumb, would you?"

Ex-Detective Thomas — whose pay included special plainclothes and detective duty allowances and a boot-and-shoe allowance — said she learned judo during her basic training as a police-woman, but thought its im-

By WINFRED BISSET

portance in police work was over-rated.

"In my 21 years with the Metropolitan District Police I've never once had to use judo in my work," she said.

I then asked Miss Thomas if one had to be specially strong and fit for a career such as hers.

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "I have had quite long spells off sick, mostly with throat trouble."

## A low voice

"After giving evidence in a court for about four or five hours my voice used to go down so low that the judge would have to say, 'Speak up, Officer.'"

Miss Thomas, who has spent 15 years on the detection of crime and has had special training in dealing with women and children, thinks too much is made of juvenile delinquency.

"In my day, if a child was badly behaved," she said, "he or she got a good clip on the ear from the parents and thought twice about misbehaving again."

"Today if you look into the backgrounds of what are now called 'delinquents' you'll find that nine times out of ten the fault lies with the parents."

"I think, however, that the standard of behaviour of young people is improving. Parents are being married younger and they seem to know better how to handle their children."

Miss Thomas was disillusioning about TV detective shows.

"The most authentic as far as methods of detection are concerned in England is 'No Hiding Place.'"

"In this film plainclothes men act and travel as they should — inconspicuously," she said.

"They travel in inconspicuous cars with a plainclothes driver. Large black cars with 'Police' notices on the hood are not used."

"In real life, plainclothes men are even travelling in colored cars now because they are more numerous, therefore less conspicuous."

"But I do realise, of course, that for TV purposes it is necessary for the public to be able to differentiate between the cops and robbers."

Ex-detective Thomas has not yet decided what she will do in her retirement, but for a start on her return from Australia she is going to look after her cousin's dogs in Sutton, Surrey.





## NOTHING IN THE WORLD LIKE THE ROUSING GOOD TASTE OF COFFEE

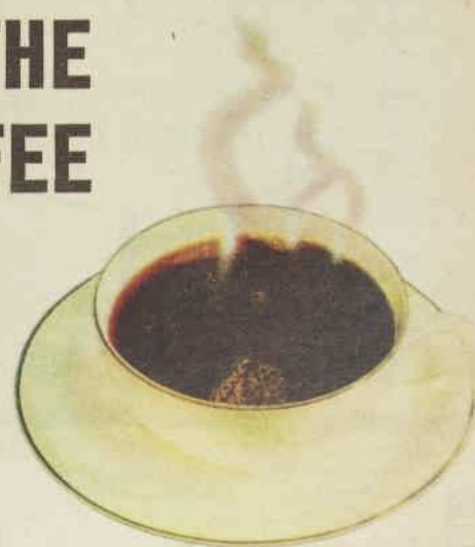
*Whenever you have to think more clearly, give yourself a coffee-break!*

*At home or at work coffee cheers you up. Gives you a little extra get-up-and-go. And see how you spark to the hearty, rich taste of it!*

*Coffee is mighty good company—and it makes you better company.*

*Ideas flow and friendships grow over a cup of coffee.*

*Drink it often! Enjoy coffee at mealtimes! Relax over coffee at your favourite restaurant! For lively satisfaction, nothing else comes close.*





# ALL-AUSTRALIAN

● The first All-Australian Fashion Parades, with glamor treatment previously given only to overseas collections, will be presented by The Australian Women's Weekly and the Myer Emporium in four capital cities in August and September.

**B**ACKING these two sponsors is the Garment Industries' Association of Australia, whose members are co-operating enthusiastically in making the collection's 70 high-fashion models, based on Paris spring fashions.

Reproductions of a large number of these will be available to the public during the parades in all States.

Both Australian-made and imported fabrics will be used, and all Australian accessories will be shown.

The clothes, being fashioned in Australian workrooms on the lines decreed by Paris, tell the full story of the romantic femininity which is billed to flutter, ruffle, and frill its way through the 1962 spring and summer fashions.

Each model will be a top couture design cleverly adapted to suit the Australian fashion scene and yet still retaining its Paris chic.

In keeping with this alliance between overseas and Australian fashions, the six mannequins chosen for the parades are top representatives of France, England, America, and Australia.

The three overseas "Vogue" mannequins are Emmanuelle Gassion, of Paris, Jill Stinchcombe, of London, and Carol Ashmont, of New York. The Australians are Kaia Stanford, Janice Wakely, and Joan Green.

The glamorous mannequins, who will fly by Qantas and T.A.A., are as varied in interests and background as they are in looks.

Emmanuelle Gassion, aged 24, comes from a strict, provincial bourgeois family, and was in Paris taking degrees in history at Sorbonne when asked by Madame Maud, of Maud et Nano, to model for her.

She gave up her studies at 19 to work for couturier Jacqueline Godard, and she also does freelance modelling for various magazines.

London's pretty madcap Jill Stinchcombe, aged 23, was chosen for the Australian parades from many girls interviewed in London not only for her modelling capabilities but also for her easy, quicksilver personality.

Slim as a bean, 5ft. 8in., grey-eyed, and shiny-haired, Jill has worked for Hardy Amies, Mary Quant, and Belinda Bellville, and can wear young, jazzy clothes or chic sophisticated ones with equal aplomb.

Jill last year was chosen to give a Royal showing of fashions to Princess Marina of Kent.

Twenty-one-year-old Carol Ashmont, who has be-

**JOAN GREEN**, who left England 11 years ago, is one of Melbourne's most successful models. At 5ft. 10in., she's the tallest in the team for our All-Australian Parades.

**KAIA STANFORD**, Estonian-born Sydney modelling success, is 24. She was a nurse; now earns up to £80 a week.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 20, 1962

'Savlon' Antiseptic Lozenges

**"I HAD  
a sore throat  
this morning..."**



**but now I feel fine  
thanks to...**



**'Savlon' ANTISEPTIC LOZENGES**

At the first sign of a sore throat simply pop a 'Savlon' Lozenge into your mouth. Pleasantly flavoured 'Savlon' Lozenges relieve sore throats quickly, prevent further infection from spreading. 'Savlon' Antiseptic Lozenges are now available in packs of 12 and 30.

**4/- & 7/6**

**A must for all  
first aid!**

**'Savlon' ANTISEPTIC CREAM**

**'Savlon' MEDICATED powder**



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your Family Chemist

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# FASHION PARADES

## Where to see our Parades

Dates and locations for our All-Australian Fashion Parades are:

SYDNEY, August 4 to August 15, at Farmer's.  
BRISBANE, August 18 to August 28, at McWhirter's.  
MELBOURNE, September 1 to September 12, at the Myer Emporium.  
ADELAIDE, September 15 to September 21, at the Myer Emporium.

come one of the most popular photographers' models in New York since she left Pennsylvania's grimy coal country 18 months ago, has always wanted to be a model. "All my actions have been directed to this one goal," she says. "In my teens I learned to design and make my own clothes. At high school I became a cheerleader to acquire poise and develop my figure, and I studied dancing for the same reasons."

"After school I took a job in a flower shop to learn arrangement and the blending of colors. And when I'm burned out as a model I plan to be a dress designer."

Sydney's 24-year-old Kaia Stanford, who is blond, brown-eyed, and elegant, came to Australia from Estonia 13 years ago.

She and her mother went to live at Albury and then Goulburn, where Kaia began a nursing career.

After marrying her football-coach husband, Colin Stanford, she came to live in Sydney and began nursing again. But married life and irregular working hours didn't mix, so she started looking for a part-time job, began modelling, and hasn't looked back.

Now, after four years,

Kaia is one of Sydney's highest paid models, sometimes earning £80 a week.

Janice Wakely, a 26-year-old blonde, is a Sydney girl, but has done most of her Australian modelling in Melbourne, where she settled in 1956.

Jan has had two modelling tours abroad. One was in 1958, when she freelanced in London with great success.

The second was in 1960 when she did a photographic-fashion tour through Hong Kong, Bangkok, New Delhi, and Zurich before arriving in London.

Joan Green, the 28-year-old "veteran" of the mannequins for the All-Australian Parades, is an English-born blonde who came to Australia 11 years ago.

Since she started work as a mannequin just two and a half years ago in Melbourne she has achieved rapid success, winning in her first year the Helen Woods Memorial Award for the most promising mannequin modelling less than 12 months.

Commenting on the All-Australian Parades, Mr. J. M. Shaw, of Melbourne, president of the Garment Industries' Association, said:

"The G.I.A. is very happy to be identified with this very forward scheme to give



Australian women the opportunity of seeing Australian clothes in the same atmosphere as they have earlier seen overseas styles.

"On behalf of members I would like to congratulate The Australian Women's Weekly and the Myer Emporium on their enterprise."

To select the high-fashion styles for the parades, Mr. Ron Everingham, Group Controller of Fashions for the Myer Emporium, Melbourne, recently made a special flying trip overseas to see the spring trends at the big-name couture houses in Paris, London, and New York.

These included Dior, Lanvin, Castillo, Givenchy, and Nina Ricci.

Everywhere he found the same theme—with variations—of romantic feminine fashions with soft classic touches.

"All the top houses are agreed on this, and are expressing it with filmy, sheer, and fluid fabrics, ruffles, frills, and flares, drifts, bows, jabots, and pleats," he said.

"And they've concentrated on clear colors or near-whites, such as alabaster, porcelain, and gardenia."

Of the new-season colors Mr. Everingham said:

"Navy-blue is to this coming season what no-color green and the beiges have been for three years."

"As well as navy, all the other blues—provided they are clear colored—rank high."

"The melon family is a hot favorite, so are the citrus-fruit tones, especially in accessories and sportswear."

Two more strong fashion tips which Mr. Everingham has brought back for our Parades:

- Skirts are still short . . . barely covering the knees.
- The three-piece look is stronger than ever.

**JILL STINCHCOMBE,** London's representative in our All-Australian Parades. Pretty mad-cap Jill is 23; has quick-silver personality.



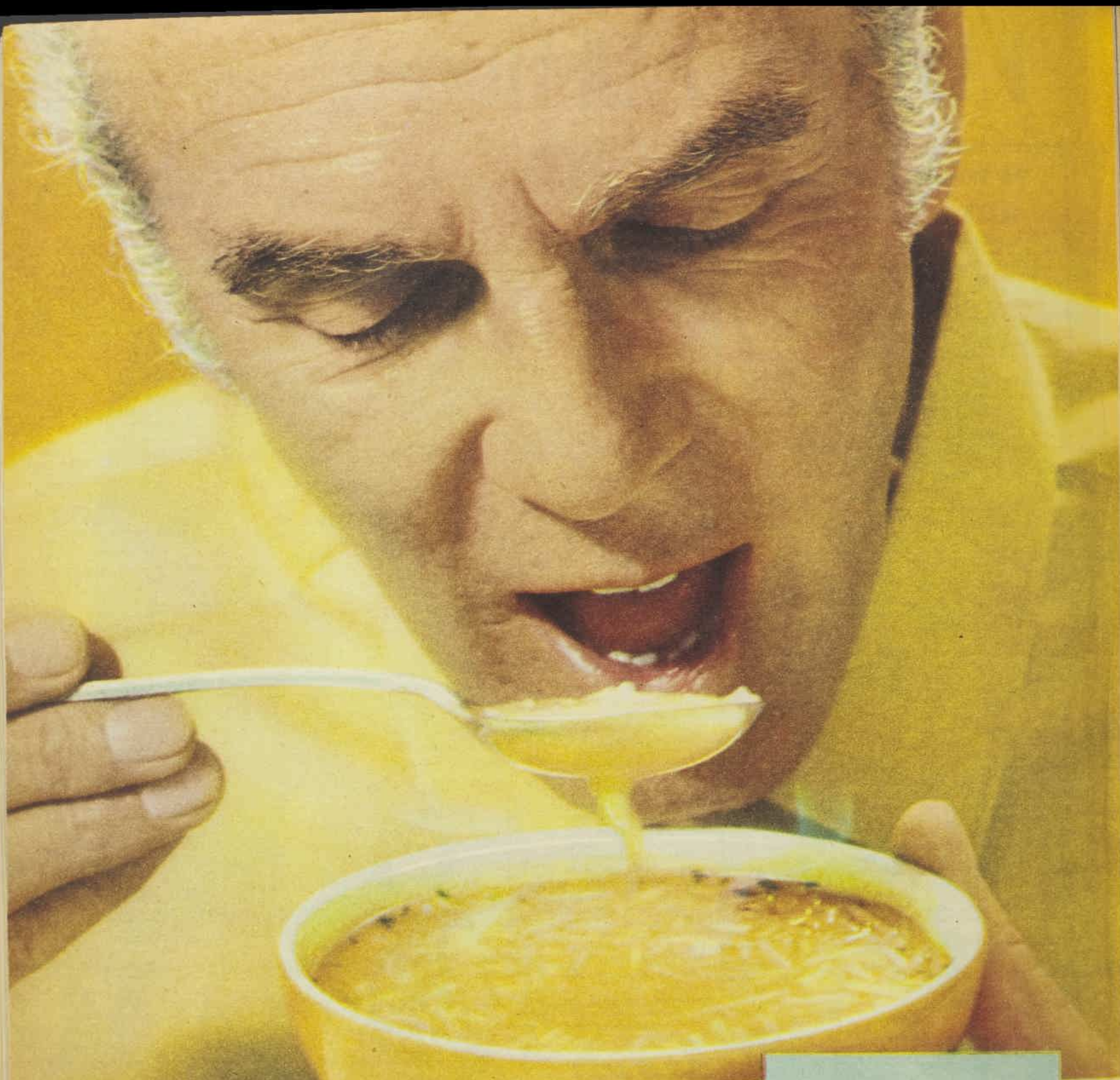
**FROM NEW YORK.** Carol Ashmont, one of America's most popular photographers' models, pictured here by Art Schiffer. She expects her Australian tour to boost prestige.

**FROM PARIS.** Emmanuelle Gassion, aged 24, gave up her history studies for modelling. She knits in the models' dressing-room during slack periods.



**JANICE WAKELY,** the only Australian-born model in our Parades. A Sydney girl, she went to live in Melbourne in 1956.





## Taste that Chicken in **Continental** soup

BRAND

Every golden drop is rich with tender, delicious chicken. After all, the best soup comes from the best ingredients. So the chefs at Continental choose only prime young chicken—lots of it. (Did you know that Continental brand is the biggest buyer of chicken in Australia—just for soup!) Lots of chicken, lots of butter-soft egg noodles and tasty spices—that's the recipe for Australia's favourite soup—Continental brand Chicken Noodle. Have some tonight . . . and taste that chicken! Mmmm!

"Try this new recipe" says *Betty King*

**Chicken and Tuna Cakes:** Cook 1 packet of Continental Brand Chicken Noodle Soup in ½ pint (10 oz.) boiling water for 5 minutes, cool. Boil 1½ lb. potatoes without salt, drain and mash adding prepared soup. Add 1 lb. tuna or salmon (drained, flaked and bones removed) and mix thoroughly to combine. When mixture cools, shape into flat cakes using a little flour. Dip into beaten egg and roll in dry breadcrumbs. Deep fry until golden brown. Drain and serve immediately.



Home made soup in minutes—serves 4

Taste the home-made goodness in **Continental** soup



# Sophie (75?)

## "30,000 dollars on the hoof"

From ROBERT FELDMAN, in New York

● "When I walk out on that stage in Australia, the customers'll see 25 or 30,000 dollars on the hoof," said Sophie Tucker. "I'm a big girl. I can't dress like a shlump in a 100-dollar dress."

**E**VEN before the contract had been signed for her tour of Australia next month, Sophie's press agent had started planting items about the trip in the newspaper columns.

"Sophie Tucker is getting winter duds ready for a summer tour," wrote one Broadway essayist. "It's chilly in Australia during July and August."

(Kathryn Kuhn, a Manhattan dress designer, has made 16 new gowns for Sophie's tour.)

Between her Australian tour and the musical Steve Allen is writing about her early life (due for rehearsal in October), 1962 is going to be a big year for "The Last of the Red-Hot Mamas."

"I feel younger than springtime, honey," Sophie croaked at me the other day in her fancy Park Avenue digs as she prepared eagerly for the long trip.

"Love Australia, just love it. Been meaning to go since 1922, when they first invited me."

The original Red-Hot Mama (she is not only the last of them, but the first and

only as well) received me in her study garbed in a flowing peignoir wrapped loosely round a generous girth.

"I don't sing any more," she admitted ruefully. "I'm not old, but my vocal cords are. Can't get up there any more. But it doesn't bother me. I talk my songs. Get this straight: I'm not a singer—I'm an entertainer."

Though she modestly disclaimed being a millionaire, she lives fairly frugally—for someone earning 250,000 dollars (£A120,000) annually—in a six-room flat.

### "Shattering"

The place is chockablock with wall-to-wall mementoes, and even the cupboards are lined with photos and newspaper cuttings.

It all started about 75 years ago (Sophie is elusive about her birth date—you could probably add four or five years with safety) on a road leading out of Russia to Poland.

In a small farmhouse by the roadside Sophie Kalish first let go with the ear-shattering tone that would delight the world.

Her father had already fled to the United States to

avoid military service under the Czar.

Aged eight, Sophie sang for the customers at her father's kosher restaurant in Hartford, Connecticut.

At 16 she married Louis Tuck and they had a son, Bert Tuck. The marriage ended quickly and, adding a syllable to her name, Sophie Tucker took off alone for the "big time" of New York City.

In 1909 she landed a part in the Ziegfeld Follies and five years later was earning 1000 dollars a week at the famous Palace Theatre, singing her famous song "Some of These Days," by Shelton Brooks.

Sophie sold sex—with a grin, not a leer. She would boast that she was "the hottest gal in town."

"I used to wonder how she got away with it," said actor William Gaxton recently.

"I concluded she could say anything and not really shock anyone."

"Sophie is really like that aunt or uncle that everyone has, or the ancient court jester, with a complete licence for all kinds of innocent merriment."

In the years between the Ziegfeld Follies and her forthcoming tour for the



"RED-HOT MAMA" Sophie Tucker now earns £A120,000 a year. "I've been rich and I've been poor," she says. "Rich is better."

Tivoli Theatre, the Red-Hot Mama has had a total of three marriages—all short-lived.

Yet her family feeling is strong, and she always returns to spend the Jewish High Holy Days at home with her family and friends.

She has given more than 4,000,000 dollars to charity—divided carefully among Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant institutions.

"Don't think I keep working at my age for the money!" said Sophie. "They'll never have to give a benefit for Sophie Tucker!"

"But you think all this came easy? Listen, I've been rich and I've been poor. But, believe me, rich is better!"

For all her 59 years in show business, Sophie feels she will still be making her

debut in Australia—as she will be.

Steve Allen's musical "Sophie" will open in New York on January 13, 1963—Sophie's 75th birthday (by HER count).

Will she retire then from show business?

"Yeah, I could," she mused in her sandpaper baritone. "I could quit. But, hell, then I'd be 75 years old!"

## NEXT WEEK

### ● New Zealand holiday —12-page feature

For Australian holiday-makers New Zealand has more to offer in a small space than any other part of the world. It's only a few hours by air or a few days by sea.

Next week, a 12-page lift-out feature . . .

● Gives a tourist's-eye view of New Zealand's great mountains, the magnificent lakes and fiords of South Island, the weird thermal regions in the centre of North Island.

● Advises on hotels and transport.

● Helps you make up your mind where to go; tells you what it costs.

And the section is illustrated with superb color pictures.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, June 20, 1962

### ● How to Clean —8-page guide

Do you know how to clean a felt hat, get rid of a stubborn stain on a refrigerator, remove tannin from a teapot?

These are only three of the many hints in an eight-page "How to Clean" section.

It tells how to clean furniture, windows, laundry and kitchen equipment, clothes, and accessories. It's a cleaning guide you've always wanted in one handy pull-out section to keep.

### ● Teach your child to cook

From the basic cookery rules for beginners to specially selected recipes, a wonderful guide for a mother whose children want to help her in the kitchen.

Each recipe lists the equipment needed, the ingredients to measure out, then—step-by-step in numbers—the making.

### ● Exclusive classic record offer

Next week full details of our new record offer—an eight-album set of 15 well-loved classics for £12, a saving of £10.

The set features the work of 11 composers and eight famous conductors, for more than six hours' playing time. It's exclusive to us.

### ● Golden age of a sheep station

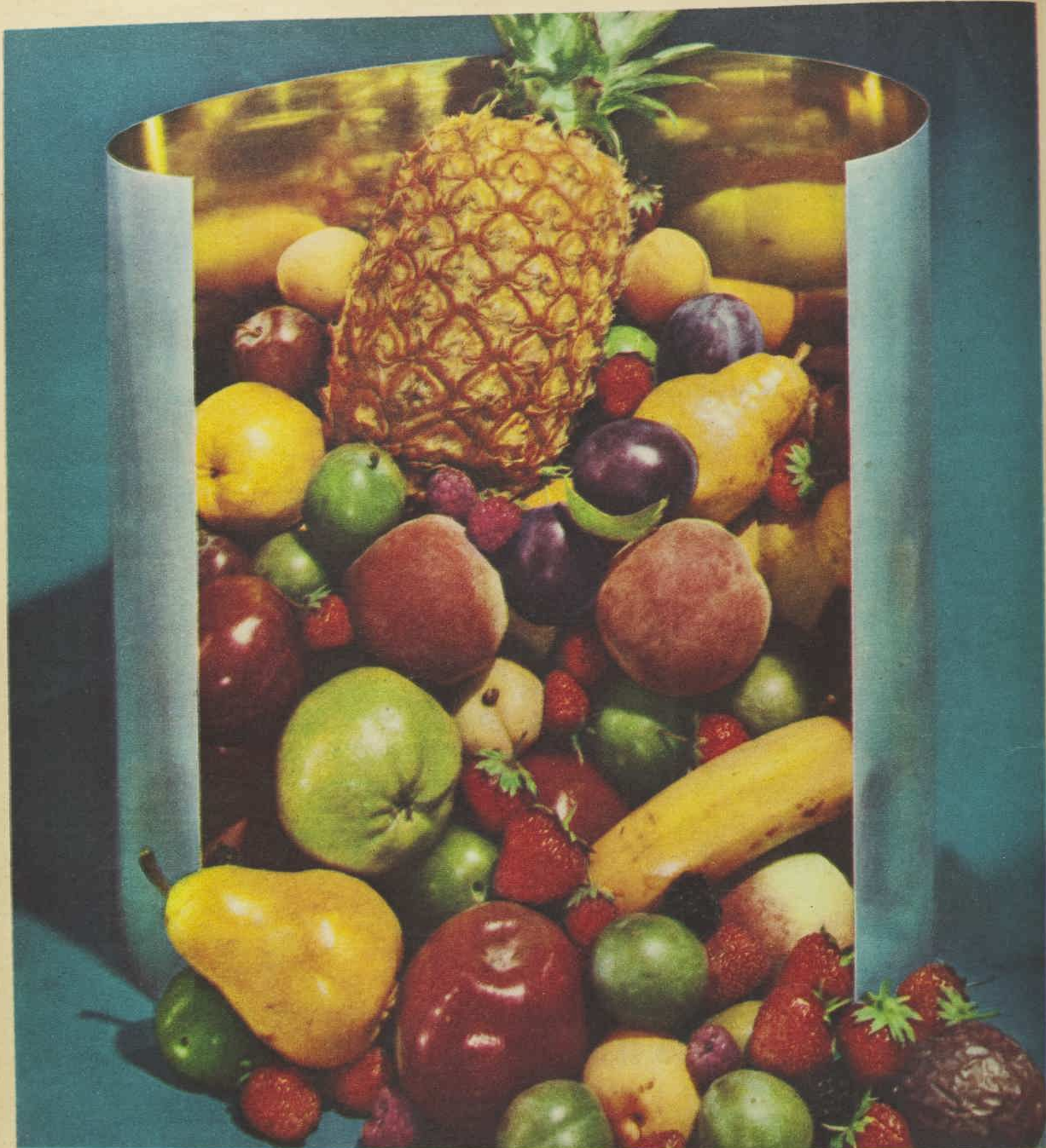
A member of a pioneer Australian family, now 87, has written an account of the sheep-station life she knew in her girlhood.

We present it as a four-page feature—charming reminiscences of a pioneer era when there was no wireless, telephone, or car, when the mailman came once a week on a pack-horse.

It's a small piece of Australian history, written by a woman who lived it.

Page 15





## CANS PRESERVE MORE OF THE GOODNESS

— because nothing seals like steel.

Peaches or pears in July. Pineapple in Hobart. Cherries in Darwin. The pick of the crops forever in season. Delicious, nutritious, because no other container preserves our bountiful fruit like a sturdy steel tin can. Fruit is always a bargain in time-saving, taste-saving, space-saving handy cans.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 20, 1962



# DICTIONARY OF LOVE

● That sensational man from Paris, actor-dancer-singer Yves Montand, presents his personal definitions, suggestions, and French-accented asides on an old topic.

(lŭv)  
Old English, lufu . . .  
A tender and passionate affection for one of the opposite sex.



● "It is very hard for a man to say no."

by YVES MONTAND



● "Beneath the little game of courtship there is a struggle going on."

**AGE:** I do not think there is any ideal age for a woman. Some women are romantic and exciting at 50 or more years. They are alert and adventurous, and when they see you they look at you and listen as though, in a moment, you might tell them something wonderful. Then, again, I have known girls of 19 who are old and dispirited. Their shoulders droop and they do not bother to open up their eyes for anything or anyone. I wonder why they bothered to get out of bed this morning.

**BLONDE:** Fair hair lights up a woman's face. It makes her skin glow and her eyes shine. So blondes, I think, are especially pretty. But, then, there is always Elizabeth Taylor.

**CANDLELIGHT:** I am told that some husbands do not like to eat by candlelight. What a pity. It is so charming and it makes everyone more beautiful.

**CLASS:** This is a quality I adore. Only a few women have it. It is in their bones and does not come from wealth or beautiful clothes or jewels. I think one must be born with it. A woman with class stands out anywhere. There is an elegance in the way she walks and the way she talks and sits and stands and smokes a cigarette.

**COOKING:** To prepare fine meals is a way for a woman to show a man she wants him to be happy. Each meal-time she makes him a present of a roast or a stew or a salad. It is like his mother used to do. But then some women have no gift for cooking and that is all right, too. Such a woman I would take to a restaurant and she could make me a present of her attention.

**COURTSHIP:** This is a little game men and women play together with words and gestures, letters and flowers, and today so many telephone calls. But beneath the game there is a struggle going on. A man, traditionally, is pressing for immediate privilege; a woman for long-range advantage. When the woman wins, the man is not altogether sorry.

**CRUSH:** This is love on a one-way street. It means feeling ardently about someone who, perhaps, doesn't even know one exists—like a film star or a bullfighter. But it has its use. It is a young girl's way of trying out her feelings and it can be quite touching—but only in the young.

**FICKLENESS:** Some women love a new man every week. This is not love but unhappiness. They are frightened of themselves and afraid to know anyone well. But when such women marry and have babies the fickleness vanishes. I have seldom known a fickle mother.



● "To marry, I think, is to take a long, long journey with someone. She should be a good travelling companion" . . . "A wife must be many women" . . . Yves Montand's wife, Simone Signoret (above), may have been more beautiful in her youth but in filmgoers' eyes was never so desirable.

**FRIENDSHIP:** This is a relationship that exists between two children or, on occasion, between two men. Women do not make good friends, even to one another.

**HASTE:** There is too much of this in some countries—in love as in other things. To love is delightful. Why make haste? Little by little the bird builds his nest!

**JEALOUSY:** Wherever there is love there is some jealousy. It is part of the excitement to wonder "Where is she?" "Who is she seeing?" "Does she like some other man?" But when there is too much jealousy it is a sickness. It may mean that a man or a woman enjoys being unhappy. It is no longer a compliment to the loved one.

**LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT:** In France we call this the bolt of lightning. I myself do not think it means much. Yes, you can be greatly attracted to someone on first meeting; but only much later do you discover whether the attraction will last. Sometimes it does not even last the evening.

**LOVE LETTERS:** Many people worry about what they should put in a love letter. They wonder, "How will it sound ten years from now?" If I write to a woman I love I want her to know how I feel, how much I care for her. If someone reads it in ten years—no matter.

**MAKE-UP:** Except on the stage, I do not like a woman to have a heavily painted face, especially if I hope to kiss her. We say of such women: "One cannot taste the love for the lip rouge."

**MARRIAGE:** To marry, I think, is to take a long, long journey with someone. She should be a good travelling companion, one who is excited by new sights and experiences, one who does not grumble too much when the train is late or the bed lumpy, one whose pleasurable company does not begin to pall halfway through the journey. It is not easy to tell of people whether they will make good travelling companions. But I think we must take the risks. Otherwise we make our way, always, among strangers.

**OVERTURES:** It is not always a man who takes the first step in love. Sometimes a woman lets a man know that she finds him attractive and would like him to make love to her. This can be charming; but when the situation requires, it is very hard for a man to say no. To turn down a lady's overtures demands finesse and strong character. I myself am quite weak.

**PARTING:** When it is necessary to end a love affair, everyone advises that you do so quickly. Be tough, they say. Make a clean break. Doubtless this is the best way. But after a few weeks I like to send a card to say "Hello again." It is a kind of thank-you note.

**PERFUME:** Scent, I think, is a compliment a woman pays a man. For myself, I appreciate it very much. I like a woman to wear perfume all the time, even at breakfast. I once knew a woman who was about to have a baby. While in labor and much pain she called for cologne and put some on before she would admit her husband. I like that.

**PET NAMES:** Today, especially in the field of the theatre, everyone calls everyone else "darling" and "sweetheart" and "baby." It is the same in France. We say "ma chérie" and "mon chou" and "amour" even when we hardly know someone and surely do not love them. It is too bad, because then when we are with someone we care for there are only the same expressions to use. At such times, of course, the voice is different.

**PLATONIC AFFECTION:** I have heard of this thing between a man and a woman. Perhaps it exists. I think not.

**PRESENTS:** When I give a woman a gift I like it to be unexpected. Often I do not wait for it to be her birthday or Christmas, but I give her a present because it's Tuesday or because it's snowing or for no reason at all. I like, too, to give something she can wear—a bracelet or a scarf instead of a book or a suitcase—because later I like to see her wearing it. I never ask a woman, "What do you want?"—because that would make me seem without imagination. But sometimes I watch what she looks at in store windows.

**SEPARATION:** There is a saying "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." This, I think, is true, but only to a point. To be separated for two or perhaps three weeks whets the affection and sharpens the desire. You forget the small irritations and long to be together again. But more than a few weeks is bad. The memory of the loved one begins to dim and you need the presence of a woman. So you begin to look around.

**TEARS:** Some men seem angry and frightened at the idea of a woman's crying. I wonder why. I have seen women quite radiant in tears. I have even, on occasion, cried with them. Afterwards I have felt wonderful.

**WIFE:** A wife must be many women. Sometimes she is a mate, sometimes a mother, sometimes a teacher, and sometimes a playmate. The more women she can be to her husband, the fewer other women he will need. But sometimes she must be her own woman, too, not just a wife but a person. She must go away and do something on her own. At such times a husband can only hope that her love is strong enough to bring her back. It usually is.

**WINE:** Some people believe that champagne is the only wine for romance, but that is not so. Champagne is very gay and nice for a celebration, but I like to present a new wine to a woman. If she has not tasted it before, I have brought her a new pleasure, and then, later, when she drinks it again, she will remember me.

**WIT:** I enjoy very much a witty woman. I love to laugh with her and think how clever she is and show her off to my friends. Such a woman teases a little and stings a little, but it is all very exciting. And if she has the wit sometimes to be silent she is perfect.

**YOUTH:** It is a disease that cures itself.



# Modern home interiors



*DELIGHTFUL bedroom in Home No. 8, designed by Clarke Gazzard and Yeomans, has louvered, wooden doors on the wardrobe and a simple built-in desk and comfortable teak chair. Gay cotton bedspread is patterned in huge sunflowers.*



*MASTER BEDROOM in Home No. 7, by Towell Jansen and Rippon, is well away from the living areas and has its own bathroom, a small balcony, and spacious walk-in wardrobe, and windows along two entire walls. Bedcover is chenille.*



*SPACIOUS bedroom in Home No. 21, designed by Neville Gruzman, is furnished with teak bedside tables, chair, chest of drawers. Bedcover is hand-woven wool. Beds in most of the homes are inner-spring mattresses on box-spring bases.*

Some of the attractive interiors in the 24 homes on exhibition at our Homes Fair, Kingsdene Estate, Carlingford, are shown in these pictures. The exhibition is presented by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Homes. All the furnishings are by Grace Bros.



*KITCHEN of Lend Lease Home No. 6, "Cabana," features buffet bar with laminated surface and beautifully designed chairs with rope seats. Hotplate unit is set into the working bench; the oven into the wall. Plenty of cupboards provide ample storage space.*





# at Carlingford Fair

**INTERESTING** living-room in Home No. 2, by Woolley and Dysart, has grey brick walls and color accents of red timber and bright furniture. The six-piece table in the centre can be broken up into individual side tables.



*Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.*



**GREY BRICK** walls make a neutral background for the colorful silk settee and chairs in the living-room of Home No. 22, by Neville Cruzman. Small teak tables and rich silk cushions soften the room's classic lines.

**FIREPLACE** of unusual design heats both living- and dining-rooms of Home No. 4, by Harry Seidler. The low table is teak, the steel-frame swivel chair is covered in smart black leather.



**LEFT:** Cane-backed chairs with orange seats give warm color to the breakfast bar in the modern kitchen featured in Lend Lease Home No. 10, "Pan Pacific."



Think  
of it!  
A *biscuit*  
you can  
use as  
instant  
pastry!



Peek Frean's  
**GOLDEN  
PUFFS**

Whenever you need flaky pastry there's no need to go past versatile Golden Puff biscuits. Simply take them straight from the packet and pop on top of meat or sweet dishes. Here's a wonderful idea:—

**TUNA CORN CASSEROLE** Make a white sauce, add squeeze of lemon juice, a tin of tuna and a tin of sweet corn. Turn into casserole dish, cover with Golden Puffs, sprinkle with cayenne pepper. Bake 10 to 12 minutes.

This is only one of many ideas. Send for free Golden Puff recipe leaflet, to Peek Frean (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Box 113, Post Office, Ashfield, N.S.W. and look for Peek Frean's Golden Puff at your grocer's.

Peek Frean's

The name on the packet is your guarantee of freshness and quality.

## Mary COLES' SOCIAL

**SPECIAL** treasures collected by Mrs. Jock Pagan during her whirlwind five weeks' trip abroad are several lovely little pieces of translucent glassware, recently excavated by archaeologists working in Palestine.

She got them in Jerusalem, where she made a stopover to visit the Ophthalmic Hospital of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Mrs. Pagan is president of the Sydney branch of the Linen Guild of the Hospital and she was thrilled to see the wonderful work being carried out there — particularly in the research department.

A highlight of Mrs. Pagan's six days' stay in London, by the way, was attending a luncheon given by Lady Harrison, wife of the Australian High Commissioner.

Also among the guests were Lady Slim and Lady Dunrossil — "both looking wonderfully well."

**CELEBRATING** his delight at being the father of a 9lb. 3oz. son and heir (to be named Michael Gordon), barrister Jerrold Cripps shopped for the most lovely Russian squirrel stole as a surprise gift for his pretty, fair-haired wife. Formerly Ann Stephen, she is following in the tradition of her family and doing medicine. Only a fortnight before the arrival of Michael Gordon she sat for important 5th-year exams!

**THE** first fund-raising effort of the newly formed Sydney Hospital Women's Committee will be a market stall (stocked with goodies) set up on the little patch of lawn at the gates of the Hospital on June 14. The stall will open at 11 a.m.

**ATTRACTIVE** Deidre Campbell, of "Cambalong," Bombala, has just achieved her two "lifelong" ambitions (she's eighteen). Last week Deidre and her father, Mr. Bob Campbell, BOTH gained their private pilot's licences at the Monaro Flying Club! Her second big thrill is taking in an unlimited season of snow sports, beginning work this week with Catherine Ferguson, of "Myalla," Cooma, as a waitress at a ski lodge at Perisher.

**SUCH** a pretty white satin and lace short wedding frock has been chosen by John Wagner's bride-elect, Eve Waker, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Waker, of Hackney, London. They're being married at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, on June 23, with a reception to follow at Chevron Hilton Hotel. John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Wagner, of Darling Point.

**MAJOR** and Mrs. Harold Rubin have named their infant son Harold Bernard Christopher Ben Vahl! He's to be called Ben. All the other names have been bestowed for sentimental reasons. Major Rubin's latest "residence" for some of his fabulous art treasures (he owns more than sixty Dobells as well as paintings by such masters as Gauguin and Picasso) is the Hungry Horse Gallery, which he has just opened in a fascinating terrace house in Paddington.

**THE** "red carpet" will be out for the founder of Trinity Grammar School, Bishop Chambers, who will be guest of honor at Trinity's Golden Jubilee celebrations, which begin on June 17. Bishop Chambers and his wife, who have just returned to Sydney after a long absence abroad, are staying with Dr. and Mrs. Ronald Chambers at Eastwood. Bishop Chambers started the school when, as the Rev. G. A. Chambers, in charge of the Dulwich Hill Parish, he arranged for 36 pupils to attend classes at The Rectory, in 1912. Golden Jubilee functions at Trinity include a garden party for one thousand guests given by the headmaster, Mr. J. Wilson Hogg, and Mrs. Hogg on June 19.

**SIMON BARROW** and his Danish fiancée, Kirsten Stenderup, have followed Danish custom with Kirsten wearing her diamond engagement ring on the third finger of her right hand. When she weds it will be switched over and worn beside her wedding ring on the third finger of her left hand. Kirsten is the daughter of the Consul-General for Denmark and Mrs. N. Chr. Stenderup, of Sydney. Simon, the elder son of Brigadier and Mrs. R. Barrow, of St. George's Lodge, Sandwich, Kent, England, has been living in Sydney for nearly a year.

**IT** was "hey presto!" for David de Carvalho's bride, formerly Joan Smyth, of Tamworth, when she changed from bridal to going-away finery. She just took off her veil, unfastened the beautiful Brussels lace train attached to the shoulder line of her white peau de soie gown, and put on a glamorous white-and-gold brocaded evening coat to wave farewell to guests at the reception at the Australia Hotel which followed the wedding of the young couple at Riverview College Chapel.



**ABOVE:** Mrs. Basil Clapham, of Deniliquin, decorating a Bundemar Stud ram, held by Mr. Ian Watson, with the Grand Champion Medium Wool Merino Ram ribbon at the Sheep Show. Mrs. Clapham's husband is a vice-president of the N.S.W. Sheepbreeders' Association.

**BELOW:** Belfast stockbroker Mr. Peter Browne and his bride, formerly Miss Mary Thomson, leaving St. Joseph's Church, Gunnedah, for the reception given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thomson, at their home, "Burburgate," Gunnedah. The young couple will make their home at "Hilltop Farm," Comber, County Down, Ireland.





# ROUNDAABOUT



**FIRSTNIGHTERS.** Miss Marylyn Rowlands, of Vacluse, and Miss Sandra Blackburn, of Double Bay (at right), were among youthful enthusiasts at the gala preview of "West Side Story" at the Mayfair Theatre. The function was arranged by the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society.



**PICTURED above** are Mr. and Mrs. Nick Romalis, of Campbelltown, chatting with Mrs. H. J. Prell, of "Afgunyah," Crookwell (at right), at the Australian Corriedale Association's dinner at the Pickwick Club. Guests were received by the president of the N.S.W. branch, Mr. A. B. Carroll, of "Redbank," Molong, and his daughter, Miss Barbara Carroll.



**SMILES** from Miss Frances Merenda, the Italian Consul-General Dr. Guilio Carnerali and his wife (couple centre), and Mrs. Peter Avagna (at right) for curtsying trio, from left, Paula Zubani, Elena Santamaria, and Bernadette Lo Blanco, who presented official guests at the Italian National Ball with floral favors. More than one thousand guests attended the brilliant function at the Trocadero, which was beautifully decorated with reproductions of Italian works of art and national emblems.

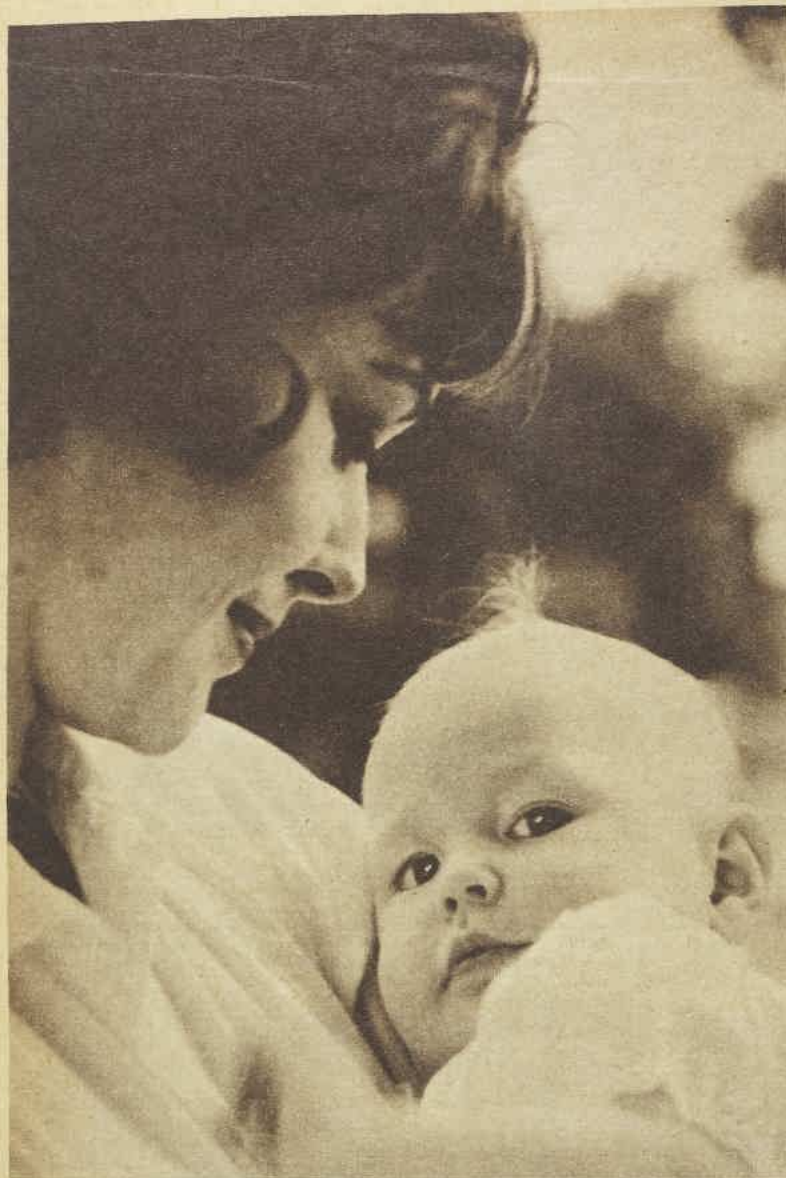


**RECENTLY ENGAGED** Miss Christine Creal with her fiance, Mr. Michael Beattie, and his brother Mr. Ian Beattie (at right) at the wine-tasting at the Douglas Lamb Cellars arranged by Old Boys of The King's School as a prelude to their annual ball, which will be held at Mark Foy's Empress Ballroom on June 22.



**AT RIGHT:** Star of "A Man For All Seasons" Mr. Robert Speaight with his wife and Mrs. Ian Jacoby (at left) at supper party given by the Ladies' Committee of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust at Adams Hotel after the first night of the play at the Palace Theatre.





## BECAUSE YOU KNOW baby needs your loving care



All's right in baby's world — a wonderful world where every day brings new happiness, and every mealtime offers new enjoyment of tasty, easy-to-digest Heinz Baby Foods. Only Heinz provide complete daily menus with more than 90 varieties of strained and junior foods . . . all nutriment-packed to meet specific needs in the diet of Australian babies. Because you want the best in the world for baby, serve Heinz—the foods that will do your baby the world of good.

# HEINZ

## BABY FOODS

every meal...every day

THE GOOD THEY DO YOUR BABY NOW . . . LASTS A LIFETIME

Page 22

FATHER



"Okay, I'm about warmed up—  
shall we start the game?"

MOTHER



"But if I get one you like . . .  
you'll EAT it!"

# It seems to me

JOHN OSBORNE is a notable playwright and Richard Burton a distinguished actor. But I rather think that the audience for the Osborne TV play in which Burton figured as lead was doubled by the lady who wasn't in the cast—Elizabeth Taylor.

That statement isn't meant as a slur on either Osborne or Burton. The play, "A Subject of Scandal and Concern," a B.B.C. production, is a fine piece of work, thoroughly disturbing. But good.

Burton, as the central figure, a 19th-century socialist charged with blasphemy, was magnificent. With a nervous impediment in his speech, and those eyes peering through steel-rimmed glasses, the character was just about as far away from Mark Antony or a Liz Taylor boy-friend as could be. I noticed next day that the ladies (and I don't exclude myself), having discussed the play briefly, turned to Liz and Burton.

Didn't it seem odd that a man who could play such a part so well could like the frivolous and beautiful Elizabeth? Or did it? It wouldn't be the first time that a serious and clever man fell in love with a glamor girl, would it? What about Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller? And who knew for certain that Elizabeth was dumb, anyhow? And so on.

Burton, of course, was an established and successful actor before he met Elizabeth Taylor. But the publicity hasn't lessened his box-office value.

IT'S not the first time I've mentioned some of those fork meals that are served at hotel buffet parties—

A friend of mine who has battled her way through many a buffet has acquired the skill of an old campaigner. But the other night she was defeated by a turkey leg and an indestructible piece of ham.

A distinguished citizen of Sydney came to her rescue. He pulled a penknife from his pocket and carved for her.

"Always carry it to these affairs," he said. "Starve, otherwise."

I CAN recommend John Thompson's new book, "On Lips of Living Men," a collection of taped reminiscences about Australian celebrities.

I can recommend it before I've read it properly—for this reason:

In the middle of writing this column, I picked up a copy and turned the pages idly—dipping into chapters on Billy Hughes, Melba, Prime Minister Curtin.

A half an hour later I came to. I had forgotten that I was supposed to be writing a column, that it was Press day, and that I was running late.

I don't ask any more of a book than that.

By



Dorothy Drann

THERE was a quite horrifying touch in a description of American discount stores given by an Australian chainstore executive on his return from the States last week.

These stores, which have mushroomed in America, operate on a self-service basis and sell anything from refrigerators to pencils.

They are huge one-floor establishments. Customers wrap their own goods and arrange their own after-sales service.

To combat pilfering, said the executive, guards, dressed like police officers and armed with pistols and truncheons, stand at exits.

Lower prices are a powerful attraction. The buyer is ready to sacrifice some dignity in order to save money. And, since shop-lifting goes hand in hand with self-service, the honest customer is prepared to concede the need for some precautions, such as a discreet detective system.

But if Australia ever replaces its shop assistants with armed guards, then I hope that customers will band together and refuse to patronise such establishments.

STUDENTS of literature in Iraq are seeking to prove that Shakespeare was an Arab. Dr. Safa al-Khulusi, a Doctor of Literature at London University, told an audience that he had a mass of evidence in support of the theory that Shakespeare was originally an Arab sailor named Sheikh Zubair.

"This Arab chappie," Francis Bacon said,

"Will want to join. Oh dear"—he shook his head—

"Must we? Our once exclusive club is getting less exclusive. There's the rub."

You, Marlowe, and a mob of others, too.

We soon won't rate a mention in 'Who's Who.'

Each fresh contender tarnishes our fame.

The Russians will be putting in a claim."

"You're right, dead right," said Marlowe. "Pardon me."

I can't resist a little levity.

But why not lower standards further still,

Admitting to our membership old Bill?"



# They follow the snow

● Australians are the fastest learners in the world on skis, say two Austrian ski instructors who are back in Australia on their fifth annual visit for ski classes at Thredbo, in the Snowy Mountains.

THE two instructors, both blond, both bronzed, both bachelors, are Leonhard Erharter, chief instructor, and his second-in-command, Helmut Pfister.

Both agreed that the Australian beginner on skis — man or girl — learned as much in two weeks' holiday lessons as a European or

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

American does in four or five similar holidays.

"We've not really seen a summer in seven years," said Leonhard.

"For the past five years we have spent from May to October in the Snowy Mountains. Then we get

back to Europe in time for the November-to-April season in Austria."

Before this "circuit," they spent two years in America organising ski schools.

At Thredbo Village they are in charge of half a dozen other instructors, all Europeans, who have either come out specially to Australia or have been trained here.

"We haven't got an Australian instructor, and we'd like one," said Leon. "I suppose not enough Australians have the opportunity to learn to ski really well."

"They cannot get into the snow country often enough — the season is too short, and the snowfields are too far away for many people."

"That's also why there aren't too many Australian competition skiers."

"Australian Olympic-standard skiers suffer from lack of international competition. They must have more if they are to get anywhere internationally."

"Skiers like Billy Day and Christine Davey are potential world-class."

In the fashionable Austrian ski resort of Zurs, where Leon and Helmut spend the European winters,



AUSTRIAN ski instructors Leonhard Erharter and Helmut Pfister, who follow the winter round the world from the fashionable snow resort of Zurs, Austria, to Thredbo, N.S.W.

they have been teachers to the Dutch royal family.

Leon taught Princess Irene, Helmut instructed Princess Beatrix. Both were quick learners and have now reached a high standard.

## Ski fashions

"Five years ago ski fashions in Australia were practically non-existent," said Helmut. "You couldn't even buy a decent pair of ski boots."

"Now fashions here can compete with any in Europe. And Australians do go to their ski slopes to ski, not to stand around looking glam-

orous. There are plenty of fashionable non-skiing skiers in European resorts!"

They think Australian beginners are quick to learn because they have a keen year-round interest in sport and are already pretty fit when they start.

For ski-training, Leon and Helmut recommend any sport that needs a quick reaction . . . tennis, squash, any form of athletics. Swimming is not so important, as entirely different muscles are used.

Two or three weeks' limbering-up with gymnastic exercise is good preparation

for a skiing holiday, but the instructors doubt the usefulness of dry ski schools, held indoors or on sand.

No simulated conditions, they consider, can take the place of real snow and ice.

They also disagree with those who say that special clothes are not necessary for skiing.

"The best clothes and equipment you can afford," said Leon, "will give you the best possible start as a beginner. Ill-fitting clothes and equipment — say something meant for a shorter or taller person — can be a real handicap to progress."



SNOW BAR outside an Austrian hotel at Zurs, fashionable ski resort where Leon and Helmut spend European winters.

Protect your family's health this winter

Follow the  
**Rexall**  
3 Point  
Plan !

1

## RELIEVE IRRITATING COUGHS

with REXALL TRIPLE ACTION COUGH MIXTURE or REXALL CHILDREN'S COUGH MIXTURE. Raspberry flavoured Children's Cough Mixture is completely safe - brings fast relief. For adults, Triple Action Cough Mixture soothes irritation, penetrates rapidly, relieves congestion.



2

## RELIEVE NASAL CONGESTION

with REXALL EFREX NASAL SPRAY. Contains powerful decongestant that quickly relieves stuffiness - PLUS a modern, effective germicide to help prevent infection.



3

## BUILD RESISTANCE TO WINTER ILLS

with SUPER PLENAMINS. Just one of these multi-vitamin and mineral tablets daily helps rebuild essential vitamin balance - restores good health - ensures new vitality!



Ask your family chemist about the Rexall Three Point Plan

Protect your family's health with RELIABLE **Rexall** PRODUCTS

R230



*On shivery nights...  
chase out the cold with...*

#### **FIRESIDE CHEESE SUPPER**

*1½ cups rice, 4 ozs. bacon (chopped), 1 large chopped onion, 1 tablespoon butter, 10 ozs. (2½ cups) grated natural Cheddar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup tomato sauce combined with 1 cup milk.*

*Cook rice in boiling salted water till just tender. Drain. While rice is cooking, fry the bacon and onion together in the butter. Add the rice, salt and pepper, tomato sauce and milk. Put half the mixture into four individual ovenproof dishes (or use one large dish if you prefer). Top with 2/3 of the cheese, then with the remaining rice mixture. Sprinkle with the rest of the cheese.*

*Garnish with strips of extra bacon if you wish. Bake 20-30 minutes, or till browned, in a moderate oven (375°). Serves 4.*



# **FIRESIDE cheese SUPPER**

There's no mistaking that tantalising smell, that can't-put-your-fork-down taste! Casseroles made with cheese are more tempting, more satisfying, and they're rich in the protein\* and milk minerals families need all year round—especially in winter. They're easy to fix, too, and remarkably kind to your budget because natural Australian Cheddar is the most economical of all protein foods. Buy it cut from the block or pre-packaged in plastic. For health and sheer good eating, serve main dishes made with cheese!



Page 24

**KEEP THEM FIT EVERY DAY — THE CHEESE-PROTEIN WAY**



**SERVE THE PERFECT "NIGHTCAP"—FROM THE CHEESE BOARD!** During the evening . . . or as snack-time comes round—bring out the cheese board and let everybody munch a slice of mellow golden Cheddar with a crisp apple . . . a juicy pear . . . a favourite cracker.

**\*ARE THE PEOPLE AT YOUR HOUSE GETTING THE PROTEIN THEY NEED?** "Protein" comes from a Greek word meaning "first," because protein is essential to life. Your tissues are made of it, your body requires it every day from babyhood to old age. It is protein that makes young bodies grow—and keeps older bodies young. Cheese is your most economical protein food—even higher in protein than meat.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 20, 1962



# Worth Reporting

**B**ROTHERS Graham and Philip Banister, of Bardwell Park, N.S.W., are dancing partners any girl would be lucky to claim. They're fun, handsome, and great shakes at the cha-cha-cha. They're aged, respectively, five and seven.

Most often the boys' partner is their mother, dancing-school principal Joan Allen.

She says they're her most outstanding pupils, and she can produce a staggering number of medals and competition trophies to prove it.

Graham has collected nine medals in juvenile dancing competitions since he began dancing three months ago.

Philip, a veteran of a year's tuition, has 35 medals, a silver "Mexican Hat" trophy he won in Melbourne, and two statuettes, one for the Australian Junior Dancing Championship in Perth last year. He was then six, and the championship was for under-twelves.

"Philip is so outstanding," said Miss Allen, "that I'm taking him to England next year for competitions. If we do well, he may turn professional and do demonstrations."

Both little boys are rather silent and shy about their dancing feet, but when the jive music starts and they're all dressed in their tailored suits and neat bow-ties, they can't stop moving to the rhythm.

It runs in the family, says Miss Allen, who has been dancing since she was knee-high to a grasshopper. Her mother, the late Mrs. Violet Allen, was also a dancing teacher.

Only member of the family who is not in step with the family pastime is father, Douglas Banister, a builder — and former A-grade cricketer — who is responsible for the ballroom below the large brick family house.

Though the boys are passionately fond of dancing, they're no sissies.

"Cowboys and Indians and Chasings are our favorite games," Philip told us.

**BISCUITS** for supper at meetings of the newly formed Home Economics Association of N.S.W. are rather luscious. No wonder! They're whipped up by the members, all of whom are in a profession centring on cooking and home management.

However, eating their own cooking isn't the aim of the Association.

"We want to organise tests for new products which affect the home and housewives," said president Miss Edith Cox. "We also want to get a university course established in Sydney for home science."

Soon, when the Association's business becomes more brisk, members will sort it out over special dinner meetings.

Even cookery experts need food for thought!



● Mother Joan Allen (Mrs. Douglas Banister) and sons, her favorite partners: Philip, 7, on the floor, Graham, 5, in the stag line.

**DRAMA-SCHOOL** motto: "Better a small role than a long loaf."

## Answer to girls' prayer

**T**HE glamorous model walked past in a pair of faultless nylon stockings. So we thought — but the left stocking had 118 holes in it!

We were watching a demonstration of "a new scientific achievement" — ladderless stockings.

They are the brainchild of Austrian-born Henry Dohan, a textile consultant, who has lived in Australia since 1946. Fifteen years ago someone bet him he couldn't produce a ladderless stocking.

Mr. and Mrs. Dohan, sen., and Mrs. Dohan, jun., were also at the demonstration. Both women were wearing "Dohanised" stockings, and Mrs. Dohan, jun., said she'd worn hers for about eight months.

Mr. Dohan explained that nylons were made of interlocked fibres. After inter-sections were strengthened (by his secret process), it was impossible for the fibres to "run" or form big holes; a rip stayed the same size.

"With careful wear," said Mr. Dohan, "a pair will last up to 18 months. But for everyday knockabout wear," he shrugged, "maybe four months."

"Negotiations are still going on with hosiery firms. We don't know when they'll be on the market."



## "Weird Mob" washes up

**S**OON to be unfolded on the Australian market — "Weird Mob" tea-towels.

The tea-towels, made in Northern Ireland, show the cover design, illustrations, and quotes from John O'Grady's best-seller, "They're a Weird Mob."

Mr. S. Ure Smith, of the firm which published the book, says these are the first tea-towel rights he has ever been asked for. He wonders what next.

However, he is happy about the deal with the Irish manufacturers. Out of it he got a swag of sample tea-towels and a fair royalty fee.

The royalty works out at three farthings a tea-towel for both publisher and author.

"Not enough to take a world trip on," said Molly O'Grady, the author's wife. "But not to be sniffed at."

And the samples? "As good as any other tea-towel for wiping your boots on," said author O'Grady, in typical "Nino Culotta" vein.

"Too good to be used as a tea-towel," said the author's mother. She uses her sample as a tray-cloth.

What makes a tea-towel sell is a problem for Mr. A. Stewart, of a Sydney firm which supplies designs to a Northern Ireland tea-towel manufacturer.

"The public is very unpredictable," he said darkly. "They've bought fair numbers of Australian wild-flowers, and Australian capital cities — probably to send to friends overseas."

"But our best-seller is simply a tea-towel featuring a teapot."

● Central section (left) of the "Weird Mob" tea-towel.

**HERCO OLIVOL Lotion**

For the hands and body

HERCO is a special combination of olive oil and lanolin; two famous beauty ingredients with soothing, moisturising properties which will help to improve your skin and preserve its soft, youthful look.

Use HERCO OLIVOL Lotion

- After Washing Up . . .
- After Using Rubber Gloves . . .
- After Exposure to Wind and Cold . . .
- After a Shower or Bath . . .
- For any Roughened Skin
- For Baby . . .

1 1/2-oz. Bottle, 2/9; 3-oz., 3/10; 6-oz., 6/3.

Have you tried these other  
**HERCO PRODUCTS**

Sensational New Product—

### HERCO FACE LOTION

contains ageless, vitamin-rich Turtle Oil — the finest moisturiser for all types of skin. 3-oz. Bottle, 8/9.

**HERCO OLIVOL SHAMPOO** contains Olive Oil and is specially recommended for sensitive scalps. 1 1/2-oz. Bottle, 2/3 . . . 6-oz. Bottle, 6/8.

**HERCO ESPRESSO TAN** will give you a golden Hawaiian Tan in winter, without the sun. Non-oily. 3-oz. Bottle, 10/3.

### HERCO "HANDS"

is a siliconised barrier cream — the most complete protection ever developed for hard-work hands. 5/6 per tube.

IF SOME DIFFICULTY IS EXPERIENCED IN OBTAINING ANY OF OUR PRODUCTS, YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST WILL ORDER THEM FOR YOU UPON REQUEST.



The toast you like,  
*easily, automatically!*

# Sunbeam TOASTERMATIC

## LOOK! NO HANDS!

Lowers toast ..... **AUTOMATICALLY**  
Toasts it just right ..... **AUTOMATICALLY**  
Raises it again ..... **AUTOMATICALLY**



## TOASTING'S NEVER BEEN SO EASY BEFORE!

Let a Sunbeam Toastermatic take care of the family's breakfast toast and you can get on with more important things. You know it'll come out just right—because you dial the colour of the toast the way each person likes it. So get the toast your family likes—light, dark or golden brown—easily and automatically as never before. Get your Sunbeam Toastermatic right now.



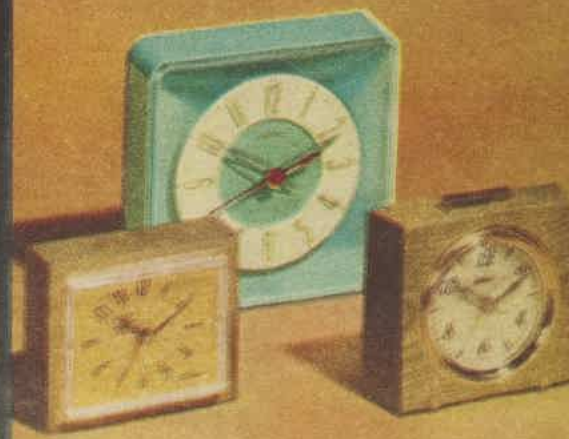
## SUNBEAM ELECTRIC KETTLE

This streamlined Sunbeam kettle can't waste power—it whistles to tell you when it boils! Can't even turn on if it's dry. Sunbeam's special construction makes it a fast-boiling kettle too—even though it holds more than any other! Don't go on cluttering up your cooker—get a handsome, guaranteed Sunbeam kettle and boil water faster, easier.



## SUNBEAM ELECTRIC CLOCKS

Skilled Sunbeam engineering makes a Sunbeam clock the most reliable timepiece in the home—trusty as the time signal pips! And only Sunbeam could give you clocks so perfectly designed, so finely finished to fit into your decorating scheme, and to enrich the appearance of every room in the home.





# Richard Burton made viewers forget Liz

TELEVISION PARADE By NAN MUSGROVE

● "A Subject of Scandal and Concern," A.B.C.-TV's Sunday night offering recently, is surely one of the best hours yet presented on TV.

THE play is the first written for TV by England's much-talked-about playwright John Osborne.

Osborne's play is about man's battle for free speech, free thought — the unending conflict between those that conform and those that don't.

There were a number of players, but they were reduced by performance to two: Richard Burton, a splendid actor and the latest man in Elizabeth Taylor's life, and John Freeman.

Freeman is the editor of Britain's "New Statesman," known through his "Face to Face" programmes as the best interviewer on TV.

## Man of principle

The play was set in 1842, and Freeman appeared as narrator and a kind of commentator between acts.

Burton played George Holyoake, a poor young teacher of great principle.

Despite a speech impediment, painful to listen to, he is a frequent public speaker, believing in speaking the truth as he sees it.

Holyoake's truth is plain, unvarnished. Uncompromising in his beliefs, he never entertains the thought of deviating from them for his own benefit or comfort.

Misrepresented, Holyoake is charged with blasphemy, and, impediment and all, defends himself.

Burton was magnificent. He was quiet, able, and invested the role with the most moving dignity.

## Telling device

As far as I was concerned he really accomplished a feat, because I entirely forgot my interest and curiosity in him as Liz Taylor's latest and became passionately interested in the unglamorous figure of George Holyoake.

Osborne's device of using Freeman as narrator and commentator was old-fashioned but telling.

Freeman's lines heightened the whole awful situation and underlined Osborne's "no concessions" stand.

And there wasn't a single concession made to comfort viewers — no hint of happiness ahead, a kinder world, an easier life. It was stark, absorbing, and discomforting.

IN America these days, where the medico shows, headed by Drs. Kildare and Gately, are raging furiously, you never say you don't like them, you simply say, "I'm an apple a day girl, myself."

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES



RICHARD BURTON as George Holyoake in John Osborne's moving television play "A Subject of Scandal and Concern."

LATEST piece of imported American horror jargon on TV — up-coming — is hard to beat. Mr. Reg Grundy of "Wheel of Fortune" favors it.

"Programmes to be recorded in the up-coming week," he says, and once "Our up-coming contestant."

It's a great shame to kill off that neat, explicit little word "next," which is so much easier for dull old televisioners to understand.

## The tastes of two cities

"THE BEST of I.M.T." on Channel 9 is worth having a look at—it's an object lesson in the difference between the tastes of Sydney and Melbourne.

Sydney viewers grew tired of gesticulating singers, arm-flinging dancers, and the hard-working comperes of shows like "Sydney To-

night." Melbourne still dotes on them.

To add to the joys of the singers and the dancers there is Mr. Graham Kennedy, cavorting as of old.

In fact, in Melbourne the show is called "The Best of Kennedy," but, bowing to Sydney's tastes, Channel 9 has disguised it here as "The Best of I.M.T." ("I.M.T." stands for "In Melbourne Tonight," still raging on in Melbourne after nearly six years of TV.)

Mr. Kennedy's brand of humor has never been my dish, but in this first show I could see for the first time why he is so popular in Melbourne.

He did a sketch with Bert Newton, in which he appeared as Australia's first astronaut, and was terribly funny until the weak ending, which I imagine wasn't his fault.

Again he did a commercial with Newton that was brilliant. Kennedy and Newton are at their best together—Newton loses that pleading niceness he adopts as a comper in his own shows. Kennedy temporarily forgets he is Kennedy, and rattags round engagingly.

It's a bit late in the TV day to become a Kennedy convert and I don't think I ever would be a whole-hearted convert—but he certainly has something.

## New Films, Movie Gossip

With Miriam Fowler

### ★★ WEST SIDE STORY

This Academy Award musical is an explosive sensation, brilliantly acted and directed. A powerful, dramatic story builds to a stunning climax.

New York's slum jungle fomented a teenage gang "war," the white "Jets" tangling with the Puerto Rican "Sharks." Skillful colored lighting emphasises each mood, switching within the single, dominating theme—racial hatred.

West Side's touching Romeo and Juliet (ex-Jet Richard Beymer and Puerto Rican Natalie Wood) meet at a district dance. Their romance intensifies bitterness.

Rhythmic dance-and-song routines melt into the running action without breaking the spell or sequence. It's a lengthy, absorbing treat.—Mayfair, Sydney.

In a word . . . VITAL.

### ★ THE QUEEN'S GUARDS

Pallid dramatics leading up to guardsman Daniel Massey's shining hour are told in snatches, punctuating a colorful documentary of the Trooping of the Color. Massey is brought up in the shadow of his brother, killed in the 1942 desert campaign. His military-minded father treats him as a batman, his mother refuses to believe her elder son dead. Action flits from military academy, through a quick courtship, then out to the desert for a modern set-to. Most characters make only a brief appearance and leave little impression.—Embassy, Sydney.

In a word . . . SLIGHT.

AUDREY HEPBURN has landed what could be the most important starring role of the year in "My Fair Lady," Warner Bros. planned film version of the Broadway smash hit. Miss

Hepburn is said to be receiving 750,000 dollars for her role, and, considering that they paid no less than 5,000,000 dollars for the screen rights, Warners are deep in the red before cameras start to roll.

LANA TURNER is getting ready for her starring role in the remake of "Madame X," to be made by Ross Hunter for Universal-International. As usual, Lana will receive a 200,000 dollars salary plus 10 per cent. of the gross profits.

ROSALIND RUSSELL and her husband, Fred Brisson, have left for a Paris holiday, after which they intend cruising Greek waters recuperating. The actress, who admits time is catching up on her fast, completed "Majority of One," "Five Finger Exercise," and "Gypsy" in rapid succession. As she said, "A lot of young actresses can't do that."



HOT QUIK  
the real HOT CHOCOLATE



Three cheers for QUIK—the favourite warmer-upper for winter! Hot . . . hearty . . . delicious as only real chocolate can be. Quik has the best-of-all chocolate taste because it's really Nestlé's Milk Chocolate, ready to stir into hot milk and make richer, smoother chocolate drinks. For real hot chocolate . . .

best you make it with NESTLÉ's QUIK





## Taste the home-grown freshness in Hy-Peak

The Hy-Peak secret is perfect timing. First Hy-Peak keep watch on the garden-farms, to see that harvesting begins the moment peas reach perfection. Then, a fast trip to the Hy-Peak centre . . . and within two hours of picking, the field-fresh peas are shelled and quick-frozen into their packs! Hy-Peak quick-freezing stops the clock right there . . . sees that vegetables stay fresh, with all their tasty juices and natural vitamins sealed in. Hy-Peak two-hour freshness means *all* the flavour and food value for you. HP03

### HINTS FOR HY-PEAK COOKS:

Please cook by the clock! Hy-Peak need less cooking because they are tender vegetables, grown specially for quick-freezing. Hy-Peak pack them so soon after picking, too, that no natural juices are lost.

Give peas a plus! Next time, toss a teaspoonful of finely grated onion and a knob of butter in with your Hy-Peak peas after you have strained them. It's a flavour difference you'll like.





# STAR-RAKER

Second long instalment  
of our dramatic serial  
By **DONALD  
GORDON**

THE cable from Moose Lake lay on Eddlestone's desk. It was brief and to the point. "At 11.45 a.m. local time two and a half fluid ounces synthetic plasma were received via Star-raker aircraft. When plasma was tested it was found all cancer-resisting cells had died in transit. Investigations are under way. Request your comments." Beside the cable lay an air-mail letter and the transcript of a telephone call between Moose Lake and Long Ashwood: both told the same story.

It was the sort of problem Miles Eddlestone enjoyed getting his teeth into. Fiona was confident now as she watched Eddlestone begin his investigations that it wouldn't be long before the cause of the plasma failure had been discovered and rectified.

All morning notes and directives winged out from the Biological Research Department. In the afternoon the various reports were collated and read. And in the evening Eddlestone called Fiona into his inner office and switched on his tape-recorder.

His first "witness" was Desmond Murray: tall, bent, bespectacled, in charge of laboratories.

"Mr. Murray," Eddlestone leaned back in his chair. "I've read your report: very clear, very concise. But there are a couple of points I want to enlarge on. First, how many batches of plasma have you been responsible for making?"

"Six."

"And this sixth and last batch: was it made in exactly the same way as the others? Under the same conditions?"

A pause: then, monosyllabically, "Yes."

"Good. Now one-third of it, I understand, was sent to Moose Lake and two-thirds were kept in the laboratory. What is the state, now, of the two-thirds in the laboratory?"

"Perfectly normal."

"Its cancer-resisting cells are still alive?"

"They are. And multiplying as usual."

"One last question. You drained off the third of the plasma yourself. You took it to the hangar yourself. You put it in the container yourself. Is it possible that in any of these processes the plasma could have been contaminated or damaged?"

To page 53

"Fiona! I had no idea you were working on cancer research!"  
Keith said in a shocked voice.

The sixty-five-year-old chairman of aircraft manufacturers Melver - Ducann, SIR IAIN MELVER, has narrowed his life down to serving one god, the new supersonic airliner named Star-raker. As the trials near completion his company gains a contract to build nine planes—the agreement to be signed when its tests are finished.

The Chief Test Pilot, JOHN JAGO, while flying with his second pilot, KEITH HAMILTON, received a message to attend a conference. Cutting the trial short, Jago suddenly blacked out prior to landing and Hamilton took control. After the conference Jago reported to the company doctor, and later told Sir Iain he wanted to retire. Sir Iain had Hamilton promoted, but kept Jago on to allay suspicion of any trouble.

Sir Iain's daughter, FIONA, meantime, has been working in the company's Biological Research Department on cosmic radiation and cancer research with MILES EDDLESTONE. They want to send a sample of live plasma to their Canadian section, and when she attends a party for Hamilton's promotion she asks him to fly it over in the Star-raker. Not realising the importance of the container he is to deliver, he is at first uncooperative, but finally agrees to do it. After his return, Fiona tells Keith that the plasma was lifeless when it reached DR. RUSSELL at Moose Lake. NOW READ ON:





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It's hard to face up to everyday problems with a rheumatic ailment painfully affecting your back. Rheumatism in limbs, joints or back may spring from a number of causes. Where faulty elimination through inactive kidneys is a contributory factor, the value of Doan's Back and Kidney Pills is recognized as an auxiliary treatment. Doan's are a diuretic and mild antiseptic for the kidneys and bladder, for relief of irritation and frequency, or simple infections. Get Doan's today!



## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Toothpaste squeezers

DO women always squeeze toothpaste tubes in the middle? Some years ago I spent a holiday at my brother's home and he grumbled that they did. He had five women living under his roof—his wife and four daughters—so had plenty of experience in the matter. He claimed that although each had her own toothpaste tube they would use his—which was squeezed from the bottom and neatly rolled up as used. The evidence—a squeeze halfway up. £1/1/- to "Mattie" (name supplied), Surrey Hills, Vic.

### He took the cake

GIVING the office-boy a shilling, one of the girls at work asked him to buy her a cake and told him to buy himself one as well. Ten minutes later he returned with the cakes and told her she owed him a penny because her cake was sixpence and his cost sevenpence! Amid general laughter, she paid up. £1/1/- to "Money Matters" (name supplied), Kingsford, N.S.W.

### He likes to shine alone

WHEN we were first married we found a stray kitten and took him home with us. He was always inside by the fire and grew fat and lazy. When our first baby arrived he took to the bush. Now, each evening when he knows all the children are in bed, he comes in to be fed and lie before the fire. If one of the children appears, he "goes bush" till the coast's clear. He likes the limelight. £1/1/- to Mrs. T. V. D. Kamp, Springfield, Tas.

### All those nephews and nieces

MY husband and I have no children. On a survey of our "family trees" my husband found he was uncle or great-uncle or great-great-uncle to 149 people, while I have 170 nieces, nephews, and great-nieces and nephews. Together we are aunt and uncle to 319 people. We are wondering if this is a record. £1/1/- to V. A. Dow, Peak Hill, N.S.W.

### The penalty of curiosity

WAITING at a bus stop recently I was amazed at the number of people who, after seeing a notice reading "Wet Paint" standing beside a newly painted letter box, went to the box and touched it, then showed surprise or annoyance when their fingers became red and sticky! £1/1/- to "Mrs. V.B.G." (name supplied), Burwood, N.S.W.

## Spiked heels

"COLD FEET" (Vic.) would not think her host's request to remove her stiletto heels while in his home unreasonable if she saw my once-beautiful polished pine floor. Stiletto heels have dug holes here and there and completely spoiled it. I now ask party guests to bring slippers or flatties with them. £1/1/- to "Housewife" (name supplied), Meningie, S.A.

TO issue invitations to a party and then ask women guests to take off their shoes is extremely rude. Hosts and hostesses, knowing full well the day's fashions, must expect the havoc which stiletto heels cause to their floors.

£1/1/- to L. Wilson, Ipswich, Qld.

YOUR host was not rude, "Cold Feet"; he erred in not requesting guests to refrain from wearing those abominable heels. I asked my guests not to wear stiletto heels to a recent party and they agreed. Ten pounds for new linoleum was my penalty after the previous party.

£1/1/- to "Leave-em-off" (name supplied), Mowbray Heights, Tas.

IF your host wishes to continue to entertain he should be prepared to put up with the wear and tear on his floors caused by spiked heels. Floor coverings are put down to be used as well as looked at.

£1/1/- to "What Next?" (name supplied), Yass, N.S.W.

FOLK are generally left more embarrassed by the gouged-out sections of floor-covering caused by their heels than by a request to remove their shoes. We have covered our lounge lino with a square to try to hide the sadly pock-marked surface.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. G. Milliken, Darwin, N.T.

THREE years ago my friend was sitting in my dinette wearing stiletto heels—and the imprints of the spikes still show. A request to remove such heels is reasonable.

£1/1/- to "Anti-Stiletto" (name supplied), Deanella, W.A.

## Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE not been satisfied with some of the dish-drying at our place lately.

The younger driers do not take quite enough pride in their work. They tend to go after speed at all costs, even if it means a lowering of standards.

After lunch yesterday my son was drying up at a reckless pace—I heard the crashing as the knives and forks were thrown into the drawer.

When I took a plate out of the cupboard after he had put it away I found it was wet. In his eagerness to get back to his game of "Monopoly," the drier had not strictly dried it.

Breakneck drying has other bad effects, as well as wet dishes. It encourages the dish-washer to cut corners.

My eldest daughter is usually a conscientious washer-up. She does a fair job with the pressure cooker after a casserole. She gets the hard bits off the sides of a rice pudding-dish.

But when her brother was making his Olympic-style dash yesterday she complained, "I can't keep up!" In her efforts to wash faster she left

### THE SPRINTER

some custard on the egg-beater and her spoons were less than spic or span.

I decided to give my son a refresher course in drying-up. At the risk of seeming vain I advised him to watch my methods closely.

It has taken me a long time to



develop my present skill with the tea-towel. I had very little natural aptitude, and in the early stages of married life my wife despaired of my ever mastering the technique.

That period could be called the massacre of the wedding presents. One by one the six sherry glasses

given us by Uncle Jim were written off. So were the pink teacups from my sister-in-law.

But at least I learned from these breakages the first principle of dish-drying—don't drop the dish.

Another weakness my wife used to point out was: "You always leave the odd-shaped things!" I had an inbuilt reluctance to dry the gadgets like flour-sifters and potato-mashers that stack up at the end of a dish-washing. This fault, too, I overcame by sheer determination.

As I was saying, I took my son aside to give him a few points.

"A basic feature of good drying-up is economy of movement," I said. "Notice my stance, balanced easily with feet a little apart. From this position I can pick up a dish with my left hand and put it away in the cupboard with my right."

To demonstrate, I seized a basin, dried it, and put it away in one fluid movement.

"That basin hasn't been washed yet," my wife said. "It's had soup in it."

This was unfortunate; but I think the lesson did some good. It isn't what you dry, it's the way that you dry it.



# The Kind Monster

By CATHARINE BOYD



VIRGINIA had had just about enough of this 900-calorie-a-day liquid-diet bit. Not only was she confronted with vanishing waistlines every time she turned on TV but most of her figure-conscious friends had taken to qualling the stuff for lunch, and as far as she was concerned the whole idea was nauseating. Just the sight of that frothy richness in a glass aroused her indignation—why, it didn't even leave room for the satisfaction of self-denial! There it was, contrived to appear like a lovely double-rich chocolate ice-cream milk shake! Of all deceitful things.

Her own way of dieting was certainly wiser—one drop of cream in her coffee instead of two and thin marmalade on her toast instead of butter. How was a woman expected to clean a three-bedroom house with nothing but liquids sloshing around in her stomach? Or hang out a wash for five people every Monday? Oh, Mondays!

"Vee, you don't eat enough," Dix had scolded her just this morning. "You worry me. I've got enough to worry about at the mill."

"Everything I eat turns into fat," Virginia explained helplessly. "I have to think about my figure, Dix."

Dix had smiled. "Let me think about it. I like it fine."

She sat down now to read the morning paper, a pleasure she dearly enjoyed—it was less than two months since Winkie, her youngest, had started school, and up until then she'd depended on Dix for her news.

Her reading finished, she went to the range and made butterscotch pudding and poured it into custard cups. She never made one for herself, just three for the children, who ate lunch at home.

She absently scraped and ate the pudding left in the pan, scarcely more than a spoonful. Then she got out last night's lamb bone and cut off the scraps of meat for the dog, nibbling a few of the tender pink bits as she worked. Lean meat was one of the very best things for losing weight. Oh, how good it would taste dipped in mayonnaise! She sighed.

Virginia imagined that there were women all over the country right this minute eating Danish pastry, and waffles with bacon and syrup, and day after day all she ate was one slice of toast with marmalade. And still she could hardly get into a size 16, unless it had a full skirt.

True, nobody seemed to notice—Dix still hustled home every night full of fun and flattery, and Bo herded Cub Scouts in every afternoon to eat her cookies, and Mary thought all her clothes were beautiful enough

to borrow; indeed, she was apt to be hugged and kissed by any one of them at the most unlikely moments . . . But they would notice one fine day, all right, when she walked downstairs in a size 12 sleeveless sheath!

She straightened the living-room quickly and scooped up the last few salted peanuts in the candy dish before she washed it. Some people eat salted peanuts by the pound! Then she put the first load of laundry into the washer and got out her dust mops. She hesitated over the thought of a frosty soft drink, and finally she opened a bottle and carried it upstairs with her. She didn't have to drink it unless she got terribly thirsty.

When she carried the second basket of laundry out to the high back verandah at noon, the school bell was ringing in the distance; she'd just have time to hang up the clothes before the children trooped home. She poised on the top step over the cellarway as she always did and reached to pull in the line.

Someone had left a large grey rock on the edge of the step, but she paid no attention, and when the line came in faster than she expected she leaned out to slow it down.

From that point on it was hard to tell what happened. Her foot must have struck the rock and toppled her forward, a damp pillowcase flapped against her face, she grabbed blindly for the railing and missed, and with a wrench one leg caught behind the other and she crashed to the ground.

She sat there stunned for a moment, astonished; she thought how surprised her eyes must look, her mouth hanging open. But then her jaws clamped together with pain; she had never felt anything like it. It felt like blow after blow of a machete against her knee, and each blow spread a wave of dizziness through her until she could not hold on, and she floated off in a faint.

She opened her eyes to see Bo staring over the railing.

"Hey, what're you doing down there?" he asked with nine-year-old interest.

To page 48

"I'll try not to bother you too much. You're all so good to me," Virginia said as her children gathered around the bed.

John Miller

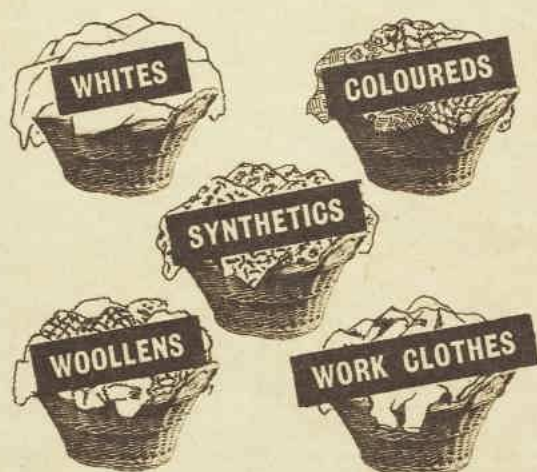


# HOOVERMATIC WASHER

reg. trade mark

washes, rinses, spins 5 LOADS while other washers are still on their first

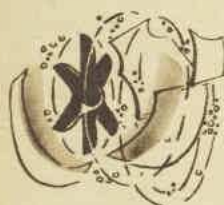
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Imagine! While one load is being busily washed, *another* load — perhaps a load of different fabric is being rinsed and spin-dried ready for the line. There's no waiting . . . no time-wasting emptying and refilling — no waste of soap and hot water. Hoovermatic's exclusive boiling action pulsator and speedy twin tubs gently and efficiently wash a different load, a different fabric — every five minutes.



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Hoovermatic's unique pulsator swirls sudsy water through the wash with an action just like boiling. Washes the dirtiest work clothes boil-clean in just four minutes, or woollens in one. Test laundries have proved Hoovermatic's washing action is more efficient than any other.

No other washer is so fast — no other so handy. It will wash big loads of whites (as many as eleven shirts at once) — will take a double blanket with ease. It will wash load after load — 6 lbs. in the wash tub, 6 lbs. in the spinner — faster than you can hang them on the line.

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*Automatic timer thinks for you — stops needless overwashing. Safety spinner lid operates spinner — safe from curious little fingers. Built-in heater boils water if necessary. Stainless steel wash tub for lifetime service. Ideal size for kitchen, bathroom or laundry — glides freely on concealed castors.*

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It was her refuge . . . a story  
complete on this page

# The room upstairs

By OLGA ROSMANITH

SOME people don't run from a problem, because they have no place to run. So they stay home and work it out. Arlene Martin had a nice secure feeling because she had a refuge waiting any time she needed one. The spare room with the friendly girl upstairs.

She didn't know she counted on it, nor had she even thought about it, but there it was suddenly in her mind, when finally Ted's key turned in the lock and her husband was home.

She sat on the divan, not moving, not calling out.

He came in and saw at once the festive dining-table laden with gift-wrapped packages, the wedding silver, the crystal, the gorgeous flower centre of smilax and red-and-white carnations, the red-and-white cake with its 29 little red candles still unlit at midnight on his birthday.

His consternation was not too satisfying. "Holy smoke! Will I be in the doghouse!" Then he turned and saw her under the unlit floor lamp, curled in shadow, almost in the dark. "Oh, spying on my reaction instead of meeting me at the door with a hatchet—like an honest woman. Well, I'm sorry if that's what you want. It's the truth. Believe me, I couldn't be sorrier."

But he stood there in the muted light from the table lamp looking far from contrite.

Arlene had a wild hot feeling as if a flame uncurled deep inside and went roaring up to her brain. She kept calm with a mighty effort.

"I don't believe you. What's the excuse this time?"

He gave her a hard, suddenly unsmiling look. "I forgot it, if you want it straight. Something came up and I clean forgot. That's the truth."

"What came up? If it's any business of mine, being only your wife."

"Since this was a special date I'll explain. I guess I owe you that. An old friend was waiting for me when I left the office. He was in serious trouble. We went along to the Beach-comber to talk about it. I was able to help. Finally we got it straightened out."

"Could have called me."

"I tell you I forgot," he gestured at the table, "about this."

The flames consumed Arlene's patience and common sense. Her voice was shrill. "You forgot you had a wife!"

"That would be a feat for your husband." He looked at her, ironically smiling, irritatingly handsome and unimpressed. "You give me credit for a useful nonchalance I wish I had."

A cold stillness pierced Arlene's thoughts like the eye of a hurricane. In it lay the picture of Marina's spare room and Marina herself, gay, independent, carefree.

Then the hurricane shifted again. Wild with rage, Arlene leaped off the divan, rushed to the bedroom, pulled a suitcase out of the closet and began throwing night things into it.

Ted followed her. "What crazy stuff is—"



"I'd be crazy to stay with you. I'm going this minute," Arlene said angrily to her husband as she threw some clothes in the case.

She turned on him, unaware she was rending a nylon nightgown in her hands. "Me crazy? I'd be crazy to stay with you. From now on you don't have a wife to remember. I'm going right now, this minute. And don't try to stop me."

Her heart thudded so hard she stopped breathing, scared by her own frenzied words.

"I wouldn't dream of stopping anyone who wanted to leave me," he said quietly. "But is that what you really want?"

"I absolutely do." She slammed the suitcase shut and reached for her cashmere coat. "And it's final. It's the end. No more waiting, wondering why you forget. Where's my purse? You'll hear from my lawyer."

Ted took his wallet from his pocket and offered her a wad of notes. Arlene took them and threw them on the floor. "I'll get a job. Thanks for nothing."

He went to the front door and held it open for her.

"Goodbye, Arlene, thanks for the birthday presents. It was kind of you to remember."

He closed it on her before she could retort. She took a deep breath and, ignoring the elevator, walked up one flight of fire-escape stairs.

Marina answered her ring immediately. She was dressed in a quilted flamingo-pink housecoat, a perfect foil for her long dark hair.

"Come on in. You're manna from heaven. This is one of my sleepless nights. I get sieges sometimes. Here, I'll take your coat and case." She smiled the compassionate smile of a sisterhood. "So finally Ted got another woman."

"Another woman! I should say not. He's not the type. That isn't Ted's speciality. I could trust him from here to Shanghai. And don't ask me how I know, I know!"

"Well calm down, don't get angry. Why the suitcase? I thought you were taking refuge like I said you could."

"So I am. But there are other problems."

"This interests me. Sit here. I'll get you a drink. Now you tell me all about them."

Arlene sat in the big white frieze armchair by the fire. The beautiful room was softly lit and deliciously warm, but she was ice-cold now and her teeth were chattering.

"Nerves," said Marina, "I'll get some hot coffee." She took away the drink and presently brought the coffee.

"Now what's this problem?"

"It was Ted's birthday. He forgot. He stayed out. He often stays out. And I can't argue with him. It's like throwing stones into a pond. He absorbs it all and it makes no difference, it leaves no marks on him." Her hand trembled and the coffee slopped in the saucer. Marina moved over, took it from her, set it down and went back to the big chair opposite.

"Don't talk any more till you feel better. I'll put on the hi-fi for some soft, soothing music."

The music didn't soothe Arlene. It awoke formless memories. Tears welled in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Marina ignored them.

"Sometimes this helps me sleep," she said. "That's the worst, you know, the long, empty nights. Nobody coming home, even late. It's strange how you really never stop being married to a man you loved. If you never loved it's different. But I loved."

"You mean you divorced a man you loved?"

"Sure. Of course. You get much madder with a man you love than one you don't care about. Didn't you know? I lost my temper. I wouldn't listen. He wanted to be forgiven. Why didn't I? That's what I stay awake night after night asking myself. Then I look a hag going to work in the morning. But I guess at least half the wives who divorce are still in love, they stay in love, that's the trouble. They pace at night. They're sorry. They wish they hadn't. But it's mostly too late."

"They love, Arlene, but they don't love enough. That seventy-times-seven stuff. It works. It's wonderful. What about going to bed now? No sense you staying up all night. You need sleep. You look terrible."

Arlene got out of the chair. "Thanks, Marina, I will. But I'll go to bed at home, at least for tonight. I've forgotten something."

Marina didn't remind her to take her suitcase. She listened to Arlene's steps down the fire stairs and closed her door. A minute later Ted opened his. He looked aloof and offended.

Arlene looked at him bravely. "I forgot something," she said. "No one is perfect, including me. Please forgive me and take me back. I love you."

They stood a long time tight in each other's arms.

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For quality like this, the half-pound box at 5/6 or the attractive one pound box at 11/-, are wonderful value. You can also buy Cadbury's Roses Chocolates loose for 2/6 a quarter-pound at your favourite confectioner's.

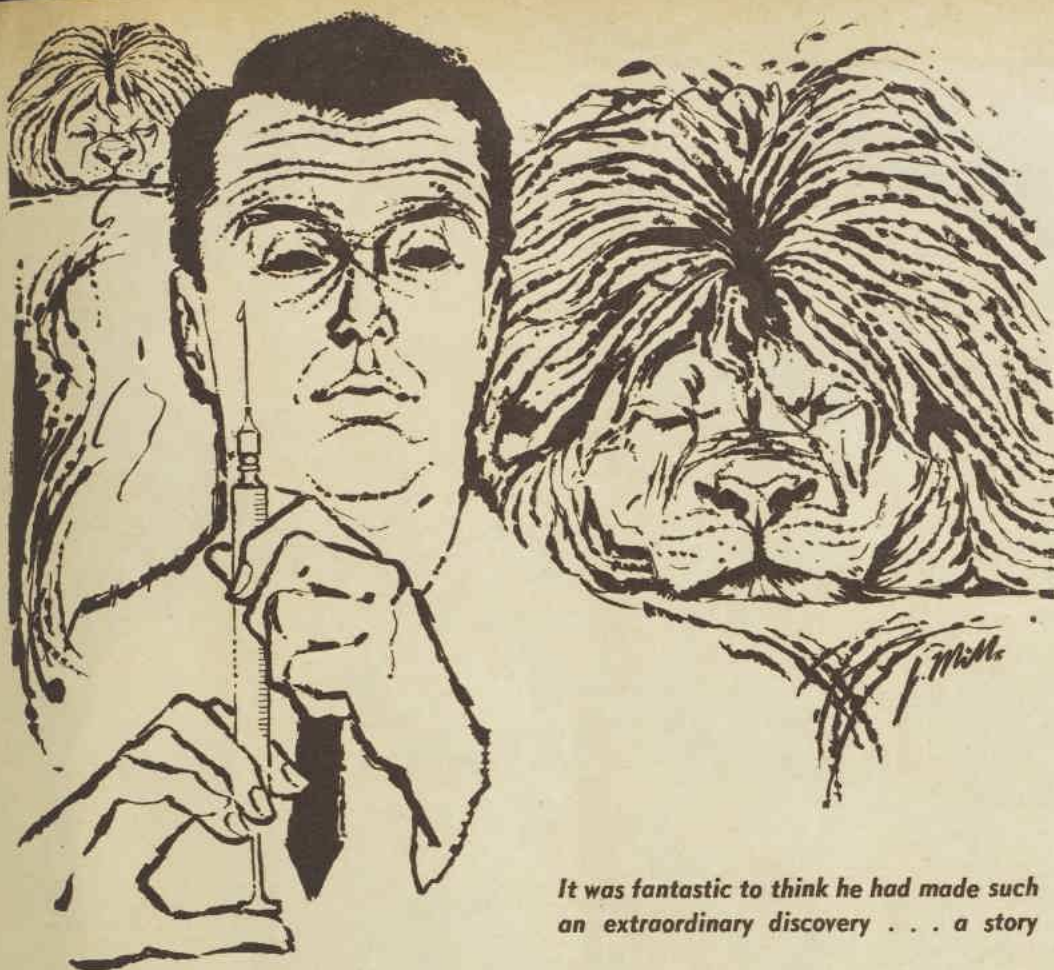
(Prices may be slightly higher in some country areas.)



Give her

**CADBURY'S ROSES CHOCOLATES**





*It was fantastic to think he had made such an extraordinary discovery . . . a story*

# The animal shrinkers

By  
**ROSEMARY WEIR**

IT'S on Saturday nights I feel the worst. That's when I begin thinking of home until I can just about smell Mum's steak and kidney pudding, and I've only got to shut my eyes to see the dear old Edgware Road with the lights gleaming through the fog and the big red buses tearing up and down.

I can smell home and see home and taste home until, I give you my word, it's all I can do not to break down and cry like a kid.

Carter gets it badly sometimes, too, or so he says, but I don't know so much. I believe he really likes Venezuela. Well, he ought to, it was him brought us here, all through being a bit too clever.

According to him Venezuela is the last South American country you can't be extradited from. I only hope he's right, that's all, or it's a poor lookout for us.

I've never been in trouble in my life before. Well, I suppose some people would say I wasn't in trouble now, seeing as Carter and I aren't doing too badly in our business here, but that's a matter of opinion.

It all began about a year ago when I went round one evening after work to see Carter. We've been friends all our lives.

I wasn't anything much, just an assistant in an iron-monger's shop, but Carter did a bit better for himself. He went to night school and got a job as a dispenser in a chemist's in Oxford Street.

He always was a clever chap, been better for us if he hadn't been quite so bright.

Well, I went round to Carter's home and his young brother told me he was out in his workshop at the end of the backyard.

I went out to the yard and pushed open the door of the shed. Carter was bending over something he'd got on his workbench.

"That you, Ernie?" He sounded excited. "I've got something to show you tonight! Come over here and take a look at this!"

He handed me a little round pillbox with several small holes punched in the lid. There was something alive

inside, crouching down, and at first I couldn't see what it was.

"Go on," said Carter. "Take it out and have a good look at it."

Taking it out, I laid it in the palm of my hand. You won't believe me, but what I was holding was a rabbit, a black-and-white rabbit, and it was no bigger than a cockroach.

"Where on earth did you get hold of this?" I asked.

"Ernie," he said, "it was an ordinary-sized rabbit when I bought it. I made it like that!"

"You—what?" I said.

"Put it back in the box," Carter said. "It won't stand a lot of handling. Now look, you've heard of headhunters, haven't you? You know that the headhunters of Borneo shrink heads until they're no bigger than oranges? They have a special way of shrinking those heads. I read all about it, and I thought to myself, if heads why not other things?"

"So I sat down, and I did a bit of thinking. There's some stuff they use. I found out what it was—I'm not going to tell you because you wouldn't understand anyhow—and I got hold of some. It took ages, but I know a chap on a ship who goes out there and, well, anyway I got some."

I must say I felt a bit impressed. It's quite an achievement to shrink a rabbit to the size of a beetle. All the same, I couldn't see how Carter could make any money out of it, and I said so.

"No money?" He stared at me. "Good heavens, man, there's a fortune in it."

What he planned to do was to buy up animals, wild animals he thought would be the most popular, reduce them in size, and sell them as pets.

"Reduce them how much?" I asked, and he said: "Oh, quite a lot. Small enough to put in your pocket. Lions, my boy, that's what I'm after! Lions and tigers and elephants!"

"Lions?" I said. "Don't talk so soft. Where're you going to get lions from?"

To page 52

## MORLEY Thermals

REG.

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**MORLEY Thermals** are knitted so that millions of air pockets are trapped in pure cotton, and yet, because air weighs nothing they are as light as a wisp.

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**MORLEY Thermals** are available for men in athletics, short-sleeved closed-front shirts, briefs, trunks and elastic-top trousers. For boys they are available in athletics, briefs and closed-front short-sleeved shirts.

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Always look for the name

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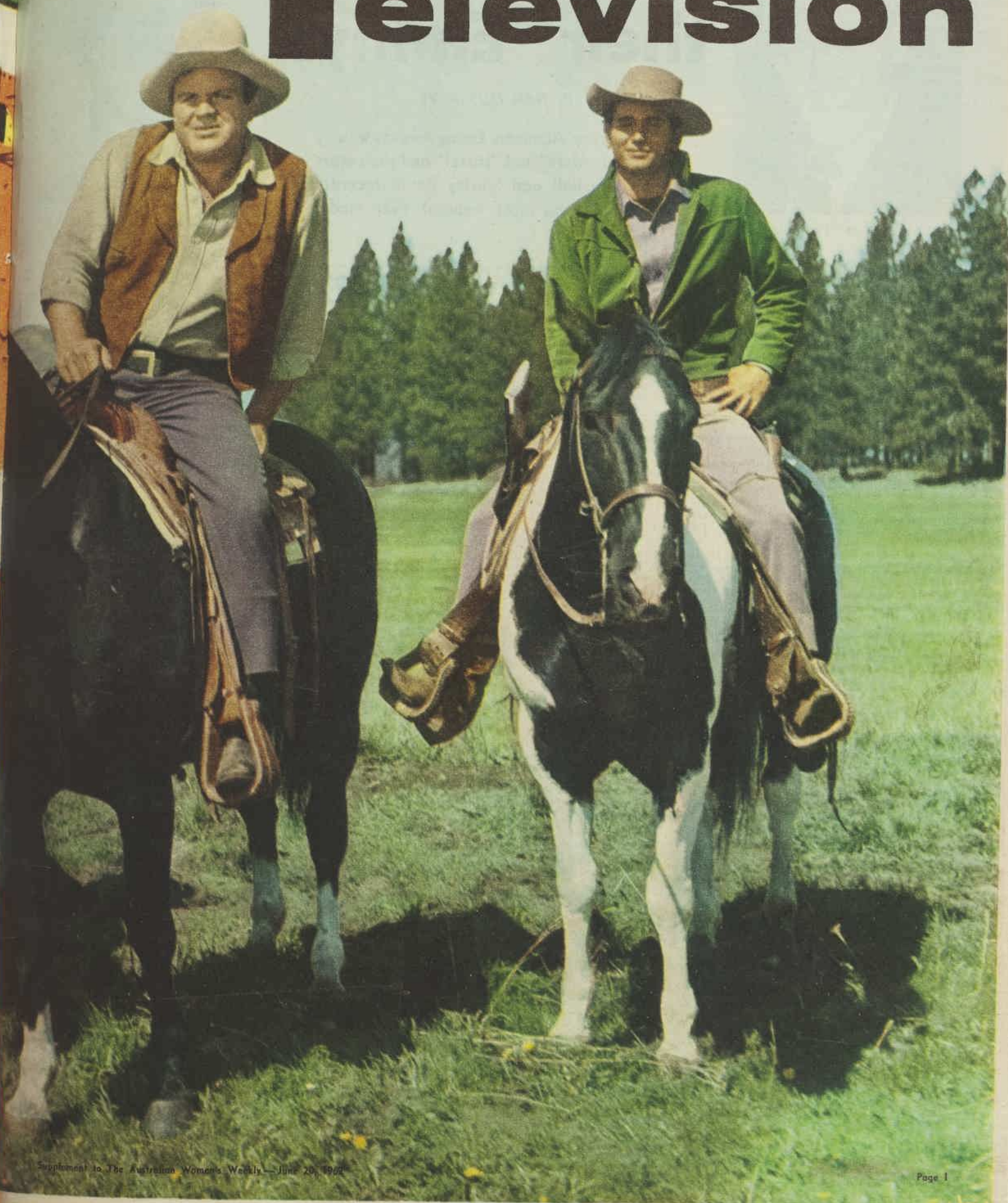






Supplement to THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

# Television



Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 20, 1968

Page 1





E. G. Marshall, of "The Defenders."

# They earned their Emmys

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Television Academy Emmy Awards won by "The Defenders" and "Hazel" and their stars E. G. Marshall and Shirley Booth recently are among the most unusual ever made.



Shirley Booth as "Hazel."

**T**HEY are unusual because viewers, critics, actors, producers, their friends, relatives, and hangers-on all agree wholeheartedly that they are well deserved.

Marshall won the award as the best actor in a series, Shirley Booth as the best actress.

Middle-aged Shirley Booth, America's most successful TV star (female) for the year, took the TV plunge after holding out against it for ten years.

In "Hazel" she plays the role of the wise but comic maid, patterned on the Ted Key cartoon that has appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post" for years. (It also appears in The Australian Women's Weekly.)

Hazel skyrocketed quickly to top rating in America, and is

said to be watched by more than 55,000,000 Americans every Thursday night.

In Australia "Hazel" was hailed by the critics and quickly climbed to high popularity and a place among the top-rated shows.

After the awards were announced, Miss Booth was asked how she felt about her triumph.

"It's a doozy," she said, borrowing TV Hazel's favorite expression for approval. "I love it."

Would she like to duck out of the series now and get back to more serious drama?

"Not on your life," she said. "I'm as happy as a clam at high tide. I'd love to see this show go on for years."

E. G. Marshall, who won the best actor Emmy for his continued excellence as Lawrence Preston of "The Defenders," is,

like Shirley Booth, middle-aged. He is 52.

Again like Miss Booth he has a solid theatrical background, and, one more similarity, "The Defenders" is his first TV series.

Marshall's parents were both Norwegians, but he was born in America, in Minnesota.

"My parents sent me to Carleton College and the University of Minnesota because they felt I wasn't going to make a good farmer. They hoped I'd choose the ministry," he said.

However, the University dramatic clubs turned Marshall from the clergy to the stage.

Marshall may have disappointed his family in his chosen profession, but he has never disappointed his TV fans.

Week after week, as the level-headed senior partner of the law firm of Preston and Preston, Marshall does a fine job

as the seasoned, sophisticated trial lawyer.

"The Defenders" is courtroom drama plus. It gets the "plus" because it has no set formula.

The firm of Preston and Preston defend people who are guilty as often as they defend the innocent; the relationship between them and the prosecutor is real and at times cynically revealing.

But what makes "The Defenders" outstanding as a series is that it is a show with strong stories, well written, tightly scripted.

Many of the stories are concerned with controversial issues.

Whether the show was specifically designed to make people think I don't know, but it certainly does.

Its presentation of ethical questions, and the arguments through evidence for both sides

of the question, have provoked more arguments than I have ever heard before about any other TV show.

Two of the shows that impressed me particularly posed questions that society is always ready to take sides on. They were:

● Does a father whose kindergarten-age daughter is criminally assaulted have the right to mete out his own justice and kill her attacker?

● Is a doctor who destroys a Mongoloid baby at the moment of its birth guilty of murder?

"The Defenders" doesn't only pose the question; it is courageous enough to make it quite clear which side of the question it believes to be right.

An artistic presentation of facts with the decision left in the balance or to the viewer's discretion is not resorted to.

Arguing about the message, the rights and wrongs of the show is a favorite pastime of the cast.

"One of the main purposes of the show," says E. G. Marshall, "is to clarify the difference between morality and justice."

"Morality is the way you feel about an act. Justice is a rational interpretation of the facts."

Quite apart from the moral issues raised in the show, "The Defenders" has a very interesting father-son relationship.

Partners in the law firm, they argue hotly on principle.

Son Ken, Robert Reed, obviously feels that his father has earned his respect as a partner and lawyer as well as a father, but feels his father is past some things, including some new ideas and some romance. Dad obviously is not.

I like to see young Preston pitting himself against his father's sophistication and more tolerant outlook and struggling to remember his filial respect; and see Dad let his son, sometimes doubtfully, have his head as his junior partner.

As you can see, I couldn't agree more with the judges who awarded the Emmys.

Another thing makes me extra happy about the show, too. It has the good taste not to be telecast at the same time as that other sophisticated attorney, Perry Mason, enters the courtroom. That I couldn't stand.

—Kirsten Ward

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 20, 1962

## DREAM HOUSE THAT TV BUILT

● They thought the fish was ugly. Find a friendly fish, they said. The boy who was waiting for just such an order ran off.

**T**HE fish played a small, though very important, part in what is estimated to be one of Australia's most expensive TV commercials.

We were watching its growing pains from our "director's chair" at a Sydney television studio. (On the back of the chair were the words LEAKY TAP — the man who used it before was a Mr. Faucet.)



Bedroom and lounge-room of the £7000 set built to film a TV commercial.

The advertisement was to show the effectiveness of an air-freshener against such things as fish, cabbage, and other foods not known for their pleasant cooking odors.

For the 60-second commercial Supreme Sound Studios had set up a complete house, and what a house!

A pale and pretty colonial-style bedroom (rocking-chair, four-poster), a luxurious and elegant lounge-room (grand piano, antiques, original oil paintings, fabulous rugs), a bathroom, and an all-mod-cons kitchen.

Just these four rooms and their contents are estimated to be worth about £7000.

The rooms (adjoining sets) lacked only a roof, otherwise we could have moved right in.

Objets d'art included a piece of 3000-year-old tiling from a Persian tombstone, a copper urn from Damascus, Swedish pottery, and paintings by Hans Selke (including his controversial "Duke of Darlo," which recently sold for £2000).

Leading make-up lady Nina Michaels was there attending to top model Ann Ferguson.

Hans Selke and his wife came to watch the shooting, as did Mervyn Murphy, owner of Supreme Sound. It was directed by Hans Farkash, produced by Peter Prago, and the script was written by Bryce Courtenay.

And Baron Axel Rappe, designer of and expert on Scandinavian furnishings, was called in to set the table in the kitchen!

Over and over again "takes" were shot. At one stage cameras had to be stopped. There was a fly dancing around the chandelier, and someone had to find the insect-killer.

"If you wanted a fly you couldn't find one within a hundred miles," was a wry comment.

And when the time came for a close-up no one could find the product!

So many weeks of work, so much money, such important people concerned, about 1500 feet of film — to make a 60-second commercial which will use only 93 feet of film. Even then the house scene takes only 30 seconds on the TV screen — other scenes will be outdoors.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

June 20, 1962

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



**MARLENE  
ATCHESON**  
—see page 2



# LETTERS

## Wisdom through fun, games

STUDY for exams is a reversal of nature. During the teen years it is natural to spend as much time as possible amusing yourself.

I am not suggesting that there should not be mental development during these years; I am merely saying that the amount of study required to gain a reasonable pass in the Leaving Certificate does nothing to aid the general well-being of the average teenager.

On the contrary, it creates excess nervous tension, sometimes resulting in a breakdown.

A better system would be to award passes on the general standard of work submitted during the year. The exam system is unfair because a usually bright student may suffer from nerves, and therefore gain a much lower pass than he may otherwise.

What are other readers' opinions?—Sue Cassidy, O'Connor, A.C.T.

## Dutch-man

FELLOW males, I appeal to you for support. My girlfriend doesn't object to going Dutch when we go out together and always willingly pays for half the petrol. She also brings home-made sweets for interval at the pictures.

But her girl-friend says I'm mean. I think that this girl is jealous. I might add that I have a very substantial banking account, but why should I invest it in a girl that I might not marry?—"Clerk," Elsternwick, Vic.

## Asian friendship

I THINK it is imperative that Australia should form closer ties with Asia, not only at the level of Government and trade missions but also at the level of person-to-person contact.

We should establish permanent cultural centres in Asian countries, where Asian people could gain some understanding of our way of life. We must

## NEXT WEEK

How to keep warm on a cold day is the theme of our main feature next week. Our cover girls are wearing beaut ski-type sweaters, and Debbie, our teenage cook, has brewed some new hot chocolate drinks. Easy-to-follow directions are given for both knitting and brewing. AND . . . as girls often wonder what boys think of their clothes, make-up, and so on, we have quizzed dozens of boys and publish their frank answers. Fascinating!

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Letters must bear the signature and address of the writer, and when choosing letters for publication we give preference to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send all correspondence to "Teenagers' Weekly," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

## COVER PIN-UP

MARLENE ATCHEMSON, 15, who comes from Newcastle, N.S.W., is already making a name for herself as a singer on national TV. She has also studied piano and modern ballet.

do these things now, and establish realistic and fruitful relationships with Asian countries. —"Non-Anti-Asia," Walwa, Vic.

## Baby carriage

I TRAVEL to work by train with a group of teenagers, and in every other carriage there are some teenagers. We like our fun, and talk quite a bit, and have our transistors turned up fairly loud.

Lately, my father, who travels in the same train, has been complaining about the noise in every carriage. He suggests that the last carriage should be reserved for teenagers.

Everybody would make more friends, and if there was any trouble the guard could handle it. Seems to me a good idea.—Howard Banks, Chelmer, Qld.

## Terrible blush

CAN any teenagers help me?

I am very embarrassed when boys speak to me, and I blush terribly. Have any others learnt to control this? Would they please tell me how?—C. Thomson, Warooka, S.A.

## Shocked by locals

I AM a 16-year-old Austrian girl now living in Australia. I have read many letters in Teenagers' Weekly, and I am simply shocked to hear some of the girls complaining because their parents won't let them wear lipstick, high heels, or go round with boys at the age of 13 and 14.

Over in Europe these things don't exist at such an early age. When I was 14, I was not allowed to go to any dances or wear lipstick. This is considered very unnatural and shameful to a young girl.

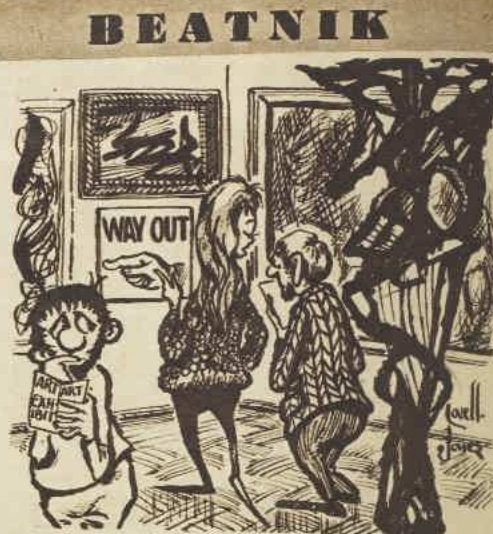
Maybe that's why there is less delinquency in Europe, where teenagers behave properly without being told.—Mila Schem, Orange, N.S.W.

## Flip the kipper

WANTING a new party game? Try "Flip the Kipper." Cut out fish shapes from tissue paper, and give each player one of these and a magazine. Tie a piece of string between two chairs as a finishing line. All players stand in a row.

When the signal to start is given, each player puts his fish on the floor, and by flapping the floor with the magazine creates draughts of air which propel the fish forward.

Winner is the player who gets his fish over the finishing-line first.—L. Raymond, Mandurah, W.A.



"Like I dig this one, man—it seems to REALLY say something."

## Teen views on church-going

• We received hundreds of letters answering "Student," who wrote (T.W. 16/5/62) that he had difficulty in believing in religion, and thought that it was not necessary to go to church to be a Christian. Here are some of them:

IT is God Himself we must get to know, and He is worth knowing. You will find that you

cannot be a Christian without attending your church. What sort of a footballer would you be if you never read the rules or never got on to the field and played the game? The same applies to the Christian. He must follow the rules and play the game, and then he will find the deep content that Christianity brings.—"Christian," Mount Lawley, W.A.

LAST year I felt that I should make an effort to attend at least one church service a week. I kept this up for six months, but I'm afraid that church did not mean anything to me.

I felt that the atmosphere created by the congregation was false—most people seemed to attend these services merely to show off their latest suit or fashion of some kind.

I found that reading the Bible and living my life in the most Christian-like way I could manage satisfied me more than church services.

I do not profess to be a good Christian but I am trying without the help of church services.—"Fellow Student," Canberra.

TO be a Christian means leading a clean, wholesome life, and also believing in God, and Christ, and worship.

You cannot be a Christian without doing the latter. Just because a person attends church does not make him better than others. However, people who do attend church are at least equally fitted to lead a proper life as those who do not.—"Another Student," Fullarton, S.A.

A PERSON becomes a Christian to soothe his conscience. He feels that he must unburden his guilt, so he turns to the Church. It shows that he is mentally immature and cannot live with himself.—D. Ford, Punchbowl, N.S.W.

LIVING your life doing good, and believing in God, is certainly the basic step to being a Christian, but surely if you believe in God you must also believe the Book, which tells us we were put on this earth to love, obey, and worship Him.

If you worship someone, you do not ask him to come to you, but rather you go to him. So it must be with God. What better place to go than to the place founded by His Son for the purpose of enabling us to communicate with Him?—Rick E. Norman, Alberton, S.A.

## EYE CUES

By Carolyn Earle



DON'T ever re-vamp your eyebrows by careless plucking. Until a girl is at least 15 she must use extreme care not to tweeze the wrong little hairs.

During the early teens it is quite possible for the brow hairs not to grow back in properly, and you want to avoid skimpy-looking eyebrows at all cost.

Seated in front of a well-lighted mirror with your hair stripped away from your face, ask yourself these questions: Are my eyes too close together? Plucking the brows a wee bit farther apart above your nose bridge will make your eyes appear to be farther apart. It also makes small eyes appear larger.

Is my face broad? Extend your brow well across your eye area and a bit beyond. The wider the brow (within reason, of course) the slimmer the lower face will seem.

Is my face round? A definite angle to your arch will take away from this. Don't drop the outer edge of brow into a curve.

Is my face long? A full eyebrow is needed here. The thickest point of the brow should be at the top of the arch, a bit off centre, and closer to the brow end than the start.



**KNIT ONE, PURL ONE...**

# PRETTY ONE!

● Take a pair of knitting needles, some left-over wool from last year's home-made twinset, and pretty up those tired old winter dresses. There's a TV warmer you can snuggle into on frosty nights, and an elegant but oh so simple shawl. Follow our easy instructions below.

**1** That unbecoming "sack" in your wardrobe takes on Paris chic with a ribbed waistband. Cut out 6in. from the middle of the dress. Turn under raw edges and oversew. Make the ribbed band by casting on 50 stitches on the No. 12 needles. Knit 2, purl 2, knitting enough to go round your waist. If you like, thread a draw-string through the knitted piece. Sew on to the dress, making sure that the edges are neat.

**2** This shawl with an elegant air is made by casting on 2 stitches on No. 8 needles. Continue knitting—adding one stitch at each end of every second row. This makes a triangle. Cast off when your shawl is

big enough. Wool fringes, made by knotting several strands of wool together and sewing on—or bobble fringes—make an exciting finishing touch.

**3** Sweet twosome, this hat and suit linked by matching knitted bands. To have your band lin. wide, cast on about 12 stitches (remember some of the band will be on the inside of the garment) on No. 12 needles and knit up in stocking-stitch. Use the bands as you would bias binding. You'll have a flat finish on the corners of the neck and waistband if you mitre the edges of the band as you're sewing on. Add dash to your hat by tying a flat bow in the knitted piece.



**4** A little knitted touch gives big effect to the waistline of a simple sheath. Try "tubular" knitting on four fine needles, No. 13s, with four stitches on each needle. Keep knitting till you have enough for a floppy bow. Sew on to the waistband of your frock—about four inches from each side seam.

**5** Grandma's comforter has a new lease of life by becoming a TV warmer. It's made by knitting a long rectangle in a big, loose rib—say 4 plain, 4 purl on No. 8 needles. Fold over lengthwise and catch the corners—to give you an opening for your arms. Pick up enough stitches around these openings to make a cuff—1 plain, 1 purl on No. 12 needles. Follow the same instructions for the pretty bed-jacket, using this simple lacy pattern. Every row: K 1, m 1, k 2 together.

**6** Eye-catching accent on a plain, back-buttoned top made by a ribbed panel sewn on to the front. Make the panel about 3in. wide, using No. 11 needles and ribbing 2 plain, 2 purl. Now, on needles one size smaller, rib a long piece for the flat bow. Catch the ends of the bow to your top to make sure it sits flat.

**7** An old car-coat has a new look with knitted cuffs and collar. Cut out a deep round neck in the coat. Oversew the raw edges, then, using a steel crochet-hook, make one

row of single or double crochet around the edge. Pick up these stitches around the neck and rib 2 plain, 2 purl, using No. 10 needles. Halfway up the collar change to needles one size smaller so that the collar will fit snugly. Remember, leave the opening in the knitted piece down the front to correspond with the opening in the coat. Make a buttonhole where the knitted piece joins the coat and at the neck edge. Now rib the cuffs the same way, using the smaller needles.

**8** Sissy, feminine, and as easy as pie. The frilly collar is made by knitting the simple pattern below and sewing on the underside of the collar of your dress. Cast on 7 stitches.

Row 1: Knit.  
Row 2: K 2, p 5.  
Row 3: K 5, turn, p 5.  
Row 4: K 6, turn, k 1, p 5.  
Row 5: P 5, k 2.  
Row 6: Knit.  
Row 7: P 5, turn, k 5.  
Row 8: P 5, k 1, turn, k 6.

Repeat this pattern for required length and cast off.

For all these trimmings be sure to check your tension with the wool and needles you are going to use, so that the finished piece of knitting is the size required.



# TWO BOYS AND A VALLEY

● Fifteen-year-old Allan Day gazed at the bush around him and at the river winding through the valley. "It will be nice to know the animals are being looked after when I'm not here," he said.

ALLAN and his best friend, Ken Archer, also 15, have lived in the Woronora River Valley, 20 miles south of Sydney, since they were small boys. Now they are crusading to have the valley declared a sanctuary for wildlife.

Ever since they were old enough the two boys have hiked through the hills surrounding their homes on the riverbank, becoming expert bushmen on the teach-yourself principle.

They have also become the voluntary guardians of the animals and birds of the valley.

"We want to have all this area recognised as an official sanctuary," said Allan.

"All the N.S.W. coastline, from about Wingham in the north to Nowra on the South Coast, is already a sort of a sanctuary in which certain birds and animals like kookaburras and koalas are protected.

"But anyone in this area can kill

animals like flying foxes, hares, rabbits, squirrels, deer, foxes, and dingoes, or birds such as crows, ravens, cormorants, currawongs, bulbuls, and turtle doves.

"We want our particular valley made into a real wildlife sanctuary in which all birds and animals are protected, as they are in the area from Nowra to Bateman's Bay, for instance."

Ken chimed in: "We already have the support of the Wild Life Preservation Society and most of the people who live in the valley. We intend going now to the Sutherland Shire Council and talking to them about it."

The area the boys want declared extends from the bridge at Woronora to an area of marshland about six miles downstream.

The boys know every inch of this bushland. They have explored the sandstone caves dotted through the hills and camped overnight in the bush.

They know where many animals—wallabies, rabbits, wombats, bandicoots, lizards, birds, possums, and even an occasional deer—have their hideouts.

**A valley just south of Sydney has been the home of native animals and birds for countless centuries. It is also the home of two 15-year-old boys who are leading the campaign to protect what is left of the valley's wildlife against wanton killing by visiting "sportsmen."**

By DIANE ROBERTS

Allan's mother is a widow, so Allan works as a clerk during the day and goes to evening classes four nights a week to get his Leaving Certificate.

The train and bus trip to and from the city takes an hour, and the last bus leaves Sutherland station at 7 p.m.—so Allan carries a hurricane-lamp with him to work and tramps home through the bush after his classes.

It is generally 11 o'clock before he arrives home, and he has to be up again at 5.30 in the morning.

At weekends the boys pack a small haversack, put on their old jeans and heavy boots, and go into the bush looking for specimens for their collections.

They carry knives, cameras, a butterfly net, torches, and old Army binocular cases strapped to their belts as specimen bags.

Both are studying biology and Ken studies chemistry, and both have microscopes (Christmas presents from their parents). They collect insects, lizards, and frogs and make a life history of each one. They also analyse specimens of water from various parts of the river.

As student geologists they collect minerals and rock specimens.

"We have written to mining engineers in Canada, Mexico, America, and British Columbia," said Ken, "and they sent us samples."

Allan's bedroom (and Ken says his is similar) is packed with specimens.

A cupboard which Allan and his uncle built runs along one wall and is filled with tiny drawers. Each drawer has a neatly printed label listing the collection inside.

Gemstones from all over the world, Australian minerals and shells rest on layers of cotton-wool. A number is pasted on each specimen and is listed in an index.

## Frog's life in bottle

Jars of all sizes filled with preserved lizards, baby snakes, insects, and frogs sit on top of the cupboard.

"In this bottle," said Allan, holding a long narrow bottle, "I have the life history of a frog—a specimen of each stage in its growth from a tadpole into a frog." Each specimen was separated by pieces of cotton-wool.

"I also have the life history of a cicada . . ."

"And I have a beaut butterfly collection, too," said Ken, not to be outdone.

ALLAN (left) and Ken display part of their collection of rocks from their valley. Allan is holding a box of insects and Ken has a book of pressed wild flowers.

The boys also collect animal skeletons.

"I haven't got very many yet," said Allan. "I have a lot of birds' skeletons and also a very old sheep's skull I found in the bush."

Allan has a neatly labelled cemetery under the lemon tree in the backyard. Small animals he finds dead in the bush are buried there, and each plot is marked. When enough time has elapsed Allan digs the skeleton up and adds it to his collection.

## Bat banding fun

Ken and Allan are student members of the Wild Life Preservation Society, and attend the Society's field days and go camping with other members.

"We learn a lot of things about the bush from an expert who comes along with us," said Ken. "We find out where birds nest, how to track down animals, and how to identify plants."

The boys have also been bat banding with a party from the C.S.I.R.O. (Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation).

"Bat banding is terribly interesting," said Allan enthusiastically. "It all started when Ken and I discovered a colony of banded bats in a deserted tunnel near our bridge."

"The C.S.I.R.O. people put numbered metal bands on bats to check their movement about the country, and anyone finding a banded bat should notify the C.S.I.R.O."

"We told the C.S.I.R.O. about our colony of bats and they invited us to go banding at Katoomba."

Ken and Allan both have pet brush-tail possums, and Ken's has a baby in its pouch at the moment.

Allan's pet visits him on the front verandah at dusk to get his daily supply of bread and apple.

"When he shows affection he sucks my finger very hard," said Allan. "The only trouble is that if I try to take my finger away he bites it. I just have to put up with this vice-like grip till he decides to let go. But he's very friendly."

Some weekends the boys hire a rowing-boat and explore the far end of the river.

"We like fishing, too," said Ken, "but there aren't many big fish in our river."

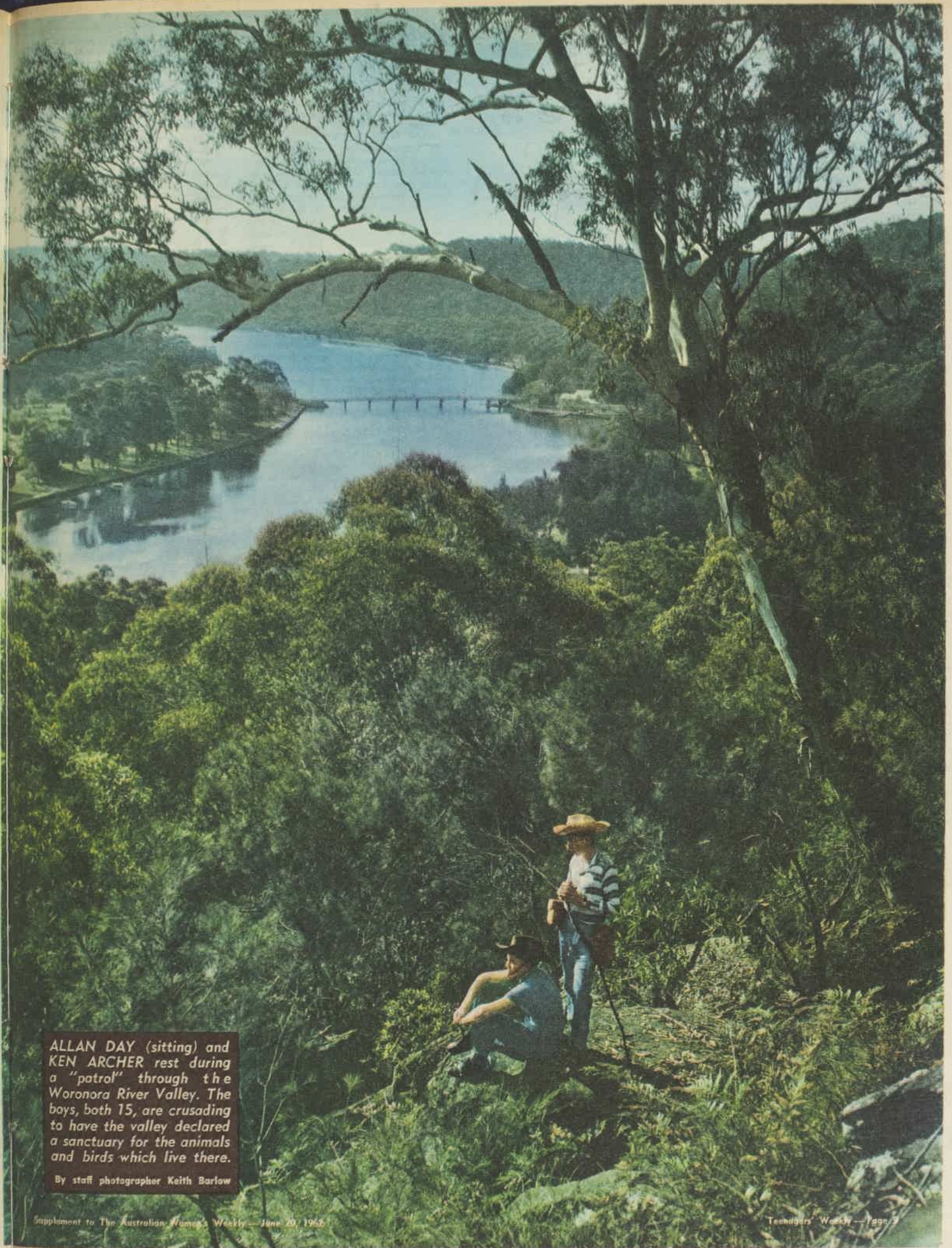
Allan said: "We used to have pelicans breeding on the end of the peninsula, but the speedboats and skiers have frightened them away."

Allan and Ken are studying hard for their Leaving Certificates, because these could be passports to success.

They both plan to join the C.S.I.R.O. as technical assistants, but they don't know yet in which fields.







ALLAN DAY (sitting) and KEN ARCHER rest during a "patrol" through the Woronora River Valley. The boys, both 15, are crusading to have the valley declared a sanctuary for the animals and birds which live there.

By staff photographer Keith Barlow



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### Break it off NOW

"I AM a 14-year-old girl in high school, and for a year-and-a-half I have been going out with a 19-year-old boy. Recently we have been indulging in very heavy necking, and serious situations may occur in the near future. Should I break it off with him, and break his heart and mine, or continue in the way he wishes?"

"Bewildered," Vic.

You are quite right in thinking that a serious situation might occur if you go on this way, but I don't think you realise how very serious it could be. You must stop seeing this boy immediately—it is the only way you can be sure that this necking will stop. At 14 it is not possible to cope with such situations, and this is just the sort of behaviour that society frowns upon most.

You will be far better off not seeing him again and forgetting all these problems, too. As for breaking his heart—if he really loved you he would have respected your age and not involved you in this situation.

### Two for the shelf?

"WE are two girls of 17, with average looks. We go to a dance every Saturday night and meet lots of nice boys. We go out with these boys, and the next time we see them we're sick of them. We've tried to like them, but it is just impossible. All our friends have steady boys and we wonder if there is something lacking in us. Will we be left on the shelf?"

"Two Fickle Hearts," N.S.W.

What are you worrying about? There's nothing that says you have to love every boy who asks you out. You're just waiting for that special person to come along. You're special—but everyone else is special, too.

Don't get stuck up about these boys and think they're not good enough for you. That's one sure way of getting left on the shelf.

### Father knows best

"I AM a 14-year-old girl who doesn't go to many parties or dances because my parents say I'm too young. But when I do go, my father insists on taking me and bringing me home. At the last school social a very nice boy of 15 asked if he could take me home, and I felt terrible having to say that my father was coming to get me. As I live one mile from the school, don't you think it would be all right walking home from school socially?"

"Shortie," Vic.

Don't feel terrible about your father delivering and collecting you. Feel delighted that he loves you and wants to look after you. Sound proud, not embarrassed, when you tell a boy that's why you can't walk home with him. In a few years' time, your parents will allow you to be escorted home by boys, so don't rush it now.

### Dancing partner?

"I HAVE once seen this boy once at a dance, but he completely knocked me off my feet. He probably does not even remember me after six months, but as our school ball is being held in a few weeks' time and he is very eligible, do you think I could ask him? If so, how? There are other boys who would do as a partner, but he is divine."

"Dot," Vic.

In a word, NO. Just think how divine you'd feel if he really didn't remember you. Ask one of the other boys you know, and have a wonderful time.

### Clothes-conscious

"I AM a boy of 14 and whenever I go out I feel I am incorrectly dressed. I feel I look baggy, or my clothes are too big or too small. My mother says I look nice and my clothes are always clean and ironed. But I hate to go out on Friday and Saturday night because I feel such a mess."

"Baggy," N.S.W.

When you've put your clothes on and are all dressed up to go out, forget about them. This is something you're self-conscious about at the moment and in a year or so won't even remember worrying about it.

Anyway, people like you for being you—not for the clothes you wear. So go on out and have fun—don't let your clothes keep you at home.

### Wedding etiquette

"WHEN you are unable to accept a wedding invitation, should you send a gift? I am getting married soon, and also wonder if I should buy the blankets or whether my fiancé should. I'm told it is the duty of the man to buy them."

"Cold Feet," N.S.W.

If you receive an invitation to a wedding it is correct to send a gift, whether you are able to attend or not. About the blankets. It is a time-honoured custom for the bridegroom to provide them as part of the bride's trousseau. However, many young couples now buy all the household equipment, such as linen, china, blankets, etc., on a 50-50 basis.

### He loves me—not?

"ON my way to work in the mornings a very nice boy used to catch my bus. He used to smile at me and about three weeks ago asked me out and I accepted. But quite suddenly after our first date he stopped catching the bus. When I saw him again he was waiting for me after work. He has asked me out three times and I really like him a lot, but I'm baffled about how he feels about me."

"Wondering," N.S.W.

He likes you. If he didn't, why would he keep asking you out? Don't expect him to tell you in so many words or write it in the sky in letters a mile high—boys don't. But if he bothered to find out where you worked and then waited for you—he really likes you.

### Green-eyed monster

"I HAVE a very annoying problem and would like you to suggest how I can overcome it. For the past six months I have liked a certain boy at school. He used to always show interest in me until now. After I refused to go out with him on a certain day because of a previous engagement, he asked another girl out. He used to go with this girl before I came along. I find it very difficult to overcome my jealousy. I know he is entitled to do as he pleases about girls, as we are not going steady and I also go out with other boys, but

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

I still get insanely jealous and would like to do something about it."

"Jealous," S.A.

Jealousy is one of the hardest things for anyone (of any age) to overcome. However, I think you're half-way to solving your problem because you admit that you're jealous.

Whenever you see this boy and girl, be extra nice to them—which is the last thing in the world you'll really want to do. Think of the best things about them and when you're talking to any other friends be careful not to make any nasty remarks about them.

Don't brood about your jealousy and get all tied up in knots inside. Whenever you find any mean thoughts bubbling up, make a determined effort to think about something else—something that's fun. It's hard to control this mean emotion, I know, but I do think you're already half-way to beating it.

### Shy and sweet

"I AM 14, not very pretty, just average-looking. Ever since I can remember, not one boy has said he liked me. I don't want a steady boyfriend, as I am too young, but I would be very happy if I knew a boy liked me. Please help me to improve my personality. I try to copy other girls, but it doesn't help. I am also very shy and can never get up the courage to speak to boys. They either ignore me or barely say hello."

"Shy," N.S.W.

I wouldn't try to change your personality at all—you sound very shy and sweet just as you are. And boys like shy girls who make them feel big and strong and protective. Boys are shy, too, you know. When you think they're ignoring you they're often going through agonies wondering if you'll ignore them.

What you'll have to do is try to stop worrying about how you feel and think of other people instead. When you meet a boy, make a conscious effort to relax and talk about things he's interested in—school, football, etc.

Be ready to like other people, and in return they'll like you, especially boys.

### Simple solution

"I AM a girl of 14 and while on holidays I met a 16-year-old boy who writes and phones quite often. I think he's a bit too serious for me, and also I'm a bit too young to be going out with one boy all the time, especially as I really don't care for him that much. Do you think I should go out with someone gay and carefree or go on writing to this other boy? I really don't know which way to turn."

"Holiday-maker," Vic.

Turn right round and look at the situation. It's not really all that dramatic. If you don't like this boy, don't write to him. If someone "gay and carefree" asks you out, by all means go.

### Act your age

"I AM a boy of 19 and have been dating a girl for about six months. I thought I was very much in love with her, but since meeting her mother, who is attractive and very understanding, I find now that it is the mother I am in love with and not the daughter. Should I tell her or should I break away from them both?"

"D.T.," N.S.W.

For heaven's sake, break it off before you meet grandmother.

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE...



SAND-CASTING is a wonderful way to recapture some of the sun and fun of summer beach days to warm you through the winter. First of all half fill a plywood box with fine wet sand. (The box shouldn't be more than five inches high.)

Smooth the sand and press into it anything that will make an interesting shape or mark. Things like spoons, forks, plates, jars, and ornaments (old ones) are ideal. Don't leave them in the sand, just their mark.

For your beach holiday souvenir, shells, a starfish, a bit of fishing-net, and seaweed will give a fabulous "beachy" effect.

Before the sand dries make a very thin mixture of plaster of paris. This is in powder form and costs a few pence a pound at any hardware store. Be wary when you mix that you don't have any air bubbles in it. Mix it evenly and slowly, like a sponge-cake.

Now gently pour the plaster over your sand mould. Don't damage the design as you pour.

When the mixture is nearly dry, poke two screws with loops on them into it so the casting can be hung on a wall.

When the casting is dry (it doesn't take long) tap away the sides of the box and lift out your casting and brush off the excess sand.

Now paint your casting. And there you have it! It looks madly creative, but you don't need much artistic skill to do it.



**LISTEN HERE with Ainslie Baker**

## Medicine and melody make good combo

● When Col Joye was having his tonsils out in Lewisham Hospital nearly two years ago, he and a young doctor struck up a friendship based on their interest in tape recorders.

COL'S hospital friend, 27-year-old bachelor Dr. John Chapman, is the composer of the Joy Boys' latest single, "Southern Rora" (Festival).

Complete with the new Sydney-Melbourne (or Melbourne-Sydney) glamor train's authentic whistle, it could be just the thing to catch the public fancy. It even sounded good when the composer sang it to me over the telephone, using a sort of human-guitar vocal effect.

If it becomes a real hit it will be the third typically Australian number to do so within the last two months — showing that we don't always copy the Americans, as some people complain.

The two others, of course, were Lucky Starr's "I've Been Everywhere" and Frankie Davidson's "Have You Ever Been To See Kings Cross?"

The doctor's no one-shot composer. He has already written 11 other songs, some of which probably will be recorded by Col, Judy Stone, and the De Kroo Brothers before the end of the year.

Though he chose medicine as a profession, John's been interested in music since he was six. His sister, Jill Chapman, was lead understudy in "Little Mary Sunshine," and his cousin is noted cellist Laurie Kennedy. Having got started as a com-



JOHN CHAPMAN

poser through his meeting with Col, young Dr. Chapman finds it hard to stop, and is taking three months off from work so that he can finish a modern Australian musical.

If there's a prize for the real trouper spirit, Lana Cantrell should get it.

In the two-and-a-half hours following Judy Stone's collapse just before a recent "Bryan Davies Show," Lana — who replaced her by special permission of Sydney's Channel 9 — mastered three dance routines, learnt three new song arrangements, and had clothes rushed to the studio.

**LATEST** interstate appearances by Melbourne singer Johnny Chester have been in Brisbane, where he did a Festival Hall TV show. His new six-track W and G EP, "Johnny Chester Hit Parade," holds "Can Can Ladies," "The Hokey Pokey," "That's How It's Gonna Be," "California Sun (Twist)," "What A Night," and "Shakin' All Over." What a disc! The Thunderbirds are with him too.

**Local talent:** Both as a singer and a composer, Warren Williams seems to be getting better with every disc he releases. For one thing, he uses his voice with much more flexibility than most of our singers, and in "Too Proud To Cry" (Leedon 45) he's written an outstanding ballad, with a beat that's sophisticated and exciting.

Flip is a modernised version of the melodious old Richard Tauber song "Girls Were Made To Love And Kiss."

HOW much can an instrumental group achieve in just over a year? "The Marksmen's Hit Parade" (W and G EP) proves that the answer's "plenty!" There's the Melbourne boys' first hit, "Lost Guitar," "Pinocchio" (released in the U.S.), "Shakedown," "La Cumparsita," "Shortnin' Bread (Twist)," and the energetic "Rock Lomond."

**VICTORIA'S** favorite country-style balladier, Kevin Shegog, has the Hawking Brothers backing him vocally and with guitar on his W and G LP, "Kevin Shegog."

It's a real bonanza for Shegog fans, with a re-recording of his rhythm and blues number "My Blues And Me," a new version of "One Small Photograph," and old favorites "When The Stranger Walked In" and "Golden Ring."

**Pops:** When the singing quartet of Dion and The Belmonts broke up in 1960, there was some speculation as to whether Dion would make it as a solo artist. He's had hit after hit to prove the doubters wrong.

Newest single from Dion (Festival) could do even better, by being a double-sided hit, with "Lovers Who Wander" taking the lead on the charts, closely followed by the dramatic, emotional "Born To Cry," as has happened in the States. My own choice is "Born To Cry."

**Show tunes:** Name the musical and there'll probably be a song from it on "Show Parade" (Gem LP). The English artists include Jean Campbell ("I Enjoy Being A Girl" from "Flower Drum Song"), John Hanson ("Stranger In Paradise" from "Kismet"), and Leoni Page ("I Could Have Danced All Night" from "My Fair Lady"). As well as these, there are 13 other songs, from 12 other shows.

**Jazz:** The sound of Graeme Bell's Jazz Band is now part of Australian jazz history, and should be in every collection worthy of being called a collection. The five-track W and G EP, "The Bell Band," could be just what you want. There's "Sonny Boy," "Blues My Sweetie Gave To Me," "Paper Doll," "Ida," and "Melancholy Baby," with a run-down of the group's career on the jacket.

## MAKING A FINE FIST OF LOVE!

● I see that an English wife has tired of boxing two rounds each night with her husband.

**THE WIFE**, 20-year-old Margaret Fox, has thrown in the tea-towel and gone home to Mum from her husband of three weeks, Derek, 32.

I suppose there are people who would say Margaret's decision had its points—that a marriage to a girl should be a big event, not a main event.

On the other hand, Derek might have genuinely misunderstood the warnings longer-married mates gave him about the rounds of the kitchen.

And, of course, in so many ways courtship and marriage are fights from the time a girl drops her hankie until she lowers the boom.

Romance, for a start, has its managers and promoters—called, as in boxing, matchmakers.

These people and the cute contenders work hand in glove.

In a marriage bout (if it's a church wedding it is a really ding-dong battle) the girl can soon have the boy reeling by smacking him in the eye with the daring of her evening dresses.

This is a "secret" punch—not an uppercut; a lower cut! And when the boy is (left) hooked and is interviewed by his prospective father-in-law it could be likened to a weigh-in.

With no way out.

The big fight really starts in earnest, however, when the wedding bell goes.

The poor bloke is in trouble from the start.

For the girl is well versed in ringcraft (having won the previous engagement).

Her appearance is also a knockout.

And she is probably helped by the reception, which usually packs a pretty hefty punch.

Finally the boy is down and—as he and his old mates will soon find—never let out.

It's interesting to note that girls only seem to contest one boxing division—lightweight.

No girl admits to being a heavyweight—although there are plenty of plump chicks posing as bantams.

You might say that because a girl who marries loses her "title" she doesn't stay champion or even ever win.

Not so. Just consider who keeps the lion's share of the purse.

**ON** A different (flat as a) tack, I see that a Russian singer visiting Australia with the Moscow State Variety Theatre learned "Waltzing Matilda" and sang it in Sydney.

The Variety Theatre includes circus acts.

The first time "Waltzing Matilda" has been performed with a nyet?

—Robin Adair

## WORTH HEARING

### DVORAK: Second Symphony

**ANTONIN DVORAK** was one of the school of 19th-century composers we call Nationalists—composers in most cases from the countries of Eastern Europe that were struggling for political freedom, who sought to express their countries' spirit through music.

So it is rather ironical that Dvorak, the Czech nationalist, should be best known to concert audiences for his "New World" Symphony, which was inspired by a stay in the United States.

It is also a pity that he is best known for that melodious but rambling symphony when there are at least two others that are much better. The best of these is the Symphony in D Minor, which has been excellently recorded by a French conductor (Pierre Monteux) and an English orchestra (the London Symphony), proving that the most national art soon becomes international if it is good enough.

The Nationalists were usually stronger on melody and color than formal organisation, but Dvorak here succeeds in combining both: the music has the freshness and vitality of a folk song, plus a sense of structure and purpose. (R.C.A. Red Seal release.)

—Martin Long

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## AUSTRALIAN PAINTERS

by Douglas Watson

### Mosaics in paint

14. Michael Kmit (1910- )

**M**ICHAEL KMIT was born in Western Ukraine in 1910 and his early training was in Cracow, Poland, followed by a number of years studying in Italy, Paris, and Vienna. This cosmopolitan training is responsible for a lot of the character of his work.

In Italy he learnt how to control space with line and color, and in Paris he developed sophistication and maturity of style.

But the most dominant influence on his work has been Byzantine, and Kmit's work has the spiritual quality usually associated with the Byzantines.

He paints as if he were laying a mosaic—small shapes of vibrating color, one contrasting with the other, almost a jig-saw in its involved technique.

In the painting at right, "Fishermen in Sydney Harbor," we see a fine example of Kmit's work. In this canvas the play of figures, sails, and boats is held together by line and repetition



"FISHERMEN IN SYDNEY HARBOR," by Michael Kmit. From the collection of Dr. Stuart Scougall.

of shapes. The color is exotic and, perhaps, this may be attributed to Kmit's stay in Australia's almost tropical climate.

He arrived in Sydney in 1949 and the merit of his work was soon acknowledged.

He won the Blake Prize for religious art in 1953, with a painting entitled

"The Evangelist John Mark," which has the richness of a stained-glass window.

He held a one-man show in Sydney, exhibited with the Sydney Group and the Society of Artists.

Kmit left Australia for the U.S.A. in 1958.

He is represented in a number of galleries in Europe including Warsaw and Cracow, and in several Australian galleries.





# Make-up girl put lipstick on snake

By Carol Tattersfield

● She has dabbed the nose of Prime Minister Menzies; shaded the cheeks of Paul Robeson; stroked the eyebrows of Professor Jimmy Edwards.

**I**N fact, Doreen Castle, senior make-up officer at Sydney ABN-Channel 2, has been closer to more famous people than most of us have even glimpsed.

Don't ask Miss Castle how many famous faces she has "touched-up." The list would be too long.

The faces stretch back to 1938, when she was working as a make-up artist with the B.B.C. Television in London, right through the experimental stage of TV with the A.B.C. at Channel 2 in 1956, up to the present day.

The internationally famous Czech pianist Madame Czerny-Stefanska was Miss Castle's "patient" the day we called at Channel 2. And while the make-up was going on, Miss Castle flitted conversationally to some of the other famous faces she has done.

"Back in London there was film star Barbara Stanwyck," she said. "She had beautiful skin, soft and downy, like that of a peach."

Normally, Miss Castle leaves untouched the special features by which famous people are identified.

## Wrestlers "serious"

"For instance, Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister," she said, "couldn't have been more pleasant or easy. He has the perfect face for TV, but I wouldn't have touched his distinguished eyebrows for the world."

Miss Castle said the same rule applied to Professor Jimmy Edwards' moustache. "It's just his. You couldn't change it, otherwise the personality on camera wouldn't be true to life."

She likes making up comedians and says that, funnily enough, of all people they are usually the most serious.

"Except, perhaps, Spike Milligan," she said. "He used to joke, but was so deadpan about it I didn't know when he was joking or when he was serious."

Next most serious group of people, in Miss Castle's eyes, are the big-time visiting professional wrestlers. Wild Red Berry, from America, was huge, and talked to her about religion. And Sky High Lee, also huge and American, was just "deadly serious."

Miss Castle's first job on a Governor-General was when she took her small make-up suit-



DOREEN CASTLE makes up Dame Sybil Thorndike, 80.

case to Sir William Slim, at Government House, Canberra.

"I did the make-up in the boudoir," she remembers. "The worst part of it was having to curtsy before I started work. I was quite nervous."

Miss Castle made another pilgrimage to Canberra to make-up the acting Governor-General, the Governor of Victoria (Sir Dallas Brooks).

"Sir Dallas and Lady Brooks were absolutely delightful," she said. "We had afternoon tea with them at Yarralumla."

Of the present Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, who came to the make-up room at the studio, Miss Castle said: "He was extremely pleasant, and much easier and more relaxed than some of the seasoned professional TV performers."

Concert stars, like singer Paul Robeson, usually expect the full make-up, she said. "It doesn't matter what color anyone's skin is, it still needs highlighting and defining. We use the same color make-up as the skin."

One of her most difficult jobs was to make-up the late Albert Namatjira, the aboriginal painter. "It was terrifying for us, because he was the first really dark person we'd had in the studio and his skin had no tonal variation at all. It was terrifying for him, too," she added. "Television had just started and none of us knew much about it. He didn't say one word during the make-up."

## No lines at 80

At the mention of Dame Sybil Thorndike and her husband, Sir Lewis Casson, Miss Castle said, "They're darlings. She is fantastic. At 80, she hasn't a line on her face. It's wonderfully young."

Though Miss Castle could, with make-up trickery, make,

older people appear younger, she never does. "I could also make people look prettier or more handsome," she said. "But for a straight interview on television you have to keep the performer as natural-looking as possible."

So Margaret Rutherford, the wonderful English character actress, went on camera with all her double chins fully exposed.

Tanya Halesworth, the former ABN2 announcer who charmed everyone, had, said Miss Castle, a very straightforward make-up, without any trickery. The only thing that Tanya did which was slightly different was dab a bit of petroleum jelly on her lips, which were naturally quite dry.

Men with beards—for instance, Professor Harry Messel—were tricky to make up, said Miss Castle. The pancake used on the cheeks had to be faded into the hair.

## Animals made-up

Musicians, too, required special make-up techniques. A pianist usually had his hands made up as well as his face and neck. And David Oistrakh, the Russian violinist (who was "very nice and easy") had one side of his cheek, chin, and neck left bare of make-up. "Otherwise," explained Miss Castle, "pancake would have come off on his violin when he held it to his cheek."

Not only human animals are touched up in the course of Miss Castle's job. "I've had to make the breast on a live chicken bigger, make the comb on a rooster redder, and put lipstick on a snake."

"A live snake?" I asked. "Yes, but I don't think it was particularly venomous," she laughed. "I just curled it round my arm and afterwards washed the lipstick brush—thoroughly."

## DID YOU KNOW?

**A**USTRALIAN Rod Taylor, currently engaged to Anita ("Iceberg") Ekberg, is in San Francisco filming episodes for his new TV series, "Dateline—San Francisco."

In the new series he still plays the role of reporter Glenn Evans, hero of "Hong Kong," the adventure series set in Asia. All that has happened is that Glenn Evans has come home to his newspaper. His adventures to get his stories, which all reporters envy, will simply be set in San Francisco. And yes, yes, yes, you can bet your life that he'll be seen in Australia again as Glenn Evans.



ROD TAYLOR . . . home is the news-hunter.

**T**HE CANDELABRUM on Liberace's piano is to be lit up again and the glycerine smile of the pianist will once more delight to swooning-point the middle-aged ladies of America. Liberace was the big thing mid-'50's, and he reckons he's set for a comeback. None of Australia's channels is nibbling for the new show—yet.

**Y**OUNG Richard Chamberlain, swoony name star of A.B.C.-TV's new show "Dr. Kildare," doffs his white coat sometimes to sing. His music coach says he is now ready for TV singing spectaculars, musical comedy, and LPs. He's to make his singing debut with nary a stethoscope in sight in a big TV spectacular made by producer Arthur Freed, best known for those terrific films "American in Paris" and "Gigi."

Freed has already pronounced judgment on Chamberlain. "This is one very good singing doctor," he said. "He's excellent."

**T**ELEVISION round the world is really something these days. Latest figures show that there are now more than 100 million licensed TV sets in use throughout the world. Of that 100 million, Australia has more than 1,500,000; behind the Iron Curtain there are 9,500,000; and the other 89,000,000 can be found equally divided between U.S.A. and the rest of the Western world.

In this paragraph, of course, the significant word is "licensed." If the "pirates" (TV jargon for unlicensed receivers) were counted the total number of sets in use would reach astronomical figures.

**A**MERICA'S National Association of Broadcasters found after conscientiously monitoring television in America during 1961 to make sure it measured up to its Good Practice Code that "there had been a continuing decline in violence for the sake of violence, but a slight upsurge in improper portrayals of sex."

The director of N.A.B. says his association is "moving against sex problems with the same persistent vigor that helped curb the amount of needless violence."

**R**AYMOND BURR changed his plans for the summer lay-off of "Perry Mason." He planned another visit here and a fishing holiday in the Bahamas, but his new art gallery took him off instead to the galleries of Europe. To top off the holiday, he's going back to the stage—to play the lead in "Critic's Choice," a play to be shown for two weeks in Chicago, and two in Detroit. Please come and see us next year, Mr. Burr.

**R**AISING of the new transmitting mast for Wollongong's Channel 4 on Knight's Hill, N.S.W., dealt death to 195 venomous snakes—black ones, brown ones, copperheads, and death adders.

Knight's Hill is in isolated country between Robertson and Wollongong. If you're a snake-trapper and would like a more accurate positioning: as the crow flies, the mast is 15 miles west from the spot where the Minnamurra River, near Kiama, flows into the sea.

Heavily wooded Knight's Hill is described by the experts, despite its snakes, as a "superb position" for a transmitter. Living there today are the engineers, happily ensconced in modern flats with a real millionaire's view down to the coast and beyond.

Outdoors they walk like countrymen, scanning the ground before them, determined to get first strike should any unwary snake cross their paths.

**T**HE smallest TV set in the world is being made at present in Japan. It shows a 5in. picture and weighs only 8lb. It can be operated by household electric power or with a pair of six-volt batteries, and has a special clamp so it can be attached to a car seat. It sells at approximately £490.



THE "BONANZA" BOYS, from Dad down to Little Joe, have ridden into the hearts of Australian viewers—they love them and their doings on their fabulous ranch, The Ponderosa, in Nevada. This spectacular picture shows, from left to right, Ben Cartwright (Lorne Greene), the father, and his three sons, Adam (Pernell Roberts), Hoss (Dan Blocker), and Little Joe (Michael Landon), the four heroes of "Bonanza," still by far the most popular show on TV.





# PICTURE PANEL FOR CHILDREN

**Y**OUNG children will love this colorful panel to hang in their bedroom. It is made of felt with felt shapes appliqued in simple stitches.

A layer of stiffened lining is inserted between front and back layers of felt.

**Materials:** Piece orange felt 52in. x 21in.; piece white felt 18in. x 26in.; small pieces grey, black, dull yellow felt; stiffening 18in. x 27in.; of stranded cotton, 2 skeins black, 1 skein white, 1 skein orange, 1 skein light green; of soft cotton, 2 skeins black, 1 skein white; colored sequins; piece dowel rod 28in. long; length of cord.

## STITCHES USED

**Herring-bone:** This is best worked between 2 lines. Bring needle out on top line, then slightly farther along on bottom line take up a piece of material. Needle points from right to left. Repeat this on top line, and so on. Line of work is from left to right.

**French Knot:** This stitch needs care to make a good round knot. Bring needle and thread through from back and hold thread down with left thumb. Twist needle 2 or 3 times round this thread, then insert needle very near to where you brought it out. Slide knot up to fabric and pull needle through. Thread must be kept taut all the time or a loose knot will be the result instead of a firm round one.

**Single Fly Stitch:** Worked from left to right and is based on a V. Bring needle out at top of left arm and insert it exactly opposite at top of right arm, bringing needle out at bottom of V and keeping thread under needle. Tie loop down with small stitch at base.

**Coral Knot:** A line of stitching with small knots at intervals. Bring needle up from back of work. About 1/4in from this point insert needle crossways, taking up very tiny piece of material. Take hold of thread (at work end) and place over and under needle. Draw needle through and pull knot secure.

**Fly Stitch:** Bring needle through from back of material and put it in fabric a little way along line of work, bringing it out again sloping upwards to left. Next place it in material on right of line, level with left-hand stitch, and bring it out of hole made on line of work, with thread under needle.

**Running Stitch:** Evenly spaced stitches and spaces.

**Cretan Stitch:** Bring needle up from back of work, make slanting stitch, then insert needle into work and bring it out in straight line just a little below where it entered. Place thread under needle and pull needle through. Make another slanting stitch in opposite direction, then insert needle into work and bring it out in straight line just a little above where it entered, making sure thread is under needle. Pull needle through. Repeat.

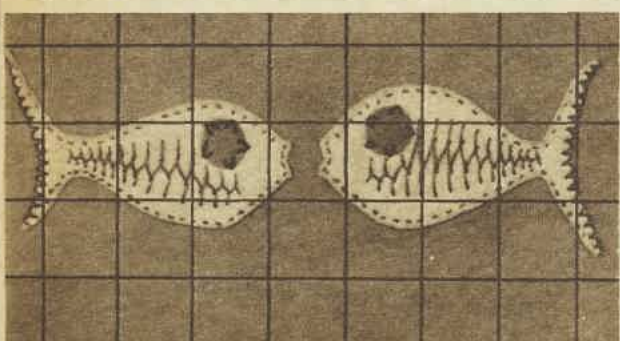
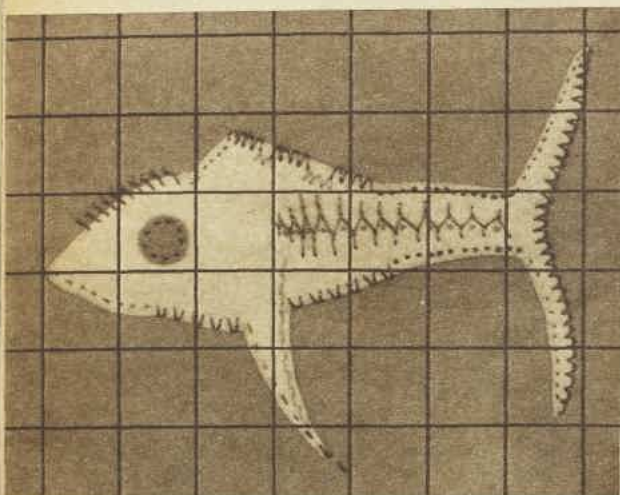
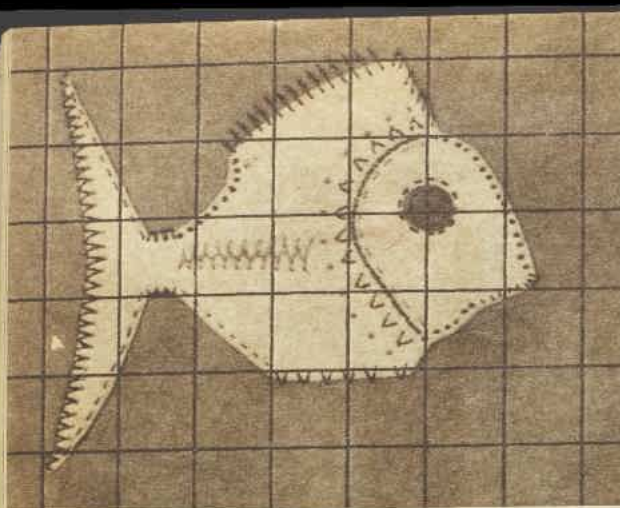
## TO MAKE PANEL

Cut out three 9in. squares in white felt and three in orange felt. Following colors as shown at left, cut out cat and fish motifs. (See overleaf for graphs to make cut-out shapes or order pattern for applique panels, pattern No. 7585, price 2/6, from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. New Zealand readers address orders to Box 6348, Wellington.)

There are no turnings on the applique shapes, so cut out exactly to edge of pattern. Position motifs carefully on each piece of felt and tack securely. Work motif

Continued overleaf





**TWO FISH:** Work deep cretan stitches along backs of both fish. Cretan stitch can be worked to the width and depth required. Attach felt circles for eyes with five single fly stitches. Tip tails in single fly, outline bodies in running stitch.

• Each square in these cat and fish motifs represents 1in. To make patterns, rule paper in 1in. squares and draw in motifs, which are then cut out in felt.

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE . . .

## How to make panel and tassels

on to each square before assembling the panel.

All motifs are stitched round edge with small running stitches, changing to single fly stitch or french knots.

After working the motifs, work french knots round all sides of each square about 1in. from the edge.

### MAKING UP

When each square is completed, tack together and then join with fly stitch. First join vertically and then horizontally. Cut out seven pieces of orange felt, each one 3in. x 1 1/2in.

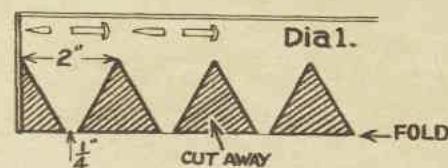
Fold double and tack into place on front panels at top, leaving 2in. above the edge.

Cut out back piece in orange felt, 18in. x 27in. Place stiffening between front and back and tack all three layers together. If possible, run tacking thread across every 2in. Allow panel to hang.

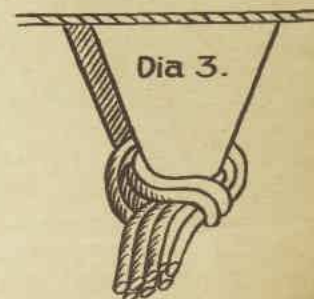
Fold a piece of orange felt 3in. x 26in. Pin edges together and cut as in diagram 1. Place this between front and back of panel at bottom edge and tack securely. With orange stranded cotton over-sew all round panel. Couch two thicknesses of black soft cotton with two threads of stranded cotton on top of oversewing.

To make the tassels at each point, cut 4in. lengths of soft cotton. Take lengths and

double them over and through as shown in diagrams 2 and 3. Make 2 single tassels in same way and attach to ends of top rod. Remove tacking.



**DIAGRAM 1** (above) shows how to cut out folded length of felt which holds tassels. Diagrams 2 and 3 show how to make a tassel.



Continuing . . .

## PICTURE PANEL FOR CHILDREN

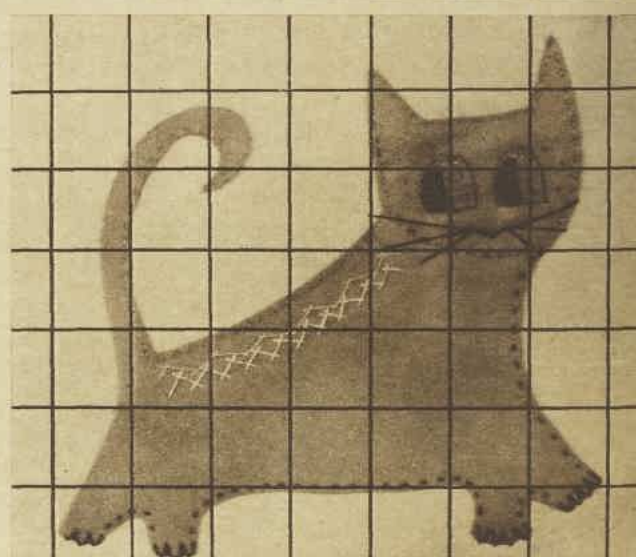
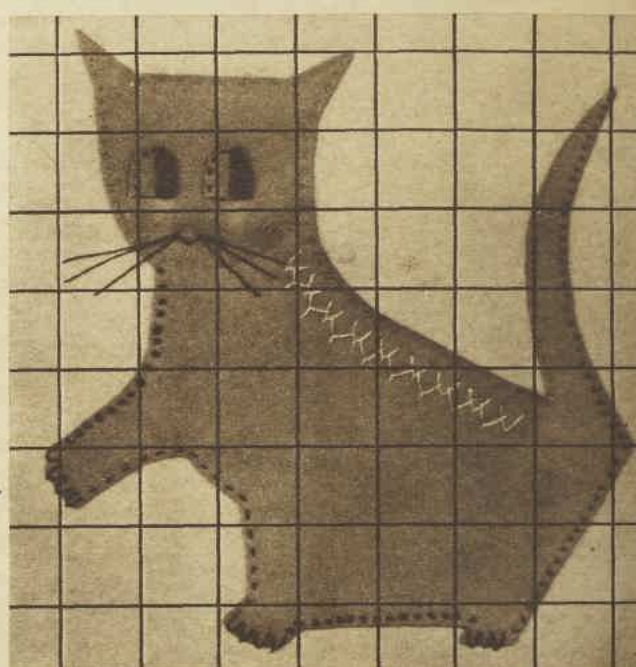
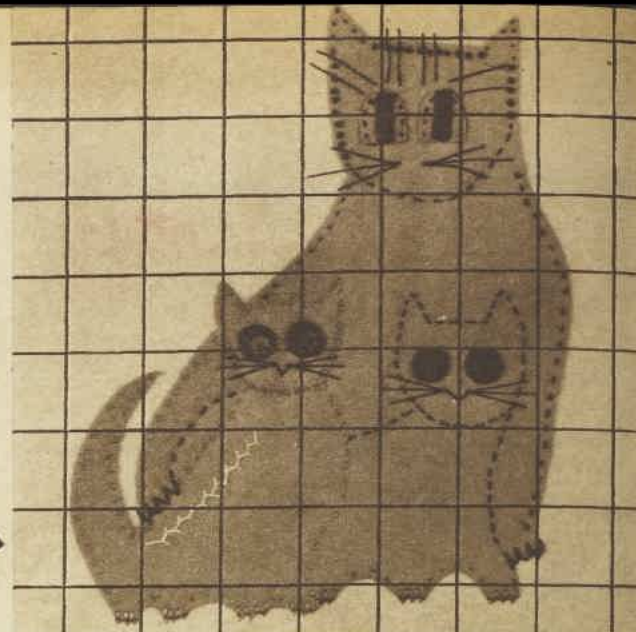
**FISH:** Work fin with single fly and coral knot. Round gills work one row running stitch, one row coral knot, one row single fly, one row french knot. Work cretan stitch down centre and single fly on lower fin and tail. Cut felt circle for eye, sew with running stitch.

**CAT AND KITTENS:** Work single fly for all paws. Mother cat's eyes are formed with yellow and black felt. Kittens' eyes are black felt circles with sequins stitched on. A row of cretan stitch is worked down side of one kitten. Whiskers are long, straight stitches.

**FISH:** Work coral knot stitch along forehead and single fly along top fin, stomach, and tail. Down centre work cretan-stitch with french knot interspersed. Attach felt circle for eye with running stitch. Work french knot, coral, and running stitch round body.

**CAT:** Work single fly on paws, two rows of intertwined single fly along back. Eyes are formed from felt shapes in two colors attached with running stitch. Whiskers are long, straight stitches. Work french knot and running stitch round the cat's body.

**CAT:** Work two rows of herring-bone along back. Tip paws with single fly. Eyes are felt shapes in two colors attached with running stitch. Work running stitch round body, omitting back of leg, tail. Whiskers and mouth are worked in long stitches.





win your own shopping car!

in the

**SUNSHINE**<sup>®</sup>

FULL CREAM POWDERED MILK



OVER 300 VALUABLE PRIZES!

# cook-up-a-name contest!

Just cook-up-a-name for this glorious dessert and use it in completing the last two lines of the jingle below. Cook-up the dessert for your family . . . let them all share the fun and help you win that beautiful Morris 850.



REGISTERED TRADE MARK



## SUNSHINE RECIPE

(All spoon measures are level — Serves 6-8)  
4 Granny Smith apples; 2 lemons; red colouring;  
1 tablespoon flour; 1 tablespoon cornflour; 2  
tablespoons sugar; 1 cup Sunshine Full-Cream  
Powdered Milk; 2 eggs (separated); 2 cups  
boiling water; 1 lb. Madeira cake divided into  
three; Sherry or rum (optional); ½ pint cream;  
almonds.

Peel and slice apples, cook with piece of  
lemon peel, juice of 2 lemons and a little  
water, until clear. Add sugar to taste and  
red colouring. Sift flour, cornflour, sugar,  
Sunshine together. Gradually add boiling  
water, stir until smooth, then add beaten  
egg yolks. Cook in top of double saucepan  
over boiling water until thick. When cold,  
whip egg whites stiffly, and fold into custard.  
Place layer of cake in serving dish. Sprinkle  
with sherry or rum and spread with half the  
apples, spoon on half the custard. Repeat  
layers finishing with cake, sprinkle with  
sherry, decorate with whipped cream.  
Sprinkle with almonds, blanched and toasted  
with a little sugar.

## LOOK AT ALL THESE PRIZES!

1st Prize Your own shopping car—Morris 850.

2nd Prize Hotpoint De Luxe Range (or if you

3rd Prize prefer it, Washer or Refrigerator).

4th Prize PLUS 300 Special Prizes. 5th-9th: Hotpoint 2-

brush polisher-scrubbers. 10th-24th: Hotpoint

King-size Frypans. 25th-44th: Hotpoint Pop-up

Toasters. 45th-64th: Hotpoint Steam Irons. 65th-

104th: Hotpoint De Luxe Toasters. 105th-154th:

Hotpoint De Luxe Jugs. 155th-304th: Imported

3½ pt. top-of-the-stove ovenware casseroles.

### RULES AND CONDITIONS:

1. You may send as many entries  
as you wish, but each must be  
accompanied by a Sunshine label.\*

2. Employees (and their families)  
of Nestlé's and their Advertising  
Agents are not eligible.

3. The closing date is 10th  
August, 1962.

4. Winners will be chosen on  
their skill in creating a name  
which best represents the nature,  
appearance and flavour of the  
dish, and in using it to complete  
the jingle. Neatness will be  
considered in judging identical  
entries. The judges' decision will

be final and no correspondence  
will be entered into.

5. 1st prize-winning answer and  
major prize winners will be pub-  
lished in *Women's Weekly* on 10th  
October and in *Woman's Day* on  
1st October. All other prize  
winners will be notified by mail.  
Full list of winners may be  
obtained by sending stamped  
addressed envelope to P.O. Box  
422, Crown Street, Sydney.

6. All entries become the  
property of The Nestlé Company  
(Aust.) Limited and may be used  
for advertising purposes.

## ENTRY FORM (Please print clearly)

Name

Address

State

Write the two last lines of this jingle, bringing  
in the name you suggest for the dessert  
illustrated above.

Three cake layers, custard cream  
Rosy Apple in between

Example of last two lines—

Richest flavour, lovely sight,  
I call it Fruity Cream Delight.

\*REMEMBER TO ATTACH A SUNSHINE LABEL  
TO EACH ENTRY!

(More entries at your grocer's)

(\*No label required where this contravenes State Laws.)

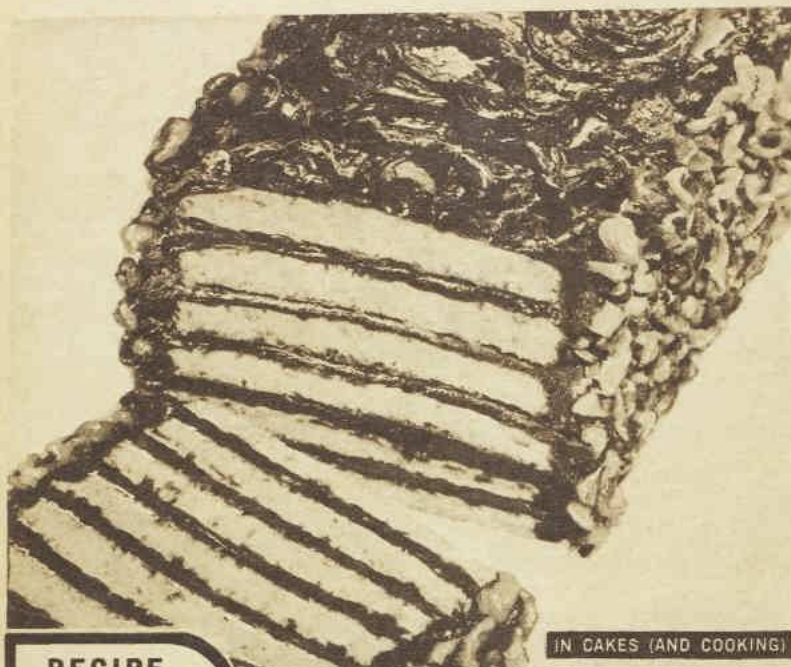
Then send to . . .

THE NESTLÉ COMPANY (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED  
P.O. Box 422, Crown Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

NE1087/62



# Enjoy the rich chocolate flavour of this new continental ROYAL TORTÉ



## RECIPE

4 eggs  
½ teaspoon salt  
½ teaspoon cream tartar  
1/3 cup castor sugar  
4 oz. S.R. Flour  
¾ cup castor sugar  
¼ cup water  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 teaspoon orange essence  
chopped nuts

**Frosting:**  
1 cup butter  
½ cup VAN HOUTEN COCOA  
1 tablespoon rum  
1 tablespoon maple syrup  
a little cream  
2½ cups sifted icing sugar

Grease two large swiss roll tins, line with foil, grease foil. Whip to soft peaks 4 egg whites, ½ teaspoon each of salt and cream tartar. Add in small amounts ½ cup sugar, beating well after each addition. Sift together 4 oz. flour and ¾ cup sugar. Beat 4 egg yolks with ¼ cup water, 1 teaspoon each vanilla and orange essence, add to flour mixture and beat 1 minute. Fold into egg whites, gently and thoroughly. Pour batter into prepared tins and bake 10-12 minutes at 375° (elec.). Cool 10 minutes, remove foil, trim and cut each cake into three. Spread frosting between layers, frost sides and top. Encrust sides with chopped nuts and chill for two hours.

**Frosting:** Beat 1 cup butter until light and fluffy, add stiff paste of ½ cup VAN HOUTEN COCOA, 1 tablespoon each rum and maple syrup and a little cream. Whip mixture at high speed. Add 2½ cups sifted icing sugar, beat to spreading consistency.

IN CAKES (AND COOKING)

This tempting recipe was created especially for Van Houten (pronounced *How-in*) and to get true flavour you must, of course, use Van Houten cocoa. That's because Van Houten, made by the original Dutch process with a Royal Dutch Patent, is the smooth rich chocolate . . . enjoyed the world over for more than a century.



Van Houten Cocoa has a fineness of texture, an incomparable smoothness which makes it soluble even in cold milk—is quick as any. Enjoy its rich goodness in hot milk on these cold winter nights. In 4-oz. packs, and 1-lb. and 1-lb. resealable canisters.

## IN CHOCOLATE BARS

The beautiful full-colour picture wrappers (like you've never seen before) only hint at the luscious treats inside. Choose from an assortment of delicious and unusual flavour combinations.



VAN HOUTEN — AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

# AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Yesterday Mike was home from school, and we spent a very pleasant day together. I always enjoy the children's company when I have one of them to myself.

I DON'T know whether this is a good thing or not, but it is enjoyable. I think it's pleasant for the kids, too, when they can get a parent's undivided attention, once in a while.

Mike's excuse for a day off from school was that he'd been taken by some friends to a picnic and had come back covered on his legs and the lower part of his body with minute, orange, itchy dots.

The picnic was on Sunday and the dots didn't show up until Monday morning, so we asked the vet, who'd been called in to doctor Bimbo's sore ear, what they were.

"Other people in the family get a doctor—I just get a vet," Mike said disgustedly. "Why don't you give me a worm pill and put some sulphur in my drinking-water?"

The vet's view was that these were small, harmless bush or grass ticks of some sort and that the best way to get them off was to soak in a hot bath and then rub them gently with a pumice stone.

"Hey, will you give me a note for school?" Mike said. "I'd love to see old Gasper's face as I took a note saying, 'Michael has distemper and is confined to his kennel for three days.'"

"I'll do better," the vet said. "We can't have you suffering. If you haven't recovered by tomorrow I'll come down and put you out of your misery."

So Mike stayed home, helping me with the beds and the washing-up and the washing, and entertaining me with his views on love, life, football, and the psychology of his sisters.

## Mike fixes a sandwich (3in. high)

AT about lunchtime Alison turned up unexpectedly wanting me to help her sort out the pieces of a paper pattern that seemed to have a lot more bits than could go into one dress, and by the time we'd got that spread all over the sitting-room floor Mike was beginning to complain bitterly that he was starving.

"So are we," Alison said. "You go and make us one of your enormous sandwiches."

"What of?" Mike said.

"Anything you like," I said, more interested in the pattern than in food. "Go and have a look in the fridge."

In a few minutes Mike was back to report that he'd found some cold meat, one hard-boiled egg, some cheese, tomatoes, celery, a saucer of curry, another of mixed carrots and peas, stewed apricots, fish paste, mayonnaise, and some cauliflower.

"What wealth!" Alison said. "I doubt if the Buckingham Palace fridge could do better."

"That's Mum's system," Mike said. "You're not allowed to throw good food away. You put it in the fridge and let it go bad and then throw it away."

"Well, leave out the apricots and bung

the rest into a sandwich with lots of mayonnaise," Alison said.

The sandwiches, when we got them, were about three inches thick and dripping with mayonnaise and tomato sauce. The only way to attack them was with a knife and fork, and they were remarkably good.

## When a boy "knows how to spell"

LATE in the afternoon I made Mike ring up one of his friends to find out what the homework was. The conversation went like this . . .

"Sam? . . . it's Mike . . . any homework? . . . uh-huh . . . um . . . yeah, tomorrow . . . O.K., fella, see yer . . ." and the receiver went down.

"Why ring Sam?" I said. "He's the one who's always ringing you up because he never knows what work's been set."

"Well he knows today," Mike said craftily. "There's nothing but spelling, and I don't need to bother about that 'cos I know it."

I had my doubts, so I insisted on hearing it. There were ten words, and three of them Mike had completely right. The others, according to him, were—exactly, recieve, regular, emperer, laughter, galoping, and minnimum.

"Exactly," I said, beginning again at the beginning.

"E-x-a-c-k-l-y."

"No, Mike, listen," I said impatiently. "Exactly, exactly, exactly."

"Are you sure?" Mike said.

"Am I sure about what?"

"Are you sure that's the way to say it?"

"Of course I'm sure," I said.

"Well, gee, I never knew that," Mike said. "No wonder kids can't learn to spell when people speak so badly."

## He's wrong—but forgives everyone for it

I WAS in the midst of a long sermon on how most people speak quite well but some people never bother to listen when Di came home from school, saw Mike in the kitchen, and said, "Oh, Mum, get rid of him. I've got something I'm dying to tell you."

"You could try spelling it," I said nastily. "It wouldn't mean a thing to Mike if you did."

This, instead of annoying Mike, struck him as the biggest joke of the day. If Mike's spoilt—and sometimes I think he is—it's not because he's the youngest but because he's so good-humored.

It's very difficult to stay annoyed with someone who never takes offence no matter how offensive you can be!

Nothing that ever happens to Mike—even his rotten spelling—is due to his own mistakes or carelessness or stupidity.

Everything is somebody else's fault—but he forgives them!





# Shred your Kraft Cheddar

best cheese for shredding

This is the cheese that shreds easily every time, and its mellow Cheddar flavour brings a tantalising touch of new interest to favourite family dishes. It takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of this fine cheese ... that's why Kraft Cheddar is so rich in strengthening protein, essential vitamins and minerals. Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8 oz., 1 lb. and family-size 2 lb. packets. Also in 1 oz. portions.

*Tonight ... bake this*

## GOLD CRUST SHEPHERD'S PIE

Leftover cold meat takes on new flavour appeal when you serve this bubbling hot Shepherd's Pie with vegetables:

**Ingredients:** 2½ cups leftover cold meat, minced or finely chopped; 2 onions, chopped; 1 oz. butter; 1 tablespoon flour; 1 cup water; 1 dessert-spoon Bonox; 1 tablespoon tomato sauce; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce; salt and pepper; 2 cups mashed potato (5 medium size potatoes); a little milk; 4 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded.

**Method:** Fry the onion in half of the butter until tender. Stir in the flour and cook for a few minutes. Add the water gradually, stirring constantly. Bring to the boil. Add the meat, Bonox, tomato sauce and Worcestershire Sauce.

Season to taste with salt and pepper. Spoon into a greased casserole.

Beat remaining butter, three-quarters of the Kraft Cheddar Cheese, and a little milk into the potato. Spread over the meat and bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F. gas, 400° F. electric) for 15 minutes. Sprinkle with rest of the cheese and return to oven until cheese is golden brown. 4 servings.

**Try shredding Kraft Cheddar into scrambled eggs.** Beat 2 eggs, add 1 tablespoon milk, 2 oz. Kraft Cheddar Cheese, shredded; pinch salt and pepper. Melt 1 dessert-spoon butter in frying pan, pour mixture. Cook until just set, stirring to prevent sticking. Serve over hot buttered toast. 2 servings.

FROM THE **KRAFT** KITCHEN

KR257



# Carlingford Homes Fair Booklet

• Twenty-four beautiful homes are featured in a booklet produced for our Homes Fair now being held at Carlingford, N.S.W.

OF varied design, they are all two- or three-bedroom homes and are built in brick, timber, concrete masonry and aluminium siding.

The 32-page booklet includes perspective sketches of exteriors and interiors and floor plans on colored pages 14in. x 9in.

Plans for 19 of the houses are obtainable through our Home Plans Centres (see page 47). The remaining five are standard Lend Lease Homes.

This informative booklet, price 4/-, can be obtained by filling in the coupon below and sending 4/8 (the price of the booklet plus postage) to Carlingford Homes Fair Booklet, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Send this coupon to:

CARLINGFORD HOMES FAIR BOOKLET,  
Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

## COUPON

NAME .....

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Please send Carlingford Homes Fair Booklet. I enclose 4/8 to cover complete cost.

## CHILD TRAINING

# NEATNESS IS A NICE HABIT

• Most little boys and girls leave a trail of chaos behind them—scattered toys, fruitskins, shoes, books. But they don't necessarily mean to be naughty.

**H**ALF the time children are simply far too interested in what they are doing even to notice the disorder they leave behind.

Messiness is also typical of young children who are so busy with new discoveries and activities that they simply don't stop long enough to think of picking up their playthings or clothes.

Also, exasperating though the mess may be, it is often a reflection of growing independence, a sign that a child no longer needs the security of knowing exactly where to find his mother or his favorite toy car.

Now it's not much use Father shouting for obedience or Mother nagging for neatness—a happy, busy little child simply doesn't look around a room to assess its neatness.

If your child is going through the "untidy" stage—often at its worst in the four-to-eight age group—remember that it will probably be temporary, provided you are reasonably neat and tidy yourself; eventually your child is likely to imitate you and your habits.

But in the meantime, what can you do to speed up his awareness that family life requires neatness and order?

Giving a child a place where he can be messy is one big help. If he has a corner in the yard where he can play to his heart's content he will be less likely to clutter and dirty up the rest of the house.

Often it isn't practical to allow a whole room for a playroom, but you can set aside some time for him to play in the kitchen or on the verandah before you mop the floors.

Lending a hand to a child cleaning up is important, especially if your help is both fun and instructive.

## Boxes, baskets

Organising tricks of the trade, such as gathering like things together, can work wonders.

One small child's mother makes a game of cleaning up by suggesting that her small son find all the crayons while she sorts the books or blocks by size.

Boxes or baskets for sorting things

at clean-up time are a boon, for children enjoy using such containers.

Many children, particularly those who have trouble finding things they want, become miraculously neater when they are given special places to store special things.

A decorated carton for an under-the-dresser garage helps a boy keep his cars and trucks put away. Similarly, sewing-boxes, bookshelves, etc., all help a child to acquire neatness.

Even with all these aids there are times when your child will balk at the sheer drudgery of putting things in order.

When the chips are down and he simply must clean up, give him a reasonable warning ("in five minutes it will be time to put the blocks away"), and then a firm, no-nonsense direction.

Avoid, if you can, nagging, generalising, and moralising about neatness and messiness; it does no good.

"When will you learn to be neat?" is a question he can't answer. But "Put the crayons back in the box now, please" is a request he can readily understand and obey.



# EXCLUSIVE PYE AIR DEFLECTOR TRAPS DUST

—traps dust ordinarily  
blown back into the room

Only Pye in all the world has it—the exclusive exhaust air deflector that traps dust right in the Vacuum Cleaner where it belongs. There was never a Vacuum Cleaner easier to use than Pye Rotovac. Without moving this really smartly styled Pye Rotovac cleaner an inch, you can vacuum a room more than 22 ft. long. The 360° swivel top makes this possible. Super suction ensures "once-over" efficiency. Stop-start is an easy foot switch. The extension tubes have positive clip, and the brush accessories are nylon. Nothing is more modern.

**41 GNS.**

Prices slightly higher in some States.

**Make polished floors GLEAM**

—use the  
**PYE ROTOSHINE**

Rotoshine scrubs and polishes at the touch of a tip toe switch. The correct pressure is automatic because of its scientifically balanced contra rotating action.



**33 gns.**



## A MOTHER'S STORY

# "My children WALKED through the Iron Curtain"

● Such danger threatened my husband in our own country that we fled. We trained our children, then aged 5 and 3, to slip through electrified barbed-wire, dodge guards, keep silence, and walk, and walk, and walk . . . When I changed the younger child's shoes in our brief stops, she changed her dolly's shoes.

**T**HIS story is written partly as a tribute to my little daughter's gameness. But let me begin at the beginning.

When the war was finally over in Europe I felt a tremendous relief.

I had lived through the German occupation, through air raids and bombings, and finally during the siege in a dark and damp, ice-cold cellar for six weeks.

I had gone through all the dangers of death and destruction that men faced on the battlefields — with a baby of 8 months.

I had fed him with everything that would leave baby clinics horrified and with nothing that would have been his adequate needs. Milk, fruit, sugar, and special baby-foods were not obtainable; bread, dry beans, potatoes, and onions were — at a price.

## Soldiers, bloodhounds

So this was his diet.

I spent the six months rearing him as well as I could and hoping all the time that all trouble would end and he would survive to eventually become the chubby baby boy every young mother dreams about.

When the war was over and we finally emerged from our dark cellar, I had to keep Paul in darkness and only very slowly get him used to the light of day.

Too many babies died when their mothers took them from hideouts into the open.

My second child was born and we still had no proper home. Instead of the air raids and bombs and the many dangers of a demoralised army in retreat, we now had a highly organised terror regime.

Many of my friends and relatives were picked up on the street, at their work, or in the small hours of the night and disappeared forever.

Others disappeared before this could happen and crossed the border—to freedom.

All this is part of the story; otherwise it would be too difficult to understand how I, a mother, could have agreed to escape with two young children.

My husband was also picked up one day. He was kept for "questioning" for a week. When he came home he would not talk; he only said that now we must go.

He said that, but he was so sick that he could not have walked around the block.

The children were at the worst age: Paul 5, Katy barely 3. Too young to walk, too heavy to carry — for an escape.

My husband started gathering information—a very dangerous venture—for many had been betrayed while organising their

escape, too many had fallen into the hands of unscrupulous adventurers, who took their money and delivered them to the secret police for a reward.

And slowly the Iron Curtain descended between my country and the border. It became increasingly difficult to find a guide, prices soared, and few were willing to negotiate with anyone with children. The risk was too high, the walk strenuous and long, there were electric barbed-wires, powerful lightbeams, watchtowers, bloodhounds.

But we were determined. Finally everything was fixed and we had a few weeks to organise ourselves.

At first I was horrified at my husband's requests. My eyes wandered to the tiny feet of Katy, the chubby baby with bright blue eyes. Paul was now a healthy boy, thin

though, and not the noisy type of boy. He would manage, I felt.

The training began. It was clear to us that we had only ONE chance. If picked up on the way, the gaol sentence would be 20 years' forced labor and we would never see our children again.

I was really desperate at the risks, but knew that life in our homeland would be impossible for us soon.

Every day now we took the children for a "walk." They soon got sick of it and we had to explain. Paul understood.

We decided to tell him the truth—he was sensible enough. Children in those days were all little conspirators; they did not play "cowboys and Indians," but "soldiers," "escapes," and "secret police."

But they very well knew that these were serious matters that could mean life and death. I saw in Paul's wise, dark eyes that we could trust him.

Little Katy, though, was a menace. Friendly and talkative, she made it impossible for me to ever leave her out of sight. With her sweet little baby talk she could easily jeopardise our whole plan forever.

The "walks" became increasingly longer and longer; when the children cried with fatigue and exhaustion we gave them a day's rest. But the day after we had to go again . . . uphill, downhill, in sunshine or rain or snow.

Our training was carefully planned with the help of our family doctor and a sportsman friend who had trained athletes before, but never a child of three.

My heart nearly broke and I was often on the verge of giving the whole project up when I tended blisters and sore feet and when the children were begging me to let them stay at home and play.

"For one day only, Mamika," they begged. "Let's stay home ALL day, please."

My husband drove me on. What future would our children have if we gave up? The Iron Curtain was closed tight, and whoever wanted to join the free world had to take the risks of making his own way.

When the time had arrived that both

Katy really did look incredibly small with her little rag doll in her arms as she stood there in the darkness clutching my hand. I heard my husband's firm voice. "No," he said. "For us there is no return any more."

And we crossed the border; we arrived in the free world. We had walked for nearly 12 hours with very little rest.

The children performed to perfection. There was not a sound from them, not a complaint or a question.

They fell, they picked themselves up, they walked and walked noiselessly, carefully between us, my husband after the guides, and me forming the rear end.

When we reached the infamous electrified barbed-wire they slipped through it as

## Our guides feared

children could master the distance necessary to cross the border, the second stage of the training began.

We walked with them at any odd hour, waking them during the night.

They had to learn to slip under bushes and to avoid the cracking of branches, to relax while walking at nearly adult speed, to let themselves fall flat to the ground, to pick themselves up, to breathe correctly, etc.

Finally the day came.

The train journey to the border was but one long anxiety for us, as guards were constantly scrutinising our (false) papers.

The weather was changing to colder again, and we expected snowfalls, too.

We did not carry any bags. Apart from a few pairs of shoes for change and some food, we "travelled light."

Everyone was trained to perfection.

We had our parts and so had the children. They knew what to do if a mine exploded or if in the darkness they lost sight of us; if a border guard came, a dog barked nearby, or if they fell and could not go on.

They knew that under no circumstances should they cry or call and if we fell into the hands of the border guards they were

if it was their daily routine (it was!!).

They let themselves fall to the ground when a powerful lightbeam from the watchtower hit us.

Only once, when we heard soldiers shouting very near us, did I feel a trembling little hand reach for mine for comfort.

But Katy did not even lift her head to look around; she lay quiet and still on the ground, holding her rag-doll, Petrushka.

This was one of the crucial minutes of our escape—and we mastered it. The guards walked away, farther and farther.

When we got up, by the dim light of a wintry dawn I saw fear in Paul's eyes. But he did not say a word.

During our brief stops we had some food and changed the children's shoes. We had spent the last shillings at home for expensive, good footwear, a very sound investment as it proved.

While eating her sandwich I saw Katy change Petrushka's shoes as well—a little girl of three playing with her doll.

The night we crossed the border was the longest night of my life. But it came to an end—as everything does. We found shelter in a small farmhouse just across the border.

They couldn't believe their eyes when they saw the torn, muddy boots little Katy wore — proof that she had walked all the long and dangerous way.

I saw a tear in the eyes of the farmer's wife, a woman who saw thousands every day arrive from across the frontier.

They offered us breakfast and a bed. The children ate heartily and lay down just as if it would be an ordinary day, and in a few minutes they were asleep peacefully.

I looked at my children:

Paul, 5, a child of war and terror—all his life he will remember this night, and in his large dark eyes there will always be a trace of the hardships of his babyhood.

Little Katy, sleeping as unconcerned as if she had just spent a day playing and singing, will never remember clearly.

We all have survived, and Petrushka the rag-doll is still with us—battered but free.

**The New Australian author of this story writes: "Please omit to print my name. But it might interest Australian mothers to see what we have been through in the past."**



# HOW GOOD A HUSBAND IS HE?

By BETTY CONWAY

● What exactly is your man's rating as a husband? Here's a penetrating quiz to help find out.

Don't let him see your score check, though, just in case he gets a swelled head — or walks out!

1 To which does he respond most readily?

- (a) your whims
- (b) your wishes
- (c) your moods

2 Which does he share most fully?

- (a) your likes, dislikes
- (b) your ideals
- (c) your hopes

3 When is he nicest to be with?

- (a) on holidays

- (b) birthdays and other special occasions.
- (c) at weekends

4 How close do you feel to him when apart?

- (a) middling
- (b) pretty
- (c) never thought much about it

5 Has he given you all the children you wanted?

- (a) yes
- (b) no
- (c) he's never asked you

6 What's he like with money?

- (a) just fine
- (b) reckless
- (c) a bit stingy

7 Which does he forget most often?

- (a) birthdays and anniversaries
- (b) things you've asked him to do
- (c) appointments

8 Do you feel you can talk to him about anything and everything?

- (a) only when he's in the right mood
- (b) not really
- (c) yes

9 Does he still call you by your private court-nickname?

- (a) no
- (b) yes, most of the time
- (c) only on special occasions

10 Do you know exactly what he earns?

- (a) yes, definitely
- (b) think so, but not certain
- (c) no

11 Is he as loving as you are?

- (a) sometimes
- (b) always
- (c) no

12 How much does he inflict his less-attractive friends upon you?

- (a) too much
- (b) not too much
- (c) hasn't got any

## HOW TO SCORE

1.	(a) 7	(b) 6	(c) 9
2.	(a) 8	(b) 10	(c) 9
3.	(a) 5	(b) 3	(c) 10
4.	(a) 5	(b) 10	(c) 3
5.	(a) 10	(b) 2	(c) 0
6.	(a) 9	(b) 3	(c) 2
7.	(a) 3	(b) 4	(c) 5
8.	(a) 7	(b) 2	(c) 10
9.	(a) 0	(b) 10	(c) 8
10.	(a) 9	(b) 6	(c) 2
11.	(a) 5	(b) 9	(c) 1
12.	(a) 0	(b) 7	(c) 9

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Over 100: He must be tops, though the chances are you don't fully appreciate your luck.

80-99: He's as good a mate as any girl can hope for, so make sure you keep him that way.

75-80: He's pretty good, really, just a bit lazy, most probably. Try a few shock tactics—but not too hard.

50-75: The great run of husbands comes into this humdrum category, but yours could be worse—see below!

Under 50: He doesn't really try to play his role at all, does he? With most men—well, it's just one of those things . . .

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IT is one of the 24 architect-designed homes now on exhibition at the Carlingford Homes Fair, Carlingford, N.S.W.—a display of new designs and materials for home building organised by The Australian Women's Weekly and Lend Lease Homes.

Plan No. 211 is a 9.46-square timber home with a pitched roof of concrete asbestos block.

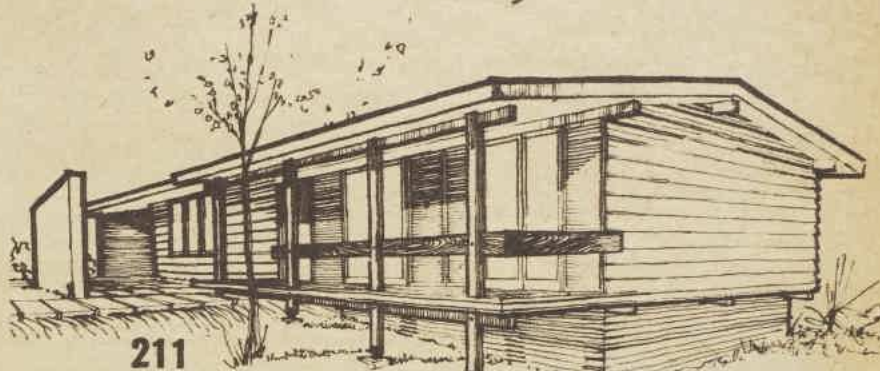
Casement windows open from the living-room to a timber deck—the timber is slatted so the rain falls through to the ground—and sliding plantation shutters give privacy to the living area.

An interesting feature inside this house is the ceiling. Striated asbestos—chosen to give an unusual textured effect—has been used throughout, and all internal rafters have been left exposed under the ceiling.

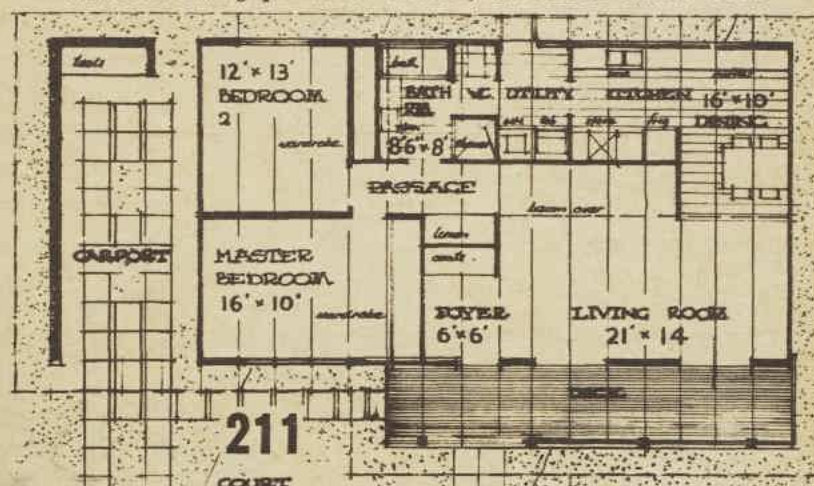
Two bedrooms have built-in wardrobes and are separated from the living and utility areas by a spacious foyer and passage. The bathroom is compact and has a separate toilet.

The utility-room is big enough to be used as an ironing- or sewing-room and opens to the kitchen, toilet, and service yard.

The kitchen workbench extends along one wall to form the buffet in the dining-room.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows simple design with casement windows, sliding plantation shutters, and slatted timber deck.



FLOOR PLAN. Note the living-room opening on to the deck, and kitchen bench extending to form the dining-room buffet.

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Mary appeared beside him, already munching an apple. "What's the matter with mom?" she asked, and then she swallowed hastily and bolted down the steps.

"Don't call me mom," Virginia mumbled, and fainted again.

How Dix got home from the lumber mill so fast she'd never know, but he was there to ride in the ambulance with her, leaving Mary and Bo and Winkie (wailing) on the sidewalk. As soon as the intern gave her a shot of something she drifted into a helpless nimbus of surrender.

She allowed them to lift her body from stretcher to table to stretcher, feeling with wry objective humor like a hot dog being rolled from bun to bun, until finally she lay on a high white bed in a small green room, and a nurse pulled the sheets up over her and closed the window.

## Continuing . . . THE KIND MONSTER

from page 31

"Get a good night's rest, dear," Dix said, clasping her hand.

"They'll ship you home tomorrow."

"Oh, sure," Virginia said, groggily. "Dix, wait a minute! There's an envelope of money for the milkman, stick it in an empty bottle . . . And, darling, please, don't let Bo wear his cowboy boots to school."

"Take it easy," Dix said. "I was a sergeant in the Army, remember?" He gave her a wide, reassuring smile and closed the door as he went out.

She fell back drowsily and closed her eyes. Come to think of it, Dix looked like a sergeant: square and straight-backed, bushy eyebrows, heavy jaw—but he never lost his temper or raised his voice. All he

did to keep the children in line was growl a little. How sweet he was!

She wasn't really aware of the cast until the following morning, but when she looked down under the sheet, why, there it was, a solid-concrete post from her hip to her ankle! She could barely see her five pink toes beyond the edge of plaster curving over her instep.

"Well, how long?" she asked Dix when he came to see her.

"Oh, a month," he answered calmly. "Could be more. We'll take it a day at a time."

"In bed?" she asked, astounded.

"Couldn't they give me a walking cast, for mercy's sake?"

"Doc says a pulled tendon's tedious to heal. He wants you immobile."

"All this fuss and not even a decent fracture," Virginia said, and smiled a little. "Poor Bo! What's dramatic about a pulled tendon?"

She rode in the ambulance again that afternoon and the orderlies carried her into the house through the garage, up the stairs to her room. Mary had made her bed and doused the pillow with perfume; Bo had spared her his caged hamster for company; and Winkie finally pattered in, muddy and damp

from the woods, with a bunch of flowers for her dressing-table.

"Now, kids, listen to me," Dix said in his growling voice. "Your mother will run this house by remote control; we're taking orders. O.K.?"

They nodded O.K.

"Mary can manage the cooking," Virginia said. "She's almost fifteen. And Bo can do the yard — only don't dare touch that rotary mower unless daddy's home, understand? And Winkie — well, Winkie can carry me things, can't you, dear? Tomorrow I'll want my knitting bag and writing paper and lots of things . . . I'm tired tonight." Her voice went suddenly wispy. "I'll try not to bother you much, you're all so good."

They lined up to kiss her. "Don't worry, mother, I love to cook," Mary whispered. "Lots of girls get married when they're fifteen."

"Oh, yes, lots of them," Virginia smiled. "Thank you, honey . . . Have you got eyeshadow on?"

"I only borrowed a touch," Mary said, and quickly made room for Bo.

"If anything happens your leg don't heal, it's all right, mom," he told her bravely. "We'll make out . . . Boy, do you smell like ether!"

Then Winkie stood on tip-toe to kiss her, looking a little lost. She was only six, after all, and frail as a sprite. She had always been more dependent than the others, wanting the toothpaste squeezed on her brush, and someone to lace her shoes.

"You can still do my back buttons, can't you, mommy?" she begged. "I'll let you cut out my new paper dolls if you want."

They trailed downstairs, and Dix stayed to lower the window blinds, and gave her one of the purple pills the doctor had left.

"What a life!" he teased, though his voice was husky. "A month to relax in bed! Some people have all

\*\*\*\*\*

### FROM THE BIBLE

● "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones."

—Proverbs 17:22.

\*\*\*\*\*

the luck." He leaned over and kissed her. "I'm terribly sorry, Vee. I'll do my best. You've got the phone right by the bed; you can always call the office."

"— so good," was all Virginia could say.

By the time they brought up a cup of tea she was sound asleep.

The first few days were like a special vacation, in spite of the ache inside the large white cast the children christened The Monster. So many flowers arrived Mary ran out of vases, friends stopped by day and night, the telephone rang. After school Bo brought a stream of small boys in to admire her cast (by some mysterious route that escaped his father) and Virginia let them all sign their names on it with a ball-point pen.

"We thought at first she'd broke her back or something," Bo admitted importantly. "We might have had to wheel her around in a chair the rest of her life! It's only a pulled tendon. Like when your muscle goes ri-i-i-p."

Friends brought her books and spray cologne, and a smorgasbord of delicacies arrived from neighbors; the children were so stuffed with cupcakes, potato salad, and pie that Mary didn't have to turn on the range.

But the active evidence of concern naturally dwindled, and by Saturday when the weekend started the family was on its own.

The children brought up the morning tray: a pot of coffee, half a grapefruit, and one piece of toast with thin marmalade.

"That doesn't look like much," Bo said, unfolding her napkin. "How about a chunk of Mrs. Gaines' fudge cake?"

Virginia knew all about Mrs.

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## Continuing... THE KIND MONSTER

Gaines' fudge icing, the glossy swirls so thick you had to use a fork.  
"Mommy hardly eats anything for breakfast," Winkie said.

At noon, Dix had them working in the garden, so lunch was late: a bowl of chicken broth, three crackers, and a little canned apple-sauce.

She heard Winkie's shrill voice in the kitchen: "Don't make a sandwich! Mommy never eats a thing for lunch, you know she doesn't!" She thought if they brought up a sandwich she might eat half. Even peanut butter.

During the afternoon she asked Bo restlessly if there was any orange ice in the freezer, and he came back with a grape ice-cream instead, and even though she didn't care for grape she ate it so she wouldn't hurt his feelings.

"Got any bedsores yet?" Bo asked. "How's your back?"

"Oh, now, honestly, Bo! I've only been in bed a couple of days."

"Well, you'll probably get them," Bo assured her. "Better watch it."

Mary made what she called goop for dinner—hamburger and tomato soup laced with oregano—and Dix made one of his fine green salads and that was all. Virginia could smell bread toasting, and she knew there must be some fudge cake left, but when they asked her anxiously if she'd had enough she said of course. They all knew she had the appetite of a bird.

That evening Virginia felt irritable for the first time. She told Dix she wished he'd bring home some chewing gum, and she asked Mary and Bo to please take their Scrabble board and their bowl of popcorn someplace else.

**B**y Monday morning the pain in her leg had edged away, and The Monster was simply a cumbersome appendage, as though somebody had hinged a log to her hip.

The house was very quiet with the family gone. The windows were closed and a captive bee buzzed faintly against the screen. A tap dripped, and an impudent rumbling sound began in her stomach.

Virginia was hungry. She thought she had never been so hungry in her life. She wondered if there was any cheese in the refrigerator, the crumbly kind. She thought about the pretzels in the kitchen cupboard, the can of salted cashews. She stared at the box of chocolates on top of her bureau; it might as well have been in Zanzibar. Besides, she seldom ate candy.

There was half a cup of cold coffee still on her tray, so she gulped it down. Then she drank the bit of cream left in the tiny pitcher, and shoved the tray aside.

You're being silly, she told herself. Think about something else. I wonder what Mary intends to fix me for lunch.

Virginia soon settled down to a daily routine. She started knitting a vest-type sweater for Dix; she mended and read and used the new push-button control for the TV.

The mornings she spent making careful lists for every member of the family. She made notes about taking clothes to the cleaners, sorting the linen, bringing in firewood, where to store empty jelly glasses and when to take the dog out. But most of all she enjoyed the grocery lists.

Every evening Mary sat down with her after supper and planned the next day's menus, adding things to the list for Dix to take marketing Friday night. Once in a while a friend did a little extra shopping for her, and one day she asked for a bag of potato chips just for herself, to keep by her bed. She had a delightful time nibbling all afternoon, but when they were gone she did not know what to do with the bag.

They'll think I'm a pig, a whole bag of potato chips all by myself! she thought, overcome with guilt. They'll think I deserve to be fat! And it isn't true! All I deserve is sympathy, for heaven's sake; I haven't eaten a decent meal in ages, like other people.

from page 48

She wrung the bag frantically between her hands and finally reached over and stuffed it under her mattress.

Filled with remorse, she asked for one meat patty that night instead of two, although to tell the truth she could have eaten three. There really isn't much nourishment in potato chips.

"How is your mother eating?" she heard the doctor ask Mary out in the hall after one of his visits.

"Oh, everything on her tray!" Mary said cheerfully.

"Remember, she's totally in-

active," the doctor warned. "Her appetite may fail. Just see that she gets her vitamin pills and she'll be all right."

"Vee's never been a heavy eater," Dix explained. "Gains weight on nothing. No desserts or gravy, things like that."

"Just as well," the doctor said, and tramped downstairs.

Dix knows the things I have to do without, Virginia thought gratefully. Dix understands. I think I miss hot home-made biscuits most of all. White and fluffy with butter melting on them. Oh, what I'd give for one hot biscuit! I haven't eaten a good hot biscuit for years.

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## Continuing . . . THE KIND MONSTER

from page 49

"Mary!" she shouted, and rang her little brass bell. "Mary, dear — my throat's so dry. Aren't there any fruit drops I can suck?"

"I'll go look in a minute," Mary promised, and wandered into the bathroom.

"Are you at my cosmetics again?" Virginia called.

"Not really, mother," Mary mumbled, as though she were putting on lipstick. "I hardly touched a thing." She came back past the bed smelling strongly of rose hand lotion. "Toby's taking me to the movies, daddy said I could go. I wish I could borrow your blue scarf for my hair."

"Don't you always borrow it?" Virginia smiled. "How about my scarab bracelet and my purse cologne? And better take my wristwatch so you'll be home by eleven." She gave her a pat. "What are Bo and Winkie doing, dear?"

"Bo's next door at a Cub Scout meeting, and Winkie's toasting marshmallows over the stove. Daddy's doing his chequebook."

"Send Winkie up to see me," her mother said.

Mary forgot the fruit drops, but presently Winkie trotted in with a burned marshmallow on the end of a stick. Virginia popped it into her mouth, smacking her lips loudly for Winkie's delight. It was perfectly delicious, in spite of the char.

"Why don't you make me another one, darling, you're so smart?"

"I would, only that was my last one," Winkie sighed.

By the end of the second week Virginia had finished all but the sleeves of Dix's sweater, and she decided that this was a fine chance to rearrange her untidy recipe books. So she sat for several days surrounded by notebooks and filing cards, and copied and clipped and pasted, and when she came across a favorite recipe she would read the list of ingredients over several times, as thoughtfully as though she were reading a poem, imagining how they tasted. Melted chocolate . . . brown sugar . . . walnuts, chopped . . . trim with rosettes of whipped cream, whipped cream, whipped cream.

I DON'T know what's the matter with me, she thought, almost in tears. I'm so ashamed. It must be because I'm idle; downstairs I always was busy. Maybe I used to pick up a snack now and then to keep me going. But surely not enough so that I'd miss it!

She tried not to think about food at all; she really tried. And there under her soft blue blankets, not even able to reach the box of cough drops on Dix's dresser, you might think her world was bounded by other things.

But every TV programme she watched was sponsored by cake mix or pizza or pork and beans, and every magazine she opened was crowded with full-color photographs of glorious stews and cream pies and jellied salads. Her mouth watered wistfully for the strangest things; even canned peaches, which she disliked intensely, began to look sweet and golden in their succulent juice.

Sometimes in the mornings when she was alone she wondered wildly if she might somehow struggle out of bed, coaxing The Monster along, and find a half-eaten candy bar in Bo's room, an apple in Winkie's. She never was wild enough to think she could make the stairs.

Strangely enough, as the weeks wore along the days seemed to pass more swiftly. Virginia made a game of living by the clock, saving certain rewards for certain hours; it was amazing how many pleasant occupations were within reach of her arms! In fact, she knew by the end of the first month she'd never have time to finish all the projects she'd started, and some, like the language records, there was no use beginning.

Her leg gave her little trouble, and she no longer suffered sharp hunger pangs, so she was reasonably content. When she thought about food the actual fragrances and flavors became fantasies, like inaccessible riches, to long for a little and let pass hopelessly by.

It was a matter of some chagrin that the rest of the family also seemed remarkably content. There was seldom a crisis that could not be solved from the bedside. Virginia was not inclined, for instance, to make an issue of Mary's light-fingered freedom with her possessions when Mary was running her kitchen with such commendable patience. Nor would she fuss with Winkie when socks didn't match or sash ends hung forlornly.

And in return, not one of them disputed her ultimatums, as they might have done if she were well. The house had never been calmer.

At the end of five weeks the doctor was due for his Monday evening visit, and he had promised her a decision about removing the cast. Virginia could think of nothing else all day, and the thing that worried her most was whether she'd lost any weight. Goodness knows she'd been dieting for years off and on, and scarcely lost an ounce. It simply wasn't her nature. There was no way of telling her present weight, lying here in bed, though her ribs felt a little leaner. If she could only get to the bathroom scales!

When Winkie came home from school before the others, her mother called her upstairs.

"Darling, are you big enough to bring me the bathroom scales?" she asked, and Winkie lugged them into the room and laid them on the floor.

"What are you going to do?" Winkie breathed. "Gee, mommy! How will you get The Monster back in bed?" "You'll have to help me," Virginia said. "It's important."

She swung her left leg out of the bed and flexed her foot gingerly, and then she carefully manoeuvred The Monster to the edge of the mattress and lowered it half an inch at a time till her bare toes rested on the platform of the scales.

She then told Winkie to stand in front of her and firmly grasped her shoulders, and just for a second she released her grip and glanced at the dial. Then she sat back against the edge of the bed, exhausted.

"Now you must help me lift The Monster," she said, and began to be frightened, for it seemed an impossible task, and Winkie was only a baby.

"Don't worry, I can do it," Winkie said brightly. She got on her knees and put her two small arms under the cast and raised it slowly, using her shoulders to hoist it on to the bed, and then she busily tidied the covers

and smoothed the pillow, and finally she hugged her mother a moment, resting her head on her chest.

"I didn't know you were such a big girl, Winkie," Virginia said, thoughtfully stroking her hair. "Who has been lacing your shoes?"

WINKIE said, "Who do you think? Me. I have to find my own socks and clean my own nails, and even part my own hair. I have to do everything."

"That's funny, I thought somebody else—"

"I don't know who," Winkie patted the lace on her mother's bed-jacket collar. "When can you put my boots on for me, mommy?"

"Maybe I'll let you do it for yourself," Virginia said, and her voice caught a little.

Three pounds less, the scales had said, a miserly three pounds less. No, that wasn't right; the cast weighed something. What did it weigh? With modern techniques only four or five pounds? Eight pounds lost altogether, let's say. After

all I've been through! You see how it is?

She was so discouraged she left her dinner tray untouched, and when Bo brought the doctor upstairs she greeted him languidly, heavy against her pillows.

"I sure hope the greengang hasn't set in," Bo told the doctor.

"The what?" "The greengang people get underneath casts that smells so bad."

"Good heavens," his mother said faintly.

"Get out of here!" the doctor said.

He made his examination and chatted a while and then he said he would send an ambulance for her in the morning, and it was possible she'd be out of her cast by noon.

"Doctor — will you do something for me, please?"

"It all depends."

"Don't tell Dix, don't tell anybody, let me surprise them?" she begged. "Let me be downstairs in shoes and a dress when they come home?" "Why not?" The doctor smiled. "You're entitled to that."

To page 51

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expected him  
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Bio-Clear dries up excess oils and destroys acne-causing bacteria. Pimples quickly shrink away without a sign of after-scar. Skin toned and greaseless, Bio-Clear never shows you're using it. You will say thanks for Bio-Clear, as it quickly heals, soothes and smooths your skin. Buy a tube today. Bio-Clear is easy to apply; every girl, boy and adult, too, should keep a tube handy even for occasional breakouts. 9/11.

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Bio-Clear is available at your Helena Rubinstein Chemist—and all leading stores throughout the Commonwealth.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 20, 1962



Virginia hesitated. "And will you tell me . . . what does a cast — a cast like this one weigh?"

The doctor ran his hand over it reflectively, feeling the depth of the edge. "Maybe we overdid it a little, heavy-handed. Could be fourteen pounds."

"Fourteen pounds?" Virginia gasped. "Fourteen pounds!" And her face broke into a smile so glowing her cheeks turned pink and her eyes squeezed shut and she scarcely heard the doctor when he left the room.

She kept her secret when the family left next morning; Dix planned to pick the children up at five in the afternoon.

When The Monster was gone and her strange white leg neatly strapped, she put on her dress, the flowered silk she'd bought just before the accident. It was so loose she had to make a new hole in the belt with her nail file. The sleeves drooped and you could hardly tell where her hips were under the folds of the skirt. She could not believe it; she stared until she could not stand up any longer.

She sat knitting in the living-room while she waited for the family, the cuff of the last sleeve of Dix's sweater, and sucked the tip of a knitting needle dreamily.

All right, so I "pieced" between meals, she admitted. But I never realised . . . almost twenty pounds' worth! Now I'm out of the habit, I won't start again. Maybe I'll eat a little more at meal times.

She heard the car turn into the drive and both doors slam, and the two children galloped up the front walk, with Mary and Dix behind. They came into the hallway and she stood up shakily. Winkie raced to hug her, but the others just stood there.

"Mother, sit down," Mary said, alarmed.

They went to her timidly and patted her shoulders and her hair and kissed her cheeks and stood back and stared at her one after the other. She couldn't imagine why their greeting was not more joyous. After five weeks of good cheer and coddling and loving laughter, now that she was well they appeared to be mortally stricken.

She heard them whispering together in the kitchen, and Winkie, who refused to budge from the footstool beside her, rested her elbows on her knees and stared at her solemnly and said: "Mummy, how old are you?"

Dix came and helped her out to the table for dinner, and when they bowed their heads to say grace she could feel the tears behind her eyelids, overwhelmed to be with them again, where she belonged.

"See, she's crying," Bo said. "That's a sign."

## OUR TRANSFER AND PATTERN

• Pretty baskets of flowers in colors of red and green are from our Iron-on Transfer No. 1004K. Price of transfer 2/-.  
The pattern for the charming waist apron with scalloped, frilled effect is available for 2/6.

Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a postal note with your order.



## Continuing . . . THE KIND MONSTER

from page 50

"I made chicken salad, mother," Mary said. "And home-made biscuits. I hope you can eat something."

"Eat? Of course I can eat!" "You don't have to if you don't want to, you know," Mary said kindly. "You don't look very well."

Virginia's eyes widened: "What do you mean?" They all began to tell her at once.

"You—you're just so skinny—" "Maybe she has some ravishing disease," Bo said.

"You—you look so sad!" Winkie started to cry.

"Shut up, all of you!" Dix growled, but his face, too, was white with concern.

"Well, just because I lost a little weight," Virginia floundered. "For heaven's sake!"

"A little weight!" Dix said, and the children began their condolences again till their father brought his fist down on the table. "Vee, you listen to me! I've had all I can take of this dieting nonsense! Now you're back on your feet I won't put up with it another minute. Why, you look as though I couldn't afford to feed you! I never had any use for scrawny women, they depress me, and I don't care what it says in the fashion magazines! You start putting some meat on those bones right now!"

So this was the glorious promise of romance that a slender waistline offered! Put some meat on your bones.

Virginia sat back in bewilderment and dismay. Was it possible a size 16 was a nice mother size? Was it possible Dix liked the kind of a woman who had a little something here and there to pinch? In all her plump, full-skirted years she had never had a complaint.

Was it possible she might be able to eat a biscuit?

"I guess my appetite will improve now I'm back with you," she said softly. "Dear, will you serve?"

They all relaxed and set about the business of eating, and when Bo passed the plate of golden biscuits

Virginia paused only a moment before she took one.

Mary put a second one on her plate. "Eat two, mother," she said. "They're good for you."

"Pass her the butter," Dix said firmly.

Winkie broke open a biscuit and spread butter on it and held it out to her mother. Virginia looked at the crumbling goodness in the offering hand and whispered, "Thank you," and she was aware of a warmth and enormous relief as though it were not just the weight of the cast that was gone.

"We'll have your mother back in shape in no time," Dix chuckled.

"Look, she's pink already!" Mary cried, laughing, and Virginia smiled with unimagined bliss, biting into the biscuit.

(Copyright)



## Breathe Freely in 2 minutes

**NYAL "PLURAVIT" MULTI-VITAMIN CAPSULES**—contain 21 vitamins and minerals essential to your health. Add Pluravit to your diet and feel better, sleep better, eat better. One month's supply, 22/6.

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**NYAL "DOLAMIN"**—for those who can't take ordinary pain-relievers. Dolamin brings speedy relief from headache, neuralgia, feverishness of colds and flu, etc., without "stomach upset." 24 tablets, 3/9; 36 tablets, 4/9; 100 tablets, 11/3.



**Firstly**, spray each nostril — this "un-blocks" congested nasal passages. Wait 2-3 minutes.



**Repeat** spray. The medication reaches higher — opens nasal sinuses for more effective aeration and drainage.

At last, here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you've longed for! You'll breathe freely again just 2 minutes after using the NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY.

Simply squeeze the self-atomising plastic pack; the microspray tip produces a fine mist of relief-bringing medication. Thousands of microscopic droplets spread over swollen nasal membranes, penetrate deep into hard-to-reach areas of the nose and sinuses. In just two minutes, blocked nasal passages are opened and you can breathe freely again.

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAYS contain wonder-working Phenylephrine which shrinks and soothes swollen nasal membranes to relieve congestion fast. There is no sting, no burn. Relief is so thorough that it actually lasts for as long as four hours.

Because it is so gentle and soothing to delicate nasal tissue the NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY can be used as often as necessary—repeated use does not reduce its effectiveness!

The unbreakable squeeze-spray pack can be carried in purse, pocket or car to give you relief anytime, anywhere, from nasal congestion, accompanying colds, influenza, catarrh, rhinitis, sinusitis and hay fever. Only 6/6

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Children can get the same wonderful relief by using the NYAL PEDIATRIC (CHILDREN'S) NASAL SPRAY. This specially formulated spray opens "stopped-up" noses in a jiffy. Easy and pleasant to use. Nyal Pediatric (CHILDREN'S) Nasal Spray—only 6/.

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If their infuriating itching is a constant irritation, rub in gentle **Baume Dalet**, the continental foot ointment. **Baume Dalet's** healing powers soon get to work and presto—Your itching chilblains are soothed away and your feet are back to normal in a jiffy. Ask your family chemist for **Baume Dalet** (pronounced BORN DALAY) — 6/- a tube.

**Baume Dalet**  
A FOOT OINTMENT  
OF GREAT PENETRATING POWER

## MUMMY!! MUMMY!!!

"Please let me have pretty curls like Judy. At school today all of the other children and teacher, too, said how nice her hair looked."

"Judy's hair used to be straight, but since her mother has started using **Curlypet** on it, her hair's all lovely curly and wavy."

"Her hair smells beaut, too!"

"Please, Mummy, get **Curlypet** for my hair; I want to look like Judy."

4 weeks' treatment, 4/10

**Curlypet**

All the family will love **Curlypet** only **Everybody's**

## THE ANIMAL SHRINKERS

from page 35

Carter smiled. "That's where you come in," he said. "Now, look here, Ernie, you don't want to go on selling kettles and tin baths all your life, do you?"

"I don't want to get mangled to death by wild beasts, either," I said.

Carter said: "You won't. Be my business manager. You won't have to handle the animals at all. I'll do that. All you'll have to do is put on your best suit and call on people. You can do that, can't you?"

"Depends who I have to call on," I said cautiously.

"Well, first I want you to see a chap called A. G. Sparkinghouse. He's got a big shed to let out Blackheath way. Go and arrange to rent it."

I put on my best suit and saw to the renting of the shed. It was more of a warehouse, really, with a big enclosed yard.

And it was me who saw the wild-animal importer somewhere down by the docks, and it was me, poor mug, who drew out all the money I was saving for a motor-bike and paid the first instalment on a lion.

This lion, Tibs we called him, was to be what Carter called the prototype. If the stuff worked with Tibs, according to Carter, our fortunes were made.

"They'll be all the rage," he kept saying. "No fashionable woman will dare to be without one. Pet dogs? Finished! Who wants a lap-dog when they can have a tiger the size of a mouse? And elephants. They're supposed to be lucky, aren't they? Well, think of the luck a real live elephant would bring,

an elephant no bigger than a guinea pig!"

He was always harping on elephants and how lucky they were. Makes me laugh now when I remember that it was an elephant — but I'll tell you about that at the right time.

It was a Saturday afternoon when this lion, Tibs, was delivered.

"Well," I said. "You've got your lion now. What's the next move? We can't keep the brute in that little crate for long."

"I've got it all planned out," said Carter. "You go round to the cat's meat shop and get a few pounds of nice, lean beef."

"A few pounds?" I said. "He'd eat half a horse and then look around for his afters."

"I know," said Carter. "But this isn't meant for a meal. He'll have to wait for that until he's a bit smaller. The meat is only to wrap round these nembatal tablets. They'll send him to sleep, see? Then when he's safely off, I jab in the stuff, and in twenty-four hours he'll be making a hearty meal out of a saucer."

Even though I had seen the rabbit, I didn't more than half believe it. But Carter was right. Sunday evening that lion was eating minced beef out of a saucer.

After that there was no holding Carter. He threw up his job and made me leave mine. I became a cross between a business manager and a zoo attendant.

I've got to admit we did well. The overheads were high, but the money rolled in. The toy-dog breeders must have been grinding

their teeth, because soon no one who cared anything for public opinion would be seen with anything but a Minimal, as some journalist named them.

I even had one myself, a wart hog it was. It came in a mixed batch of animals we'd got cheap because the chap who brought them over went bust and couldn't pay the shipping dues. No one wanted a wart hog, ugly brutes they



"Don't worry, Mum. I've got my shoes on."

are, so I got Carter to reduce it to the size of a white rat and I used to carry it about in my pocket. Mickey, I called it.

It was Mickey who showed us the red light. He used to sleep in a cigar box by my bed, and one morning when I woke up I said to him, "Mickey, my lad, you're eating too much. You're getting too fat for your bed."

I didn't think any more about it, but the next morning when I woke I saw he'd got out of his box and was sleeping uncomfortably on the table beside it.

"What d'you want to do that for, Mickey boy?" I said, and I picked him up and tried to put him back in the box, but he wouldn't go in.

I did feel a bit uneasy then, but I cut his food down and decided not to say anything to Carter for the present. He was working very hard at the time on a whole pack of wolves and a couple of polar bears, and I didn't want to upset him unnecessarily.

At the end of three days I had to tell him. Mickey was now so big he was living in a dog kennel in the yard. I had to face it, the stuff was wearing off! But Carter wouldn't believe me.

He said: "Don't talk such rot. How could the stuff wear off? You've never heard of shrunken heads from Borneo growing to their natural size again, have you?"

"No," I said. "I haven't. But those heads are dead, Carter, and the animals aren't. Might make a difference, you know. In fact, it does. Come and see Mickey for yourself."

When he did he had to admit I was right. "My heavens, Ernie," he said. "This is terrible — terrible. The stuff's not stable. I never thought — But why should I? Think of it, Ernie, we've just about flooded London with tiny wild beasts and any minute now they'll all begin to grow — and grow!"

Then he suddenly seemed to think of something even more frightening.

"Listen, Ernie," he said. "You remember Dumbo, the Indian elephant I reduced for the dowager Duchess of Wessex. Do you know where she lets it sleep? In her bed, cuddled up against the hot-water bottle! What's going to happen if that elephant grows overnight? How are they going to get it out of the room?"

"That woman lives in a

fifth-floor flat in Park Lane! They'll have to shoot the beast and cut it up and take it out in joints. A nice thing to happen in a duchess' bedroom!"

"Well, what are we going to do?" I asked. "Go round and warn the people?"

Shouting, he said: "No! Don't you breathe a word of this, young Ernie. There's only one thing for it. We've got to get out. But quick." I didn't see what he meant at first.

"How d'you mean?" I said. "Get out. Get out where?"

"Out of the country — scram — vamoose! What's the time? Good! The bank'll still be open. I'll get down there and draw out the necessary. You go to the travel agency in Piccadilly and book two first-class berths to Venezuela. That's the place for us, they can't fetch you back from there! A chap told me once, and I always remembered — thought it might come in useful one day!"

I went, of course. I always do what Carter tells me. We sailed next day.

Nobody's come to extradite us yet, and we're doing all right here now. I might be a bit happier if it weren't for a week-old London newspaper I came across in the lounge of our hotel yesterday. It was a tabloid paper. The middle pages showed a picture of a block of flats, half demolished, and an elephant being hoisted in mid-air by a crane.

There was a headline, too, about a polar bear still trapped in a caravan near Budleigh Salterton and something about police inquiries continuing . . .

Up to yesterday I'd been dreaming of seeing old London again sometime before I died. Now I've got an awful fear the dream may come true.

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"But Daddy,  
what about  
protecting us?"

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A long pause: then, decisively, "No. It couldn't have been."

"Thank you, Mr. Murray. That is all."

As the door closed behind their first witness, Eddlestone turned to Fiona. "Well?"

"Very reliable, I'd say."

"I think so, too. The man who answers slowly and carefully is always a safer bet than the fellow who's quick, loquacious, and glib." He made a note on his pad. "(1) The plasma was all right when it was put into the container." He rearranged the notes on his desk. "Now for our second suspect, young Wait."

Young Wait was the antithesis of the dignified Murray. He was nervous, inclined to stammer, and his answers came streaming out in a flood of irrelevant detail. Eddlestone, who knew something of the young man's background and the struggle he'd had to get into Mc-Iver-Ducann, was sympathetic.

"Gently, gently, lad! . . . You say you injected the plasma with a number of cancer-resisting cells?"

"Yes, I d-did, sir. But only because Mr. Mu-Murray told me to."

"Just answer my questions now — without making excuses. If it relieves your mind at all, I ordered the injection. I wanted Moose Lake to see how well the plasma reacted to stimulus. Now how strong was the injection?"

"Thirty-two thousand cells, sir."

"And was this the first time you'd given such an injection?"

WAIT was definite.

"Oh no, sir. I g-g-gave injections to the second and third batch, and the fourth and fifth."

"I see. And this last injection: in what way did it differ from the others?"

"It didn't, sir. It was exactly the same. I used the same syringe. I drew the cells out of the same culture. I gave the same amount."

"And can you prove that?"

"I'm sure I could. You see, I injected the whole batch of plasma. But only a third of it went to Moose Lake; the other two-thirds are still in the lab. If someone would test them, I bet they'd be all right."

Eddlestone stared at him. Then he smiled. "All right, lad. I'll put your mind at rest. The two-thirds have been tested. And they're perfectly normal. So you see — whatever went wrong with the plasma, it couldn't have been because of your injection." When he had gone, Eddlestone again turned to Fiona.

She frowned. "He's unreliable and he has got the jitters. But I think I believe him. And the fact that some of the plasma he injected is O.K. seems to put him in the clear."

"I agree. The evidence backs him up." He wrote on his pad. "(2) The plasma was satisfactorily injected with a known number of cancer-resisting cells." "Now for our chief suspect: Crawford."

James Heathcott Crawford was large, slow-moving, and fat. But one of the keenest brains in the Research Department.

"Mr. Crawford," Eddlestone watched him closely. "You were in charge of the container on the way to Moose Lake?"

"I was, sir."

"Now before the container was put in the Star-raker certain tests were carried out on it. Were you present at those tests?"

## Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

"I was, sir."

"And what was the outcome of them?"

"The container was judged to be satisfactory."

"So whatever went wrong subsequently, the fault didn't lie with the container?"

"Shall we say, sir, the container was judged to be efficient on the ground. There wasn't any way of judging its efficiency at 75,000 feet."

Eddlestone made a note on his pad. "Quite . . . Now what would you say were the functions of the container?"

"To see the plasma was kept in conditions it was used to. To see

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that temperature, pressure, and humidity were kept at the same constant level as in a laboratory."

"And were these functions fulfilled? Throughout the whole flight?"

"Yes. The flight took approximately four hours. During the whole of that period I watched the pressure, temperature, and humidity gauges. When necessary, I adjusted the controls so as to keep the readings within the limits laid down. Sometimes I let a little heat or oxygen in: sometimes I let a little water out. The controls operated

smoothly. I was never in danger of exceeding any of the limits. Indeed, I believe I kept a greater degree of conformity than Mr. Murray sometimes keeps in the lab."

"And you've proof of this, of course?"

"Yes sir." There was no satisfaction in Crawford's voice. He was simply stating a fact. "The cine-camera."

"Now about the flight itself . . . were conditions normal?"

"I gather so. But I've never flown in the Star-raker before, so I'm not really qualified to say."

"Do you know what height and speed you flew at?"

"I believe 74,000 feet. At about Mach 3."

"Anything unusual about the flight? Bad weather? Bumps?"

"No, sir. But I don't think, sir,

I've quite the robust constitution that's needed for flying."

"What was the trouble? Air sick?"

"No, sir. Just a faint but very persistent headache."

Eddlestone scribbled briefly on his pad.

"Right. Now one last question. What do you think of the unloading arrangements at Moose Lake?"

"Highly efficient, sir. Doctor Russell was there herself. She gave me all the facilities and as many men from the lab as I wanted."

"So you reckon the plasma can have come to no harm the other end, between plane and laboratory?"

"I don't see how it could have."

"Thank you, Crawford. That will be all."

To page 54

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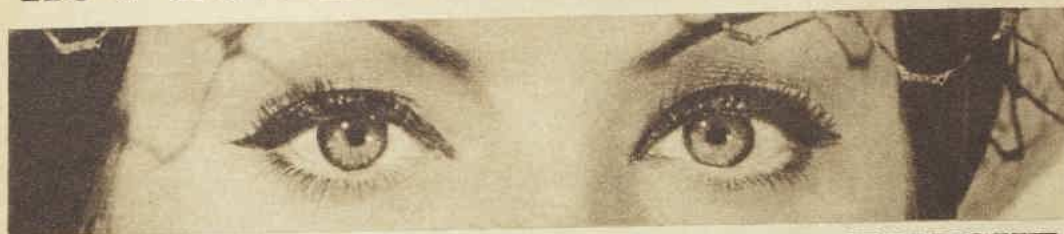
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## RIVETS





# HOW LOVELY YOU LOOK TOMORROW



depends on how well you clean your face TONIGHT

How lovely you look tomorrow will depend on the success of your make-up — and *that* will depend on how thoroughly you cleanse your face tonight.

Soap and water alone will not completely remove superfine modern make-up. Even the finest soap will only surface cleanse. But Pond's Cold Cream will cleanse your face thoroughly — deep down into clogged pores.

Tonight, cream-cleanse your old make-up away with Pond's — the fluffy, light cream that penetrates deep down.

Pond's cream cleansing leaves your skin delightfully soft, smooth and clean — ready to display tomorrow's make-up to perfection.

Available in convenient Tubes and Regular and Large Jars.

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She's lovely  
She's engaged  
She uses ...

**POND'S COLD CREAM**  
Cleanses, cools your skin — relaxes you

Continuing . . .

## STAR-RAKER

from page 53

As the door closed softly Fiona grimaced.

Eddlestone was amused. "You don't approve of Mr. Crawford, my dear?"

"I don't trust him. If he had made a mistake I bet he'd try and squirm out of it. But" — a regretful sigh — "I must say the cine-camera seems to clear him."

"It does indeed. I've seen every foot of that film. Twice. It couldn't be cut, or rigged, or tampered with. All the gauges, all the time, were reading normal. And that's a fact."

Eddlestone picked up his pencil; he sucked the end of it thoughtfully, then wrote, "(3) During transit the plasma was continually kept under laboratory conditions."

"Now," he said, "where do we go from here?"

"To Moose Lake?"

"We can try. But I very much fear we shall draw a blank."

They studied the air mail letter from Doctor Russell. It confirmed what Crawford had said: that the unloading of the plasma had been managed with neither accident nor hitch. They studied the transcript of Eddlestone's telephone call. It seemed to indicate there'd been no mistake in the Moose Lake tests, that the cancer-resisting cells had indeed been dead on arrival and hadn't died subsequently in the Canadian labs. After a while Eddlestone reached for his pad. He wrote carefully, summarising the conclusions they had arrived at.

"(1) The plasma was all right when it was put into the container, and was satis-

factorily injected with a number of cancer-resisting cells.

"(2) During transit the plasma was kept under laboratory conditions, conditions in which cancer-resisting cells normally thrive.

"(3) On arrival at Moose Lake the cancer-resisting cells were found to be dead."

He pushed the pad to Fiona. "Well, my dear?"

"You tell me, Mr. Eddlestone. I'm in the dark."

"As I see it there're two possibilities. First, human error. It could be that in spite of what we've been saying someone slipped up; perhaps Murray, perhaps a scientist in the Canadian labs. If that's the case we've no need to worry. Another batch of plasma, another container, another flight by the Star-raker, everything and every-

body double-checked en route: and the next lot of plasma will get there safely. I only hope to heaven that's what will happen."

"And the other possibility?" Fiona asked.

"Something that frightens me even to think of. The unknown."

His voice was so low that Fiona had to lean forward to hear.

"Who knows what happens there, way above the tropopause? We send up balloons and rockets, and they bring back samples of air and strips of film: little scratchings of knowledge. We send up planes; they fly for a few moments along the fringe of space, then they come back,

To page 55

## Fashion FROCKS

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"HELENE" — This attractive all-wool woven check sheath is a go-anywhere dress. Two large pockets on the skirt add interest; the bodice has a scooped neckline and three-quarter sleeves. It is available in tangerine, grey, and black; honey, grey, and nigger-brown; olive, mushroom, and brown.

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## Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

and we draw certain conclusions. But what do we know? What do we really know about the stratosphere; about gamma rays, ozone poisoning, cosmic radiation? Maybe there are radiations at 70,000 feet we don't even know how to measure. Maybe it was one of these that got through the container. And killed off the cancer-resisting cells. . .

"But" — Fiona spread her hands — "it's never happened before."

"You mean it's never been discovered before. Anyway we must fly over another batch of plasma. At once." Suddenly he looked at his watch. "6.30. I wonder if that moustachioed fellow is in. Keith Hamilton. Try and get hold of him. Ask him how soon he can do another trip to Moose Lake."

She hesitated. "Don't you think it would be better if you had a word with him? He might be more co-operative with you."

He looked at her in sudden surprise. "You mean he wasn't co-operative last time?"

"He wasn't exactly unco-operative. But you see, I think he thinks I'm only a silly chit of a girl. And the last flight was fixed by my father, just to do me a personal favor."

"Well!" He was incredulous. "I'll certainly have a word with the fellow." He picked up the telephone. "Get me the Chief Test Pilot."

She watched him, half-wishing now that she had kept her mouth shut. She laid a hand on his arm.

"Please. Don't make a thing of it."

He gave her an absent-minded nod. And a second later Keith Hamilton's voice

came clearly over the line. "Chief Test Pilot . . ."

"Good evening, Hamilton. Miles Eddlestone here."

"Evening, Mr. Eddlestone. What can I do for you?"

"Fiona and I would be glad of a word with you. Now, on a matter of some importance."

"This evening! It's past opening time, you know!"

"I dare say. But what we want to discuss is more im-

from page 54

flying control block where Keith Hamilton had his office. As they walked they discussed the various safeguards they would insist on for the second flight. Eddlestone himself would supervise the making and injecting of a new sample of plasma; he would supervise the loading of it, too; indeed, he told

the cicada whine stopped. Suddenly. And everything was very quiet.

Fiona and Eddlestone looked up, puzzled. And the peace of the evening was shattered by the wail of a siren and the raucous blare of a loudspeaker. "Emergency! Stand by for emergency landing. Star-raker aircraft preparing for emergency landing on runway 210."

Then they started to run. But when they arrived, panting, at the foot of the tower no one could enlighten them.

### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



portant than a few pints of beer."

"You mean you want to come over now? Right. I'll expect you in about ten minutes."

Eddlestone replaced the receiver. He turned to Fiona. "We'll go right away." He shuffled his notes into a folder. "Better take these. In case he starts asking questions."

They walked out through the labs and on to the sunlit airfield.

It was nearly a quarter of a mile from the Biological Research Department to the

Fiona, if it hadn't been for his heart (which at seventy-two was no stronger than might have been expected) he would have flown in the Star-raker himself and kept an eye on the container and its controls. When Fiona suggested she should go in his place he accepted her offer gratefully and without foreboding.

They were within some two hundred yards of flying control when they heard the high-pitched cicada whine of the Star-raker, and looking up saw the great aircraft passing high overhead. Then

And so they waited, along with several dozen others, in the lee of the control tower, watching the Star-raker as she spiralled lazily lower. She was down to 3000 feet and turning into her final approach before the loudspeaker blared again.

"Emergency! Emergency! The Star-raker aircraft now on its finals will carry out an emergency landing on runway 210. The first pilot has lost consciousness and can't be revived. The second

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B. 103/PM/71

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pilot has never landed this type of aircraft before."

To the watchers the approach looked normal. But controllers and pilot knew differently. They both knew the strain and the tension: the constant assessing of height, speed, and angle of glide, the constant adjusting of controls, the constant checking of unfamiliar instruments. The Star-raker drifted down, lower and lower. Right to the very last second her approach was good.

Then, over the airfield perimeter, her jets increased to a sudden scream as the pilot realised at the last second he was tending to under-shoot. And she came in very low and very fast. She cleared the boundary hedge by less than a couple of feet. Her nosewheel hit the very end of the runway. She bounced, three times. Then, mercifully, her wheels stuck, and she

lost way and slewed to a halt two-thirds of the way down the runway.

A whisper of relief rose like a benediction from the group of watchers. Like viewers of some stage drama of which they were spectators not participants, Fiona and Eddlestone watched the fire-tenders and ambulance swirl up to the silent plane. The fire-tenders weren't needed. But the ambulance was. Its doors swung open. White-coated figures swarmed up the passengers' ramp (which had been lowered the moment the aircraft had come to rest) and disappeared into the cabin. Then reappeared, carrying a stretcher. The stretcher was slid, very carefully, into the ambulance. And the ambulance drove off to the sickbay. Slowly the crowds dispersed.

## Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 55

Fiona looked at Eddlestone. "He won't want to see us now."

"But we want to see him. More than ever."

They met him coming down the control-tower stairs. He was withdrawn, preoccupied, and on his way, he said, to the sickbay to find out what had happened to Somerville—the Star-raker pilot. Would he come back and see them later? He passed a hand over his eyes, undecided. It was Eddlestone who made the decision.

"I suggest we meet in your office. Say in an hour's time."

He nodded absently, thinking of other things; and without another word left them and

walked quickly over to the sickbay.

Eddlestone took Fiona to the staff canteen. They sat by a window, looking out at the darkening airfield, sipping coffee. They talked a little, thought a lot, and an hour seemed a very long time.

Twilight was softening the outline of hangars and runways as they left the canteen and walked slowly back to flying control. To Keith's office on the first floor. They switched on the lights, sat down, and waited.

It was another half-hour before they heard footsteps. They thought

at first that the footsteps couldn't be his, for they were slow and dragging like those of an old man.

Fiona was on her feet before he was through the doorway. "What news of the pilot, Keith?"

"They won't tell me."

"Would you rather we went?"

He made a visible effort to pull himself together. "Of course not. I'm sorry I kept you so long." He turned to Eddlestone. "What was it you wanted now?"

The old man came straight out with the facts.

Keith Hamilton listened politely at first, then with growing impatience. When Eddlestone began to talk of another trip to Moose Lake, his impatience boiled over.

"I'm sorry." His tone was blunt to the point of rudeness. "You've come to the wrong man at the wrong time."

"Has it never occurred to you, Hamilton, that the three of us are working together: in harness: on the same project. You in your plane, Fiona and I in our laboratories, we're all trying to do the same thing—to make a go of supersonic flying. Your problems are our problems. And vice versa."

"I'm not quite sure what you're getting at. Make it simple, Mr. Eddlestone. And concrete."

"All right then; in words of one syllable, there could be a tie-up between what happened this evening to Somerville and what happened last week to my blood plasma."

"I see. When do you want me to fly the next lot over?"

**F**IONA was surprised. She hadn't expected him to give way so easily. When he agreed to fly the plasma to Moose Lake the following afternoon she could hardly believe her ears; when he agreed without reservation to her coming with him to watch the controls, it seemed almost too good to be true.

By the time they left him it was quite dark. Eddlestone was in high spirits: not in the least tired. He smiled at Fiona.

"I thought your young man very reasonable, my dear."

"He's not my young man, Mr. Eddlestone. But I agree he was reasonable."

From way up among the stars came the muted throb of a Boeing bound for New York. It was a night of summer magic. What would they have been doing, she wondered, if he had been her young man?

Sir Iain McIver swung open a window and his room was filled with the warm mid-summer breeze and the noise of the Star-raker's jets. She was down on the taxi-track, her engines just started. Sir Iain stared at her: sleek, beautifully proportioned, trembling against her chocks like a greyhound against the bars of its trap. And inside her, his daughter, watching Eddlestone's plasma. If he was going to stop her it would have to be now . . . A knock, and his P.A. appeared in the doorway. "Can you see the doctor, sir? He says it's urgent."

He nodded. It was what he had been expecting—and fearing—ever since he'd been told of Somerville's collapse. He started to pace the room, watched by the portrait of his son hanging opposite his desk. He was thankful when the doctor was shown in. At least he would know now what he had to face.

"Ah, Scott-Atkinson! What news of the pilot?"

"Bad, I'm afraid."

The Star-raker's jets rose to a sudden crescendo. For several seconds, as the great plane gathered speed down the runway, the noise of its take-off was deafening. Then Sir Iain closed the window and the room was suddenly very quiet.

"Bad news, eh?" He passed a hand over his forehead. "How bad?"

"As bad as it possibly could be."

Sir Iain stood very still. He watched the Star-raker as she leapt clear of her shadow and soared gracefully up toward the belt of cloud. And again all the doubts and fears he'd been prey to since Jago's retirement came welling up.

"Tell me," he said.

To page 57



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Above them the sky was indigo-dark, shot with stars and the incandescent disc of the sun. Beneath them the clouds that patterned the curve of the earth were snow-white and spread out like a weather map. But at 78,000 feet the depression was neither here nor there to them. They were detached from the affairs of the world: aloof as Olympian gods.

It was a strange thing, this aloofness born of very-high-altitude flying. It took different pilots different ways. To some it brought a feeling of great power. To others it brought an uncontrollable, almost pathological, fear. Keith Hamilton suffered from neither of these extremes. To him high-altitude flying brought a quite different sensation: a peculiar heightening of awareness. He noticed little things that would normally have escaped him; he asked himself questions to which he would normally have never given a thought. That was what he was doing now.

On the Star-raker's windshield was a fly: a common house fly.

For the past couple of hours — ever since they had left Ashwood — this fly had been crawling up and down the windshield; or, to be more precise, it had been crawling up the windshield, then as soon as it reached a certain point falling with monotonous regularity back to the bottom. The fly fascinated Keith Hamilton. For one thing he felt it was a fellow adventurer, for surely no other house fly had ever flown at 78,000 feet. And for another thing why the obsession for crawling up the windshield to the very apex of the Star-raker's cabin? After a while Bill Cridland, the co-pilot, also started to watch the fly.

## Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 56

"Poor little chap! He never quite makes it."

Keith nodded, puzzled. "I wonder why he doesn't take off? And fly up?"

"Something to do with the pressure, maybe."

"I wonder why he's so keen to get up there?"

"Can't think," Bill Cridland leaned forward. "And

"Yes" — slowly — "Yes, it certainly does." He rolled the fly on to its back. "You got a matchbox, Bill? I'm going to pass him on to Res-arch."

A matchbox was duly produced and emptied. The fly was put inside. And both

the eye could see. The earth had vanished. And they were alone in space.

It was a strange sensation, like hanging suspended in a vacuum. Now they were flying completely blind, Keith concentrated with extra care on his instruments, checking the Doppler and Inertial navigation plots every few minutes. They flew on and on, through a loneliness so absolute it could almost be felt. It came like a physical shock to hear the voice of the Winnipeg controller, as if from another world, calling them up and giving them a routine position check. They flew steadily west over the carpet of cloud.

From 78,000 feet the cloud looked innocuous enough — smooth and white and still; but both pilots knew that a closer inspection would have revealed the contrary. Cridland jerked his thumb at the depression.

"Glad we're well above that lot."

Keith nodded. "What's the forecast for Moose Lake?"

Cridland thumbed through his pad. "4/10 cloud at 3000. Squally. Visibility good except in showers."

"Better confirm it."

A call to Moose Lake and the forecast was confirmed: and enlarged on. The Pacific seaboard, it seemed, was on the fringe of the depression. To westward, over the sea, the weather was fine; over the coast itself conditions were unsettled, with high winds and scattered showers; and to eastward, over the Rockies of the hinterland, the cloud base was down to five hundred feet and it was raining hard. It

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### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



look at him now. He has fair worn himself out."

The fly lay on its back, very still. Keith picked it up.

"Hey!" Keith Hamilton's voice was shocked. "He's dead. Now what can have killed him?"

"Couldn't take the height, I suppose."

"But the cabin's pressurised. To ground-level equivalent."

"Of course . . . Makes you think, doesn't it?"

pilots turned their attention to flying the plane.

During the first part of the flight they had been able to see the earth through rifts in the cloud. But as they flew farther west the clouds gradually built up and thickened; one by one the rifts were sealed up; until the time came when beneath them lay a solid mass of white — a featureless uniform sheet stretching in every direction as far as

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was none too good a forecast. But as the depression moved inland conditions along the coast were expected to improve.

Keith made a note on his pad. "Give me a course and E.T.A. for a hundred miles west of Vancouver. We'll clear the cloud-belt before we let down."

Cridland nodded. He passed Keith Hamilton an amended course and time of arrival. And the Star-raker banked a couple of degrees to port.

They had been on their new course no more than four or five minutes when a warning light on the instrument panel flashed suddenly red. Something was wrong; something serious. Keith leaned forward, moistening his lips. Was one of the jets misfiring, was there a fuel leak or a failure in the hydraulics? His eyes flickered over the instruments.

Beside him he heard the sudden catch of Cridland's breath; and at the same moment saw the needle of the cabin pressurisation indicator subsiding slowly to zero.

"Great Scott!"—he didn't recognise the frightened shout as his own—"Just look at the pressure!"

Back in the passengers' cabin Fiona had been enjoying herself. She hadn't flown in the Star-raker before, and to the excitement of looking after the plasma was added the excitement of her first supersonic flight.

She found the plasma's controls easy and simple to operate; it needed no great intelligence to regulate the supply of heat, oxygen, and water so as to keep the various gauges recording normal, and for quite long spells at a time she found she had nothing to do.

Then, becoming more venturesome, she took to leaving her seat and looking out of the cabin windows, marvelling at the darkness of the sky and the brilliance of the stars and the whiteness of the occasional patches of cloud. But she took good care to obey Keith Hamilton's instructions and see that her headphones were kept plugged in.

**H**E spoke to her occasionally: asking her how she felt, telling her the Star-raker's course and speed, pointing out occasional landmarks. And once, after they had been airborne a couple of hours, he came through with a thermos of tea. But apart from these occasional disturbances Fiona was left to herself. And she liked it that way.

It was not until they had crossed the Atlantic and were flying over the Labrador plateau that she became conscious of the fact that her ears were buzzing ever so slightly and that she had the beginnings of a headache.

This she put down to noise; for the passengers' cabin was neither insulated nor sound-proofed, and the roar of the Star-raker's jets was clearly and continuously audible—a confused tumbling sound, like the turmoil and throb of a mighty waterfall heard from afar. But neither buzziness nor headache was sufficiently bad to mar her enjoyment.

She was standing by one of the forward windows admiring the view when Keith Hamilton's voice, sharp and urgent, came crackling into her headphones.

"Fiona, strap yourself in. Turn on your oxygen full. Quick."

"Right."

She ran back to her seat. She clamped on her mask. She fumbled with her safety belt. As she locked it tight, she realised the cabin was very quiet. The jets had cut. A second later she was jerked forward against her belt as the plane dipped into a dive.

She sat very still, struggling to dam back a rising flood of fear. It was the uncertainty that frightened her most; the not knowing what it was that was wrong. Had the controls jammed? Was the plane on fire? Had one of the pilots—like Somerville—been taken ill? She longed to snatch up the transmitter and cry into it "Keith! Keith! Tell me what's happening." But she managed to steel herself not to. For here—obviously—was an emergency; and the pilots, she knew, would have enough on their hands without having to explain what was happening to a passenger.

## Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

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Danger sharpened her perception. She found herself assessing their angle of dive by the amount her body was inclined against its safety belt. She found herself analysing the little sounds, which (in the jets had cut) were clearly audible. She could recognise the sibilant sigh of liquid flowing back down the hydraulic pipes and the circulatory hiss of the interpane coolant; and there was another sound as well, a sound that defied analysis, a whine so high-pitched as to be almost inaudible, like the whistling ultrasonic whirl of a dentist's water drill.

It was an uncomfortable sound: never wavering in its intensity; vaguely menacing. Perhaps, she

thought, it was the wind, astream over the Star-raker's wings.

Darkness: sudden and unexpected. One moment the unscreened sun flooding in through the cabin windows: the next moment the sun blocked out, and swirling past the windows a sea of gun-metal grey. The Star-raker had plummeted into cloud.

In the few minutes since Fiona had strapped herself in they had dropped nearly 40,000 feet.

She felt sweat cold on her forehead. A terrible fear took hold of her: that she was the only person

alive in the plane, that the Star-raker was plunging earthward faster and faster like a falling star, out of control. It was quite illogical, of course. She knew that. If the Star-raker had really been out of control, it would have disintegrated long before this.

And yet the fear remained: all-pervading, paralysing. She felt herself growing rigid with terror. She was about to scream into the mouth-piece, when—sudden and unexpected—the ram jets fired, and a second later Keith's voice came flooding into her ears.

"Fiona! Are you all right?"

"Oh, Keith! Thank heaven you're there. What's happening?"

"Everything's all right. At least for the moment."

The Star-raker gave a sudden lurch, like a ship riding an un-

expected wave. A pause: then, "You strapped in tight, Fiona?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm strapped in. But what's happening?"

Another lurch: sharper this time. The Star-raker bucketing uneasily. And Keith Hamilton telling her what had gone wrong.

When he saw the needle of the cabin pressure indicator subside to zero, Keith knew that there were three possibilities:

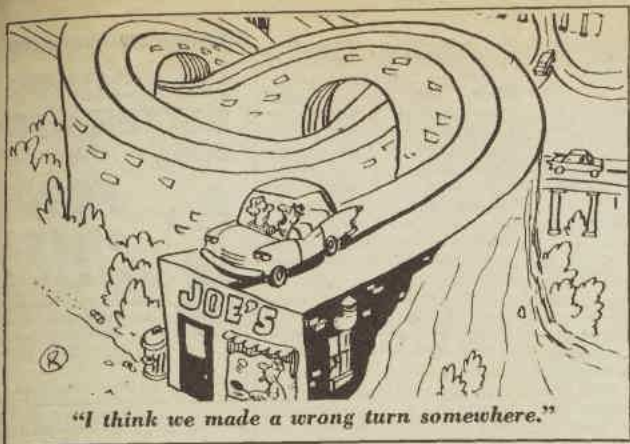
An air leak in the skin of the fuselage. If that was the trouble, then they had had it; in a matter of seconds the air would rush out through the leak, the plane would disintegrate, and that would be that.

A fault in the compression system. If that was the trouble they had

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"I think we made a wrong turn somewhere."

## Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

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one chance — and one chance only — of survival. If they could get down quickly enough to under 35,000 feet they'd be safe. Why 35,000 feet? Because that is the maximum height at which human beings can live for more than a few minutes without their bodies being artificially pressurised—at heights above 35,000, blood begins to boil and veins and arteries to burst.

A fault in the pressure indicator. If that was the trouble, then they had nothing to worry about. But —and here was the crux of the matter—they had no means of telling, in the air, where the trouble lay. They would have been mad not to assume the worst.

And so the second Keith saw the

needle of the indicator fall back to zero he began to lose height: as fast as he could.

It sounds simple—to lose height in an aircraft. But it wasn't. For to lose height it was necessary, first, to lose speed (or else the aircraft would have broken up in her dive); and the Star-raker — perversely — refused to lose speed. For she was streamlined: all the skill of designer, draughtsman, and engineer had combined to make her aerodynamically perfect, free from friction or drag; the result was that now, even when the jets were cut, her momentum bore her on, carried

her forward through the thin air. Keith watched the air speed indicator drop back with painful slowness: Mach 3, Mach 2.5, Mach 2. It seemed an age before it was safe to lower the dive brakes and tip the Star-raker into a steady twenty-degree dive. At first they descended quickly; but as the air became thicker the friction increased and they had to decrease speed still further. Keith felt the sweat wet on the palms of his hands. If the compression system had failed the blood vessels that led to their brains would be bursting any moment now — unless he did something. He took a chance. He steepened the Star-raker's dive. At an angle of twenty-five degrees their speed began to build up: dangerously. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Cridland staring at the air-speed indicator. But he held the stick firmly in place.

They whispered down through the tropopause: down toward the safety of the girdle of denser atmosphere encircling the earth. Above them the stars gradually paling; beneath them the clouds gradually taking on more definite shape, a shifty kaleidoscopic mosaic; and on the instrument panel the needle spinning round the face of the altimeter: 70,000 feet; 65,000 feet; 60,000.

Keith Hamilton glanced at his co-pilot. "You feeling O.K.?"

"Fine." Cridland leaned forward; he tapped the pressure indicator. "Reckon the trouble's here."

"Hope to heaven you're right."

Silence; and the needle spinning round: 55,000, 50,000, 45,000.

"Only another 10,000 to go."

Keith nodded. The stars had vanished now; the sky was a paler, more cobalt blue, and the clouds were very near.

**K**EITH had hoped — rather against hope — that the top of the cloud belt would be lower than 35,000 feet, that they'd be able to level off in the clear above the depression. But it wasn't to be.

At 43,000 feet the sun vanished; the world turned suddenly grey; visibility dropped to a couple of dozen yards; and the Star-raker sank into cloud, into the maw of the depression.

The turbulence started at once. And it was bad enough to make Keith wonder if they hadn't jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The hammer blows of wind smashed into the plane, tossing her this way and that. By the time they had levelled off at a shade under 35,000 the buffeting was so severe that the instruments became difficult to read, and the straps of their safety belts began to bruise their shoulders.

That was why, when he had time to speak to Fiona, the first thing Keith asked her was whether she was strapped in tight.

He was relieved to hear that she was. Relieved, too, that she seemed so cool and matter-of-fact. Her oxygen, she said, was coming through freely; her straps were tight, and she was reasonably comfortable. Indeed, as soon as he had explained what had gone wrong, she seemed more concerned over her plasma than anything else. The bouncing about, she told him, wasn't doing it any good.

But the bouncing about was something over which they had no control. The Star-raker vibrated and shuddered in the grip of unseen air currents. Hail rattled on windshield and fuselage. And it wasn't long before a veneer of ice began to form on their wings.

When he saw the needle on the de-icing indicator flick up to maximum, Keith moistened his lips.

"We'll have to get out of this."

Quickly Cridland worked out a number of alternatives. To reach Moose Lake would take them an hour and fifty minutes; back to Gander an hour and forty minutes; south over the border to Rapid City or Huron an hour and five minutes.

Keith, wrestling with the controls, glanced at the list of courses and times of arrival.

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## Sweet, sweet surprise!

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## Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 59

"Looks like we'd better head south. And land in the States."

But when Fiona heard the suggestion she was up in arms.

"You can't land in the States. They'll impound the plasma."

Keith was impatient. "What's the plasma compared to the plane—not to mention three people's lives?"

Then "What about publicity? Won't do the Star-raker any good if we come down in the States?"

That, he had to admit,

was true. He could visualise all too well the awkward questions. Yet what were the alternatives? His lips tightened. One thing he was sure of: they'd stay below 35,000, they wouldn't risk blacking out in the tropopause. He turned to Cridland.

"We got enough fuel for Moose Lake?"

It took a couple of minutes to finish his calculations; and he checked them through twice.

"I reckon we'd make it. With twenty minutes to spare."

### HAZEL . . .

. . . by Ted Key



### "Care for the newspaper?"

(Hazel can be seen on Sydney's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Fridays; Adelaide's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Mondays; Melbourne's Channel 7 at 7.30 p.m., Wednesdays; and Brisbane's Channel 7 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.)

of gradually diminishing heaviness, through turbulence of slowly lessening severity. Their track was accurate (they could check that by the automatic navigator); their consumption of fuel was no higher than they had expected; and after a while their anxiety and fear gradually gave way to the elation of those who have taken a risk and managed to get away with it.

They came out of cloud over the Rockies and saw ahead and on either side a mosaic of white-capped mountain and white-topped cumulus. It was difficult, sometimes, to distinguish one from the other; but after two or three minutes Cridland pinpointed their position, a little north of the slab-sided Mount Assiniboine.

"We're on course, Keith. On schedule, too."

Keith cut four of the jets, conserving their fuel.

They lost height steadily — six hundred feet a minute — skirting the darker patches of cumulus whose turbulence might have been dangerous. The horizon ahead became slowly more determinate, more of a well-defined line. Keith peered at it at first suspiciously, then with relief. He called through to Fiona.

"We're O.K. now. I can see the sea."

"Good! The sooner this plasma gets into the lab, the better."

"You're a cool one! Is the plasma all you've been worried about?"

To page 61

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A pause, then the ever-so-slightly mocking voice that he was never quite sure how to take. "But what else should I have been worried about? I never doubted the great Keith Hamilton would force a way through!"

Ten minutes later their nose-wheel thudded on to the Moose Lake runway.

As soon as he'd parked the Star-raker, Keith walked through to the passengers' cabin. He found Fiona disconnecting the leads of her container.

"Not too nice a trip, I'm afraid."

"No, but we made it all right in the end."

"Why don't you go and rest, Fiona? I'll get your plasma into the lab."

"What?" She cupped a hand to her ear, wincing.

"I said you go and rest. I'll see to your plasma."

Her eyes opened very wide at that. "Would you let me see to your pressure system?"

"No, but—"

"Then don't be silly." She went on disconnecting the leads.

He left her. If that was the way she was feeling — perverse and independent — then she could get on with it. He checked in at flying control, then went in search of the Senior Engineer to tell him about the compression failure.

**S**OME ten minutes later, as Keith came out from the hangars, he noticed an odd-looking party approaching the Star-raker. There were half-a-dozen of them and they were all dressed in bulky heavily padded suits. The Senior Engineer said they were scientists from the research department. And Keith recognised their padded suits; he had seen them before; they were the sort of suits worn by the first men ashore at Bikini; they were standard anti-radiation clothing. The men vanished into the Star-raker's cabin. After a while they reappeared, carrying Fiona's plasma. They carried it very carefully, over the tarmac and into a block of offices opposite the hangars.

Keith Hamilton was both impressed and intrigued. Impressed that the plasma should be handled with such care; intrigued with the protective clothing. When Fiona had handled the plasma, she hadn't worn any protective clothes. Should she have? And what sort of plasma was it, that it had to be handled by men in anti-radiation suits?

The plasma was divided into four parts. One part was held in reserve in case any of the initial experiments called for an immediate recheck; one part was drained into the continuous culture fermenter to increase growth, and the other two parts were set aside to be analysed.

It was the process of analysing that Fiona was watching now. And as she noted the way the Moose Lake scientists went about their work, one doubt at least was resolved: the failure of the first batch of plasma hadn't been due to faulty analysis. For it was apparent at once that the Canadian scientists were every bit as competent as their English counterparts; Doctor Russell herself checked every stage of their experiments, and the conclusions they arrived at were beyond dispute.

Once again the plasma was not as it should have been.

The whole picture, it was true, wouldn't be clear until late the following evening — for it would take time to break down the blood cells completely—but one thing was apparent right from the start: for the second time running something had damaged the plasma en route.

And before long something else became apparent: something that Fiona found very surprising. In the first batch of plasma all the cancer-resisting cells had died; but in the second batch (the batch they were testing now) it seemed as if only some had died. Others were still showing signs of life. Somehow, in spite of the longer duration of the flight, in spite of the emergency let-down and the buffeting of the storm, the second consignment of plasma had not been so completely spoiled as the first.

Fiona was trying to puzzle out

## Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 60

this when she saw Keith Hamilton working his way toward her across the floor of the lab.

"Ah, Fiona! How's the jolly old plasma?"

"Too early to say for sure. How's the jolly old pressure system?"

"That's what I've come to tell you." He seemed obscurely pleased.

"The maintenance bods are making a big thing of it. They want the Star-raker laid up for thirty-six hours: to give her a thorough check. So looks like we're stuck here for the weekend."

"I'll be able to watch my tests right the way through."

He smiled. "I can think of better ways of spending the weekend."

"Yes?"

She regretted that as soon as she'd said it — for she was tired, headachy, and preoccupied — but the challenge slipped out instinctively.

"How 'bout a dinner dance at the Alpine Inn—for a start? Thirty miles that-away." He pointed to the foothills of the Rockies. "I've been there before. And it's quite a place."

"I'm sorry, Keith. But didn't anyone ever tell you? My heart belongs to my plasma."

"You kidding?"

To page 62



## PICTURE THE DIFFERENCE ASTOR 'Barclay' MAKES !



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**Continuing . . .**

**STAR-RAKER**

from page 61

"No. But never mind. I'm sure you'll find somebody else."

She regretted that, too, as soon as the words were out of her mouth. The devil seemed to be twisting her tongue this afternoon.

He raised one eyebrow, politely, as though mildly amused at such bad manners. "As you wish." And he walked, without another word, out of the laboratory.

She felt put out, vexed with herself, not for having refused him but for the way she had done it. Then one of the scientists passed her an analysis slide, and the dinner dance and the Alpine Inn were less even than a memory of what might, perhaps, have been.

Keith went straight to the telephone operator. He knew the number sufficiently well not to have to check through his diary.

"Western 10706."

He told himself he'd had a lucky escape. With Fiona he'd have very likely been in for a difficult evening; this way he knew where he stood.

He was relieved when the operator told him his number was on the line: an attractive air hostess doesn't spend all that much of her time sitting beside the telephone.

"Evening, Jenny McLeod."

"Keith! What a lovely surprise." Her voice was warm and friendly; very different to the mocking voice of the boss' daughter.

"Glad to find you at home, Jenny. Doing anything tonight?"

"No. You clap your hands. And I come running."

"Not running, Jenny McLeod. In your smart new car. In about a couple of hours."

"Any other instructions?"

"Yes. When you get to the airfield come round to Biological Research."

"Biological Research. Yes, sir!"

The line clicked dead.

A few minutes after six o'clock he heard the hoot of a horn, and looking up saw her sports car parked under the laboratory windows. She slid gracefully from driver's seat to passenger's, took off her sun-glasses, shook loose her long golden hair, and waited. He couldn't have wished for a better entrance. Fiona would be bound to have seen her.

He walked briskly across and swung into the seat beside her. He kissed her lightly behind the ear and his eyes slid for an unguarded second to the laboratory windows.

"You're very demonstrative all of a sudden," she said.

As they pulled away from the Research Department Jenny McLeod looked back curiously at the windows of the laboratory. She was no fool.

Fiona had seen them all right. She found herself smiling. She sorted through a number of slides, making notes automatically on the state of the cells; and as she

**\*\*\*\*\* AS I READ \*\*\*\*\***

**THE STARS**

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting June 13

**ARIES**  
MAR. 21-APR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.  
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tues.

**TAURUS**  
APR. 21-MAY 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gambling colors, silver, blue.  
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

**GEMINI**  
MAY 21-JUNE 21  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Gambling colors, white, black.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

**CANCER**  
JUNE 22-JULY 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

**LEO**  
JULY 23-AUG. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Gambling colors, black, yellow.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Tuesday.

**VIRGO**  
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, blue, rose.  
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

**LIBRA**  
SEPT. 23-OCT. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

**SCORPIO**  
OCT. 23-NOV. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.  
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 23-DEC. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.  
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

**CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 23-JAN. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, tan.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

**AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 20-FEB. 18  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, navy, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

**PISCES**  
FEB. 19-MAR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Gambling colors, red, black.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ Your own home offers a haven from outside worries and responsibilities, with time out from the social round to attend to your own affairs. Visitors contribute to your happiness.

★ A friend of your own sex may introduce a dashing stranger who has expressed a desire to meet you—object romance. Others hear of a desirable job or business proposition.

★ All those wonderful schemes could remain in the air without a good financial foundation. Some of you will do a bit of juggling, but you'll come through without serious damage.

★ If you've fallen out with someone, this is the moment to make it up. Links formed now are likely to last, so don't rush in. True love may have to weather a crisis.

★ Don't expect spectacular events or a glorious success just now. Developments are not yet apparent. Set things in order, for the big moment is coming in about a month's time.

★ To stay on a high plane of vitality you'll need exercise out of doors. Sport is a tonic which stimulates you and widens your outlook. Don't sit at home and brood.

★ A great deal of your future may depend on what you do now. You may take a new job, move, get married. It will be the start of a new and exciting chapter in your life.

★ A journey may lead to new plans, hopes. Unexpected developments might range from the offer of a job to an offer of marriage; at the least you'll go on a new tangent.

★ You'll be tempted to take sides or repeat what are merely rumors resting on slight foundation. None of this is any concern of yours; say nothing and keep friends.

★ A number of you meet a fascinating person different from anyone you have known. You are strongly attracted to each other. The newcomer may become a permanent life factor.

★ You are inclined to scatter your forces over too wide a field, but this week you concentrate on one item until you can check it off. A surprising number of projects fit in easily.

★ Your beloved may pay you extra attentions. If you happen to be more concerned with money than personal relationships, just now you could be fortunate in an investment.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

**\*\*\*\*\***

**Notice to Contributors**

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

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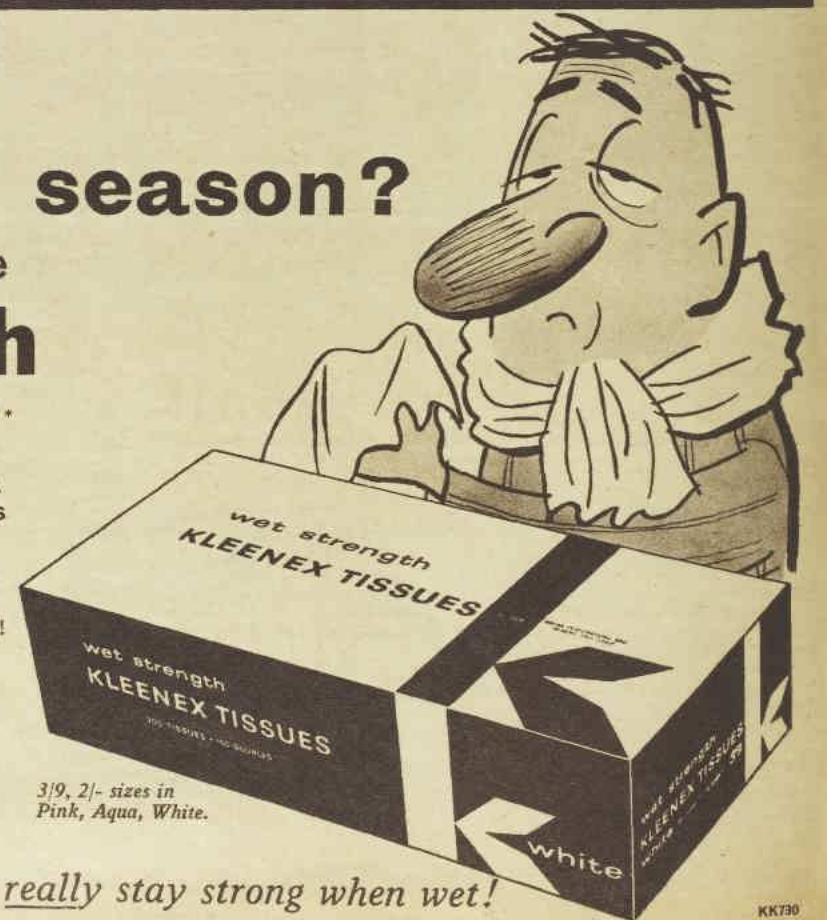
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## Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 62

evidence would be coming through for at least another twelve hours. She spent an instructive three or four hours talking to Dr. Russell and looking over the various departments.

Then in the afternoon she retired to the garden at the back of the laboratories with a stack of research notes.

It wasn't till tea time that she saw Keith Hamilton.

She had gone across to the airfield canteen for a cup of tea. So, it seemed, had he. Out of common politeness they could only take their cups of tea to the same table. Keith was amused to see her busily stir-

ring her tea—which he knew had no sugar in it. He smiled at her, condescendingly.

"You have a thrillin' time last night, Fiona?"

"I was very well pleased with my evening, thank you."

As he watched her it struck Keith Hamilton that she was looking none too well. He remembered her headache of the previous evening, and it occurred to him that perhaps the let-down and storm had shaken her more than he had realised.

"How's the headache, Fiona?"

She smiled. "Better, thank you." A pause: then she added quietly, "I really did have a headache, you know. Last night."

He was slightly taken aback at such directness.

"Let's get this straight now. When I asked you out last night you really had got a headache. But you haven't got a headache now?"

"Right."

"Then how about the Alpine Inn tonight?"

His motives in asking her were complex: atonement for Jenny McLeod, the desire to get her alone and pump her about the plasma, and the chance to refurbish his ego after last night's rebuff.

She looked at him critically. "What a half-hearted invitation! Not delivered, I feel, in Keith Hamilton's best technique!"

"I thought you'd say 'no' in any case."

His admission seemed to both please and amuse her.

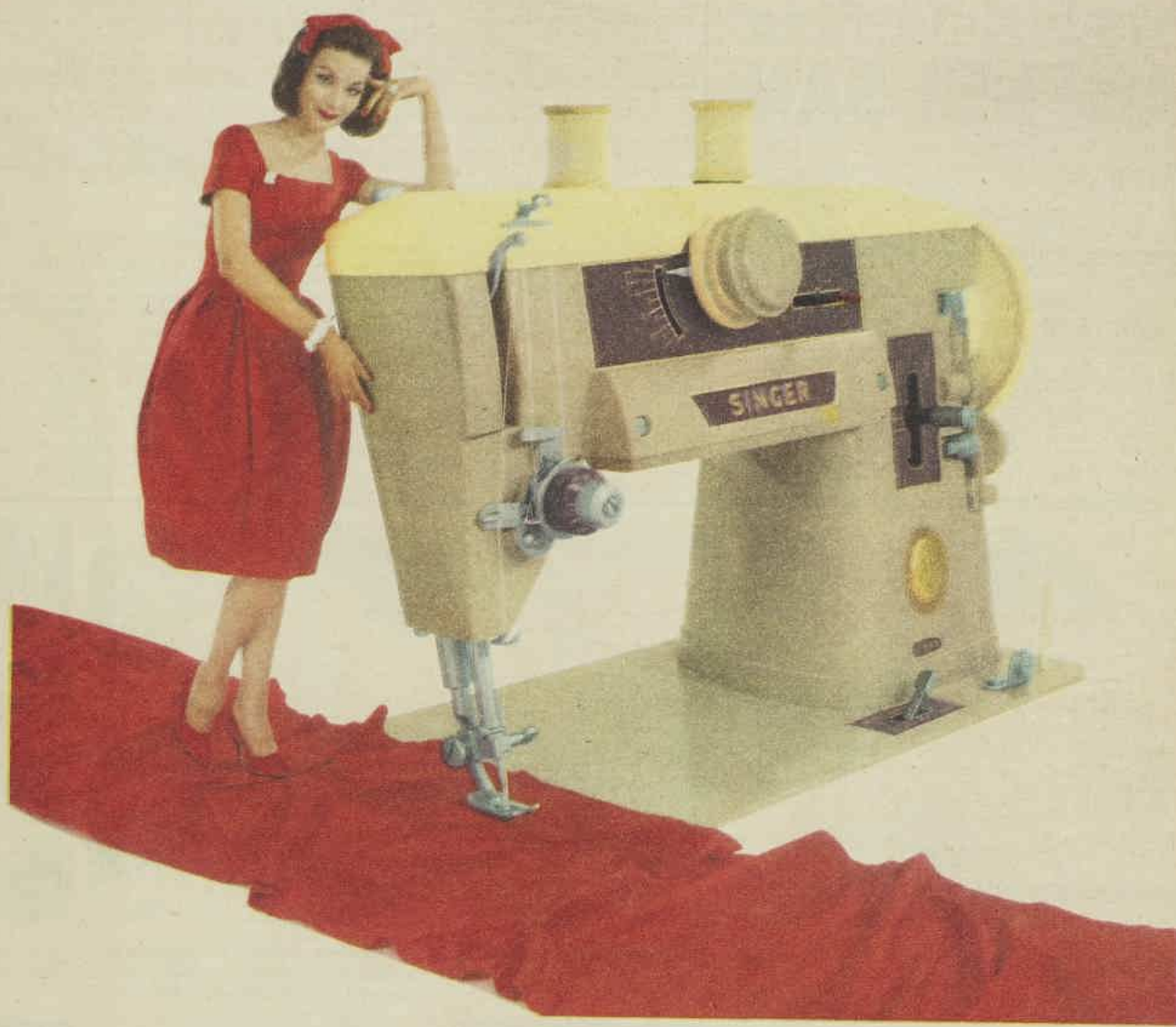
"Oh, I'm sure no girl could refuse Keith Hamilton on two consecutive nights."

"You'll come then?" He was surprised how relieved he felt.

"I'll come — on one condition. That we get back by eleven. To hear the result of the tests."

Keith hired a car and Fiona was prepared to enjoy herself. But it soon became clear that Keith was determined to mix business with pleasure. The moment they pulled away from the airfield he started to question her about the plasma. She yawned. But he didn't take the hint. His questions went probing on.

To page 64



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worked the realisation came to her that she wouldn't have minded so much if only the girl hadn't been so provokingly attractive. Her smile became even more fixed, her eyes even more unhappy, and she became increasingly conscious of the fact that her head was aching and that little twinges of pain were fluttering high up across the back of her neck.

The analysis slides were coming through fast now, and their evidence was falling into a recognisable pattern (a pattern which seemed to indicate that the cancer-resisting cells, this time, had retained almost 40 percent of their efficiency). This evidence did more than interest Fiona. It fascinated her. Nevertheless there were moments when her concentration lapsed. Then her headache drove her early to bed.

At 9.30, with the analysing no more than half completed, she made her excuses and went to her room. She felt tired, frustrated, and more than a little depressed.

She took two aspirin and curled up between the cool linen sheets. For quite some time she lay awake, staring at the ceiling, thinking. But round about eleven o'clock her eyes closed and she fell at last into the deep of the utterly exhausted.

Early in the morning she woke suddenly: all of a piece: frightened. For a moment she couldn't think where she was, or what was making the noise. Then she got it. She reached for the bedside telephone.

"Miss Fiona McIver? I have a long-distance connection from England."

She blinked: half with sleep, half with surprise. Then her father's voice came over the line, "You there, Fiona? You have a good trip over?"

SHE felt suddenly on guard. She knew her father. He wouldn't be phoning Moose Lake at 7.30 a.m. at pounds a minute just to make pleasant small talk.

"Good enough, thank you."

"How's the plasma this time?"

"The first tests were indecisive."

"How do you mean, indecisive? Are the cancer-resisting cells alive or dead?"

She knew that his knowledge of aircraft was encyclopedic, but she had never known him before take much interest in biological research. She tried to keep her reply simple.

"Half the cells have died. The other half have been weakened, but they're still alive."

"I see. What height did you fly at?"

"Seventy-five thousand, I think, for most of the way. Then something went wrong with the pressure system and we had to let down."

"Ah!"

That seemed to interest him. Fiona could picture him at his desk, scribbling away on his memo pad. Then came the unexpected.

"Promise me something, Fiona."

That put her more on guard than ever. "Depends what."

"I don't want you to fly back in the Star-raker. There's a 707 leaving Vancouver this evening. I've booked you a seat."

Her lips tightened. The 707 didn't suit her books at all; if she left that evening she would miss the result of the tests.

"Tell me why."

"I'm not able to tell you why, Fiona." His voice was impatient. "There are things going on I can't tell you or anyone. You ought to be old enough to accept that. Now please do as I tell you."

"Have you anything else to say, Father?"

"Not at the moment. The rest will keep till I see you tomorrow."

That did it. The bland assumption of her obedience tipped her into open revolt. She put down the receiver: gently. Then she rang through to Vancouver and cancelled her seat in the 707. She took a long time over her bath and her dressing, and a long time, too, over breakfast. Then she walked across to the laboratory.

The plasma was going through the final stage of its analysis now, the electronic breaking down of its cells. This, she knew, was a process that called for no more than routine supervision, and no fresh



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## Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 63

They were well into the foothills before the penny dropped and he seemed to realise how much he was boring her. It was too late by that time for the restraint which had grown up between them to dissipate all at once. But when he forgot the plasma and began to talk of everyday things—the car, the road, and the scenery—it was at least a step in the right direction.

The road climbed steadily until at last they could see—some half-dozen miles ahead—the facade of the Alpine Inn. It was built on the crest of a rocky spur. It was modern, gay, and luxurious, yet at the same time it fitted pleasantly into its surroundings. It was everything Keith Hamilton had promised.

They ate chicken Maryland and drank 1953 Riesling Auslere by the light of candles in silver candelabra. They waltzed and tangoed and cha-cha-ed to one of the finest bands on the Pacific seaboard. And yet something was missing. And they both knew it. There was no spark between them. At least to start with.

But as the evening progressed things got better. After a while the band and the breath-taking view and the Riesling Auslere fell into their proper place—the background—the restraint between them began to wear off, little by little; and eventually they came to relax.

They talked at first of things that were safe, of books and films and mutual acquaintances, of her time at Cambridge and his in the R.A.F. They found they weren't in agreement over a good many issues, but they

were able nearly always to see and appreciate each other's point of view. And it wasn't long before they got on to more personal ground. They began to feel a growing interest in each other: a keen, inquisitive proprietary sort of interest. They were discussing their respective positions in McIver-Ducann when Keith said casually: "I suppose it's not all beer and skittles being the boss' daughter."

Her eyes dropped. "No. The boss hasn't much time for daughters."

Her unhappiness touched him; he decided to try and laugh it away. "You'll be telling me your father beats you next!"

His smile wasn't answered. "Oh no." Her voice was flat. "Nothing exciting like that. He's not sufficiently interested."

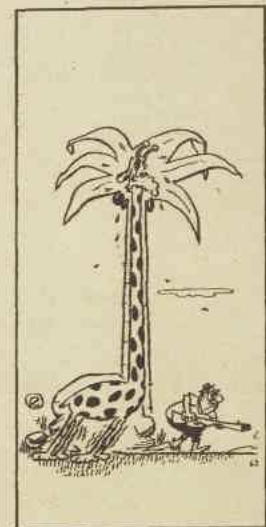
"Come off it, Fiona!"

She stared at him, her eyes widening. She wondered why she was talking like this; why she was suddenly wanting to tell him things that she had kept to herself for years? Was it because he was so much older than the rest of her friends (and yet not too old—like Eddystone—to understand); was it because of his reputation as a man of the world; or was it simply because she felt instinctively that she could trust him?

"I'll tell you about Father. All about him. It'll be good for me to get it off my chest . . . He started in the Glasgow assembly sheds; a rigger at fourteen bob a week; a little insignificant cog in a little, not very exciting, firm. But he had brains and he

worked. He worked fifteen or sixteen hours a day; not like so many self-made men almost to the top, but to the very top.

"And when he got there he found he'd the touch of Midas. Everything he put his hand to turned to gold. The company grew and grew. So McIver-Ducann is really his



creation, you see. His empire." She paused. "It's a wonderful empire. I know that. But there's no place in it for women."

"Other businesses have women executives. But who ever heard of a woman executive in an aircraft company? Women are no use in the air. So you see"—her voice suddenly dropped—"you see what the death of his son meant to Daddy. The bottom

fell out of his world. All of a sudden there was no one to hand his empire on to."

"Poor Father! He ought to have had more sons. He did try, you know. He was very sensible about it. In the 1930s he must have seen there was going to be a war. He must have seen he'd got all his eggs in one basket. He decided to have another son. But Mother didn't oblige him. Wasn't that naughty of her! But she did have me. Then she got herself killed in the blitz."

He took her hand. His voice was serious, matter-of-fact, unsugared by flattery.

"I can't speak for your father, my dear, I admit that. But if I ever have a child, I hope it's a daughter. And I hope she grows into a woman rather like you."

He meant it; he wasn't trying to comfort her; he really meant what he said. She knew it; and, as she stared at him, a lot else besides.

The candlelight was soft, the drums beat a muffled fandango, her hand in his was cool and relaxed. The tension had left her. She smiled.

"Be my confessor, Keith. I've told you about Father. Now let me tell you about me."

"I shall enjoy that. Very much."

She shook her head. "You'll be disillusioned, more like. And shocked. But I'll risk it." She clasped her hands in her lap, like a little girl about to recite.

"I had a happy childhood—up to the time I was three. Then within a couple of weeks my mother and my brother died. She was killed driving an ambulance in the blitz; he was shot down over the Channel. It was like suddenly losing the sun and the moon."

To page 66



Once there was a woman who loved fine soft woolies . . . big fluffy blankets . . . cuddly woolly baby things . . . expensive sweaters and cardigans.



But so often washing meant matting and shrinking. (Soap powders—great for most fabrics—are too harsh for wool.)



Then a neighbour told her of the marvellous new cold water wool shampoo—'specially made for washing wool. Precious cashmere, mohair too!



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• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

**F7618.**—Slim-styled frock has unusual bodice. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, three-quarter sleeves, 2½ yds. 54in. material; short sleeves, 3½ yds. 36in. Price 3/6.

**F7618**



**F7620.**—Two-piece. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, three-quarter sleeves, 3½ yds. 54in. material; short sleeves 4½ yds. 36in. Both need grosgrain ribbon for trim. Price 3/6.

**F7620**



**F7619.**—Coat dress has contrast pleated panel. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, three-quarter sleeves, 2½ yds. 54in. material; short sleeves, 4 yds. 36in.; both need 1 yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.

**F7107.**—Full-length maternity nightgown. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. lace insertion with ribbon. Price 4/6.

**F7107**



**F7018**

**F7018.**—Little girl's princess-line coat. Sizes eight to 14 years. Requires 2½ to 3½ yds. 54in. material. Price 4/-.



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**F7524.**—Pretty party dress. Sizes seven, eight, and nine years. Requires, long sleeves, 3 to 3½ yds. 36in. material; short sleeves, 2½ to 3½ yds. 36in.; both need 3½ yds. 1½in. wide insertion with ribbon. Price 3/-.



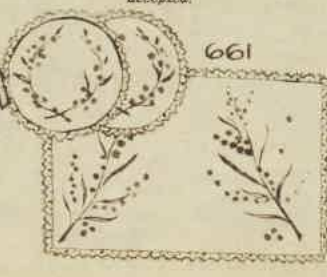
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Turn to Home Plan page for this week's "signature" plan.



"I remember one afternoon he was sitting in the garden and I climbed on to his lap and tried to pull the wings off his uniform — I suppose I reckoned that once I got hold of them I'd be able to fly, too. I remember him laughing and getting a pair of scissors and cutting them off and putting them into my hand . . . It must have been about a week later that Father came into the nursery, very early one morning and told me that Jamie had flown his aeroplane all the way to heaven. But I can't say I remember crying or feeling sad. The tears came later; when I discovered the wings wouldn't really help me to fly."

She smiled, a small apologetic smile. "I'm afraid this sounds all very sentimental."

He shook his head. "Not sentimental. Just middlin' sad."

"Middling sad?"

"What you've told me is sad, Fiona, of course. But it's not a soul-searing tragedy, is it? I mean lots of people lost only brothers in the war. And more."

She shrugged. "I suppose any psychologist could have told what would happen next. Father took Jamie's death badly. We lived with his ghost for years; we still live with it: portraits and photos of him in every room and a thousand-and-one little things reminding us all the time of the gap that will never be filled. I loved Father very much — in those days. I used to lie awake at nights, crying, wishing I'd been born a boy. Silly, wasn't it?"

He shook his head. He could see the seeds of tragedy now: the motherless girl brought up by a series of nannies and the father who worked sixteen hours a day and

## Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 64

dreamed dreams she could never share. It would be an oversimplification to say she was unloved and unwanted. But she must often have felt very much alone.

"Go on," he said.

"I'm ashamed to."

"You've no cause to be ashamed, Fiona. Whatever happened, whatever you did or said or felt, it couldn't be wrong to me."

"But I've never told anyone before."

"All the more reason for telling me now."

"I must have been about ten when the answer came to me: I'd be a woman test pilot. I read all the flying books I could lay my hands on: war stories, autobiog-

raphies, technical books. I studied the theory of flight, fuel systems, oxygen systems, aerodynamics, the lot. And father was pleased. When I asked him if I could start flying lessons it was almost frightening; as if he was seeing Jamie re-born. And what do you think happened?"

She looked up: suddenly. To his intense embarrassment he saw she was crying. "I was no good," she whispered. "I was so afraid I used to freeze on the controls."

"I'd see the horizon toppling sideways and the fields rushing up to meet me. I'd feel my stomach falling one way and my breath being

sucked out the other. And I'd grab the stick so tight the instructor couldn't pull it away. It was horrible." She shuddered.

"So you gave up?"

"Not at once. I kept on trying. I even went solo—after thirty-three hours. Just think of that: thirty-three hours: all the pilots I'd read about went solo in less than ten. And I never stopped being afraid. One day I asked my instructor if it was worth going on. I remember exactly how he looked at me and exactly what he said: 'I think too much of you, Miss Fiona, not to tell you the truth. In time you might make a third-rate pilot, but you'll never in a hundred years make a good one.'"

"Was your father very disappointed?"

"It was worse than that, really. You see, he'd just started to take an interest in me. My wanting to fly was something he could understand: a sort of bond between us: the only bond we had. When I gave up flying, the bond was broken. We had nothing in common. We were strangers. So I broke away altogether and went to Cambridge and took a degree."

He looked at her curiously. "But you came back?"

She nodded. "They said I was good at biochemistry." (He discovered later that she'd got the best of the three Firsts awarded her year.) "I had to put it to some use. Why not in aviation medicine?" She looked at him defiantly.

AND suddenly he understood. The dream hadn't died. A less determined person would have given up or would have settled for some small and humble way of helping. But Fiona wasn't the sort to do things by halves. She was too proud.

He stared at her: "You know what your trouble is?"

"Tell me."

"Lucifer's."

Her head jerked up. He thought at first that she was angry, then he saw that she was smiling—a slow, defiant smile. "And isn't it awful . . . I told you you'd be disillusioned and shocked . . . I know I'm proud. And I don't care a hoot. I like being that way!"

"I'm not in the least shocked, Fiona. But where's your pride going to get you? You've come back. Now suppose you do something important to help your father, something to make him proud of you? What then?"

She said simply, "Then I'll be happy, Keith. Then I'll be free: free to do what I want."

"And that is?"

"Oh"—lightly—"the usual thing. A husband. A cottage with roses round the door. A half dozen kids."

He stared at her. Stared at her until he felt certain her eyes would refuse to meet his. But they didn't drop.

"And to think I'd got you tabbed as the boss' pampered daughter, digging a nice, comfy niche for herself in the family firm! How dim can you get!"

"A lot of people think that. I must admit," she smiled ruefully, "it makes me hopping mad!" Her eyes dropped to the hands of her wrist-watch. She started. "Hey, look!"

"Only ten. Not bedtime yet."

"You've forgotten. We've got to be back by eleven to hear the result of the tests."

"Must we?"

She nodded. She reached for his hand. "Poor Keith! What a dreadful evening you've had. A girl who weeps, talks all the time 'bout herself, and then wants to go home!"

He smiled. "It's not what I usually fall for. I admit that. But honestly, I haven't enjoyed myself more for years." It wasn't until the words were out of his mouth that he realised they were true.

On the way back to Moose Lake she slept.

She slept like a little girl, her head nestling against his shoulder. He didn't wake her until they had passed the airfield gate. Then he shook her gently.

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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

IMMEDIATELY after the theft of a painting Mandrake orders the museum locked and traps the invisible thief inside. The staff begin searching with brooms. NOW READ ON...



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DON'T STAND THERE GRINNING LIKE AN IDIOT! GET YOURSELF A BROOM!

IN THE MUSEUM--THE SEARCH FOR AN INVISIBLE THIEF!

ROOM TO ROOM--CLOSET TO CLOSET--

ISN'T THIS THE CRAZIEST THING YOU EVER HEARD OF?

YES-- BUT IT'S BETTER THAN WORKING.

WELL--YOU SAID YOU DIDN'T KNOW HOW BIG HE WAS.

CHIEF THIS IS NO JOKE.

I'M BEGINNING TO THINK IT IS AN INVISIBLE THIEF-- REALLY?

I DON'T THINK HE COULD GET IN THERE.

AND AS THE SEARCH BECOMES A JOKE--

WELL--HE COULD BE SITTING UP THERE.

SURE-- WHY NOT?

EEEEEEK!

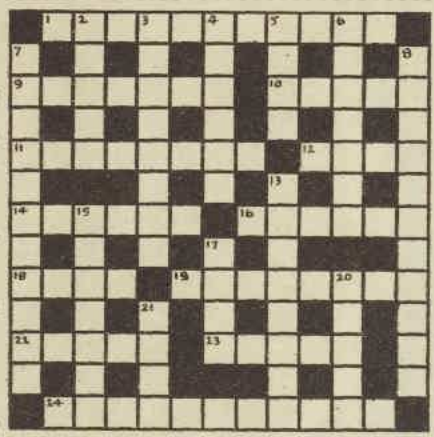
WHAT IS IT?

I THINK-- SOMETHING'S-- HERE!

CONTINUED--

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- Over-nourishment sounds like the memorial of a super victory (11).
  - Not only burdensome, but a sour one (7).
  - Change later (5).
  - The wand of Hermes (8).
  - The law neglected may produce such grass land (4).
  - We lost (anagr., 6).
  - You may call it a wicked illuminant (6).
  - Swallow a plug (4).
  - Everything taken together (8).
  - Rate of movement in music (5).
  - Declare invalid containing a Roman moon (5).
  - Is this the right vessel to go overseas for studying? (11).



Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.

- DOWN
- Produce. Why, told a mixed deliberate untruth (5).
  - Liberate from evil spirits (8).
  - 50-50 (4, 2).
  - No friend in this precious stone (4).
  - Ribbon round the lid (7).
  - Do you use the pocket battery in such a procession? (5-6).
  - A fruit and a nineteenth century politician go towards forming the outside of such fruit (6, 5).
  - They must be military barracks in Egypt where Nasser is kept with a hundred others (8).
  - An old-fashioned complimentary greeting (4, 3).
  - Old sovereign of Peru (4).
  - Coastal coal-mining town in New South Wales, south of Sydney (5).
  - Such a maid is a slave (4).

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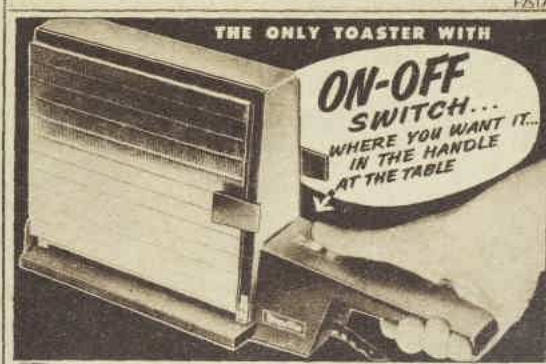
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"We're back, Fiona. Where's your room?"

She sat up, very much awake. "Over there. At the back of the sick-bay."

When they got there he was amused at how quickly she slid out of the car.

She leaned over the window, smiling, keeping carefully just out of his reach. "Thank you so much, Mr. Hamilton, for a wonderful evening."

"Aren't you going to invite me in for coffee? I'm as keen to know the result of the tests as you are."

She frowned, uncertain. Why shouldn't she? His interest seemed perfectly genuine; she wasn't the sort to care a fig for convention, and she was old enough, wasn't she, to look after herself. "All right then. But only to hear the result of the tests. That clear?"

He nodded. And she led the way into the block of apartments set aside for the company's V.I.P. guests.

Coffee abubble in the percolator, a Chopin nocturne on the record-player, the minutes slipping by: and the telephone still silent — down in the laboratories the plasma analysis was in its final stage, but it was still not complete.

Fiona and Keith were at ease with each other now. They knew where they stood. No restraints, complications, or (for the moment) expectations. They sipped their coffee and listened to the limpid notes of the recording drift out through the open window to haunt the night. Fiona was a connoisseur of recordings, quick to notice a fault in pitch or tone, quick, too, to respond to a bold interpretation.

## Continuing . . . STAR-RAKER

from page 66

Keith, to whom one recording was not much different from another, was surprised.

"You must have a very sensitive ear, Fiona."

She nodded. "I can always hear cicadas and crickets and things long before anyone else. And an ear for tone's jolly useful. You can tell a lot from people's voices."

"I see I'll have to be careful!"

She sheered away from his line of thought. "In fact," she said, "I think I'd rather be blind than deaf."

They were arguing the point in a vaguely combative way, then the telephone started to ring.

It was Dr. Russell with the result of the tests.

Fiona hadn't given much thought to the exact shape her conversation with Dr. Russell would take; but she had realised that because of Keith she wouldn't be able to talk freely of technicalities. It wouldn't do — in fact it would be quite disastrous — for all and sundry to know the exact line Eddlestone's research was taking. She spoke quickly.

"I've a friend with me, Dr. Russell."

"I see. In that case I'll keep my voice down."

"Please." She put a hand over the mouthpiece and gestured to the

record-player. "Keith, turn that thing off."

He realised Fiona was on guard; her opening gambit had told him that, but it seemed to him more than likely that in the course of conversation she'd let something slip which would give him a lead.

And he was right. At first he could gather little from the technical jargon, then came the slip. Suddenly, frighteningly, and with the physical shock of a douche of ice-cold water on a hot midsummer day, Fiona's voice came to him clearly through the open window.

"Of course, if you kill off the anti-cancer cells, you do get cancer."

He stiffened. He swung half round and he saw her looking at him. Her mouth had dropped open and her eyes were frightened. He heard her say breathlessly, "I'd better come round to see you tomorrow . . . Yes, I know . . . Goodnight." In the mirror he saw her put down the receiver.

They stared at each other across the room. He remembered Jago, his eyes glazed with pain, slumping to the floor of the Star-raker; he remembered Somerville being carried away from the plane on a stretcher; and he remembered Miles Eddlestone's warning, "There could be a tie-up between what happened to Somerville and what happened to my blood plasma." His voice was shocked as he walked over to her.

"Fiona! I didn't know you were working on cancer research!"

SHE was angry. She was angry with herself for having let the cat out of the bag, and angry with him for being on hand to catch the cat the second it jumped. She struck out blindly.

"You worked that very cleverly! I'll give you that."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, don't play the little innocent. You've been angling for that bit of information all evening."

It was a monstrous exaggeration, but it had just enough truth in it to hurt. His lips tightened.

"No need to get nasty. Just because you've made a fool of yourself."

"You took me out," her voice was hard with anger. "You've got what you wanted. Now will you please go."

He stared at her, his lips tightening. "If you think I took you out just to pump you about the tests you need your brain tested."

She sat down quickly. "I'm sorry, Keith. I didn't really think that. Not deep down. It's just . . . Oh, can't you see! I'm all mixed up."

It came to him then just how much she had had to cope with in the past forty-eight hours.

The emergency let-down and storm, the uncertainty over her tests, the confession about her father, the confession about her failure at flying, and now this—the slip that had given away the precise nature of Eddlestone's research work. No wonder she was "mixed up." He took her hands.

"Your secrets are safe with me, Fiona. All of them. I promise."

The anger ebbed out of her as suddenly as it had come. "Thanks, Keith."

She was grateful. He could sense that. But he could sense, too, that gratitude wasn't the real cause of her surrender.

The real cause was exhaustion, utter mental exhaustion. She had come to the end of her emotional tether; she didn't want to fight any more.

He let go of her hands. "I'll leave you now." At the doorway he paused. He looked back, smiling. "Night, Fiona."

"Night, Keith."

The door closed softly behind him.

She walked across to the window. She watched him climb into the car. She watched his headlights go snaking across the airfield; when they disappeared behind the roof of the hangar she felt very much alone.

To be continued

## Two deliciously different MAGGI Vegetable Soups

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# Winter Buffet



**THIS** three-page cookery feature gives recipes for dishes that are ideal for an informal buffet party because they carry well and will reheat easily, if necessary, in the oven or on the hotplate.

Quantities are sufficient for a party of eight but can be easily increased if necessary. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all the recipes.

## HUNGARIAN VEAL CASSEROLE

One pound veal steak,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. beef steak,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, salt, pepper, pinch nutmeg, 1 medium onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups stock (or  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chicken soup made up to  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups with water),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup uncooked rice, 1 cup green peas (fresh or quick-frozen),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup evaporated milk, sour cream or yoghurt, potato crisps.

Wipe and trim both steaks, put them through the mincer or chop very finely. Mix with breadcrumbs, beaten egg, salt and pepper, pinch nutmeg, using fork to press ingredients lightly together. Shape into balls a little smaller than golf ball. Arrange meat balls and sliced onion in layers in large, deep casserole. Pour stock over, cover and bake in moderate oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Meanwhile, cook rice and peas in usual way. Combine rice, half the peas, and evaporated milk or sour cream or yoghurt, fold lightly into casserole. Return to moderate oven further 30 to 40 minutes. Sprinkle remaining peas over top, garnish with crushed potato crisps, or, for very special occasions, shredded toasted almonds.

## PALATE-PLEASER SALAD

Lettuce leaves, cress, 1 cup small, chunky pieces of firm tomato (two tomatoes are good used in this way),  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups pineapple cubes,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped shallots, french dressing, new-style mayonnaise (see recipe below). Arrange crisp lettuce leaves and sprigs of cress in salad bowl. In centre pile pineapple

cubes, arrange tomato pieces and shallots around pineapple. Just before serving, toss with small quantity of french dressing. Serve with new-style mayonnaise in separate bowl.

**French dressing:**  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon each salt, sugar, pepper, and dry mustard, 3 tablespoons oil, 3 dessertspoons vinegar or lemon juice.

Place all ingredients except oil in screw-top jar. Place lid on, shake well to mix. Add oil and again shake well immediately before adding to salad.

**New-style mayonnaise:** Three-quarter cup mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon chopped mustard pickle, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon worcestershire sauce, few drops pink coloring.

Mix all ingredients thoroughly together.

## MEXICAN STEAK

One and a half pounds steak cut  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thick, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon fat or oil, 1 medium onion,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tomato puree,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup meat or vegetable stock, 3 or 4 medium-sized peeled potatoes (each cut into 3 or 4 even pieces),  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. french beans, 1 small zucchini (or when in season use young small chokoes), 1 or 2oz. stuffed olives.

Cut steak into 2 in. squares, toss with flour, salt and pepper. Brown 3 or 4 pieces at a time in hot fat or oil in heavy pan. Add sliced onion and tomato puree mixed with stock. Cover, simmer  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Remove ends and strings from beans, cut each one into 2 or

3 pieces, according to length. Add to stew with potatoes and sliced zucchini or choko, cook 20 to 30 minutes longer or until potatoes are tender. Add olives, serve.

## SUGAR-PLUM PIE

One and a half to 2lb. canned cherries or plums, 1 cup sugar, little lemon peel, 3 tablespoons sago, 8oz. shortcrust pastry, little extra sugar.

Drain liquid from canned fruit. Place fruit in large saucepan, sprinkle sugar over. Add lemon peel. Place over medium heat, shaking pan occasionally until sugar melts and forms syrup with water clinging to fruit. Sprinkle sago over, stir lightly to mix. Cook gently until fruit is soft, syrup thick, and sago cooked and clear. Set aside to become cool but not quite cold. Roll half the pastry thinly on floured board, line 9 in. or 10 in. tart-plate. Fill with cooled fruit mixture. Roll remaining pastry thinly. Using plate as a guide, cut with fluted cutter a circle of pastry about 8 in. in diameter to go on top of fruit mixture. Slit centre to form a cross. Lift on to pie, fold back corners (as shown above). Cut remaining pastry into fluted strips  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide, press outer edge lightly on to moistened rim of pie, inner edge resting on top of fruit. Brush pastry with water, sprinkle lightly with sugar. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, and bake further 20 minutes, or until pastry is crisp and brown.

**BUFFET DISHES** above are, from left, coffee walnut cake, sugar-plum pie, Hungarian veal casserole, palate-pleaser salad, piquant vegetable platter, crispy bits, golden harvest cheese loaf, Mexican steak, and company bake. See recipes.

## COFFEE WALNUT CAKE

Six ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. castor sugar, 3 eggs,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup plain flour, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 scant teaspoon instant coffee, Mocha icing, walnut halves.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar until soft and creamy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, mixing well. Fold in sifted flours and salt alternately with instant coffee dissolved in boiling water and mixed with milk. Turn into greased 7 in. or 8 in. cake-tin (base lined with greased paper). Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. When quite cold cover all over with Mocha icing and top with walnut halves.

**Mocha icing:** Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. icing-sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon instant coffee,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon sherry, 1oz. cooled melted chocolate.

Beat butter or substitute to soft cream, gradually adding icing-sugar sifted with instant coffee. Continue beating until soft and fluffy, adding melted chocolate, vanilla, and sherry. Spread over cake, decorate with walnut halves.

## CRISPY BITS

Cut bread rolls or a french loaf into thick crosswise slices. Brush all over with melted butter flavored with crushed garlic, chopped chives or shallots, or a little mixed herbs. Place on lightly greased oven-slide, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until crisp and golden.

Continued overleaf



# WINTER BUFFET

## ALMOND PINEAPPLE CHICKEN

One small can pineapple pieces, (drain and reserve  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup juice), 2oz. butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, pinch cinnamon and ground cloves, 2 tablespoons fruit chutney, 3 cups chicken stock, 3 cups diced cooked chicken,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sliced celery,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup slivered almonds.

Saute drained pineapple in heated butter 5 minutes. Blend cornflour and seasonings with pineapple juice, add chutney and stock. Add to pineapple, stir over low heat until thickened. Arrange chicken, celery, and half the almonds into greased

casserole. Pour sauce over, mix well. Sprinkle with remaining almonds, bake uncovered in moderate oven 25 minutes.

## PIQUANT VEGETABLE PLATTER

One pound baby beetroot (cooked whole, then peeled), 1 large can green asparagus (heated), 1lb. whole baby carrots or medium-sized carrots cut into spears (cooked in usual way),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cooked sliced celery, chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Arrange cooked beetroot, drained asparagus, and cooked carrots on serving platter. Sprinkle celery over beetroot, parsley over carrots, and

melted butter mixed with lemon juice over all. Serve piping-hot.

## COMPANY BAKE

One onion, 1 clove garlic, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1lb. hamburger minced steak, 4 rashers bacon, 2 cups chopped tomatoes, 1 4oz. can mushrooms,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water or stock, 1lb. macaroni, 3 cups chopped cooked spinach,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese, 3 or 4 slices processed cheese, 1 hard-boiled egg, salt, pepper.

Peel and chop onion and garlic, cook in butter or substitute until soft but not brown. Add hamburger mince and chopped bacon (rind removed). Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in tomatoes, mushrooms, and water or stock; season. Cover, sim-

mer  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Meanwhile, cook macaroni in boiling salted water until soft; drain and rinse. Mix chopped, cooked spinach with grated cheese. In a large, greased casserole place alternate layers of tomato-meat mixture, macaroni, and spinach mixture, starting and finishing with meat mixture, and reserving some spinach for top. Cover dish with lid or aluminium foil, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Mix reserved spinach with chopped hard-boiled egg, arrange in mounds on top. Cut processed cheese in strips, arrange lattice fashion between the mounds. Return to oven few minutes to melt cheese slightly. Serve piping-hot.

## GOLDEN HARVEST CHEESE LOAF

Two cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated cheese, good pinch cayenne pepper and mustard, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, little extra grated cheese and milk.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter or substitute, add cheese and seasonings. Mix to soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Press or roll to  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Cut into scones with 1 1/2in. or 2in. cutter. Pack closely together in lightly greased cake-tin. Brush top with milk, sprinkle lightly with extra grated cheese. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

## TOASTED ASPARAGUS ROLLS

One loaf sliced bread (very fresh), 1 can asparagus spears (drained), 1lb. butter, salt, pepper.

Remove crusts from bread, spread lightly with butter. Place asparagus spear on each piece of bread, sprinkle with salt and pepper, roll up. Just before serving, spread with a little butter (melted) and grill or bake until lightly browned and hot. Serve at once.

## BUTTERSCOTCH DREAM TART

One 9in. baked and cooled biscuit or shortcrust pastry-case, 5 tablespoons flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar, 1 1/2 cups milk, 2oz. butter, 2 egg-yolks, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon coffee essence or sherry,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pt. cream, sugar and vanilla to sweeten, walnut halves to decorate.

Combine flour and sugar in saucepan, gradually add milk and stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens; simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add butter and beaten egg-yolks. Flavor with vanilla, coffee essence or sherry. Mix well, fill into prepared pastry-case. Cool. Decorate top with cream which has been whipped until stiff and flavored with sugar and vanilla. Top with few walnut halves. Serve cut in wedges.

## CORN FRITTERS

Two cups drained whole kernel corn, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon baking-powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped ham, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Crush well-drained corn with fork. Add beaten eggs, then fold in sifted flour, salt, pepper, baking-powder, ham, and parsley; mix well. Drop a dessertspoonful at a time into heated oil, fry until golden brown. Lift out, drain on kitchen paper. Serve hot.

## CHINESE-STYLE FRIED RICE

Four cups cold dried boiled rice (allow to stand overnight if possible), 2 tablespoons oil, 2 eggs, 1 cup chopped shallots, 1lb. shelled prawns, 4oz. chopped cooked bacon, salt, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Heat half the oil in pan, add shallots. Cook 1 minute, remove from pan. Heat remaining oil in pan, add beaten eggs, and when eggs are half set add rice and salt to taste. Fry, turning frequently, until rice is lightly browned. Add shallots, bacon, sugar, and prawns; mix thoroughly. Serve immediately with separate bowl of soy sauce.

If preferred, eggs can be cooked and sliced and added with the shallots.

Extra ingredients such as Chinese cabbage (chopped and lightly cooked), bean sprouts (blanched and lightly fried), diced bamboo shoots, and diced water chestnuts can be included.

## GINGERBREAD CLOUD

Half cup bran cereal,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup treacle or golden syrup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup softened butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water, 1 egg, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground ginger,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground cloves, 2 egg-whites,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup desiccated coconut.

Measure bran cereal, syrup, butter, and boiling water into mixing-bowl. Add egg, beat well, let stand about 5 minutes. Sift together flour, soda, salt, and spices. Add to bran mixture, stirring only until combined. Spread in greased shallow tin, bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes. Beat egg-whites until frothy, add sugar gradually, fold in half the coconut. Spread mixture over warm gingerbread. Sprinkle with remaining coconut. Place cake 4in. under grill and



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# Bushells





# Readers win prizes for recipes

● First prize of £5 this week is awarded to a reader from Malaya for her unusual savory supper dish featuring beef served in a sour-cream sauce.

A SIMPLE macaroon recipe and a lemon fudge recipe win consolation prizes of £1 each.

All spoon measurements are level.

## BEEF AND NOODLES WITH SOUR-CREAM SAUCE

One cup chopped onion, 2 tablespoons oil or butter, 1lb minced lean steak, 3 cups medium-sized noodles, 3 cups tomato juice, 1 teaspoon

salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon celery salt, 2 teaspoons worcestershire sauce, 1 cup chopped green pepper, 1 cup sour cream, 1 cup sliced mushrooms, green pepper rings to garnish.

Cook onion in the hot oil or butter until tender but not brown. Add minced steak, brown lightly. Place noodles in layer over meat. Combine tomato juice, salts, pepper, and sauce, pour over noodles. Bring to boiling point, cover, and simmer over low heat until noodles are almost tender. Add chopped green pepper, cover, and continue cooking 10 minutes. Stir in sour cream and mushrooms; heat almost to boiling.

Transfer hot mixture to heated casserole, garnish with green pepper rings, and serve hot with crusty bread rolls as winter luncheon or supper dish.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Fredericks, 109 Tanjong Bungah Park, Penang Island, Malaya.

## FRUITY COCONUT ROUGHS

One cup dates, 1 cup walnuts, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup preserved ginger, 1 cup coconut, 1 can sweetened condensed milk, extra coconut, cherries.

Chop fruits and nuts finely. Add coconut and condensed milk; mix well together. Mould a teaspoonful

at a time into balls, roll in coconut. Press with fingers to form peak on each, top with piece of cherry. Bake on greased trays in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Cool on trays and store in airtight tin.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Sempe, 237 Waterworks Rd., Ashgrove, Qld.

## LEMON WALNUT FUDGE

Three ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2½ tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 2oz. chopped walnuts, 8oz. plain crushed biscuit crumbs.

Place butter, sugar, milk, vanilla, cocoa, and walnuts in saucepan,

bring to the boil. Cool slightly. Add biscuit crumbs, mixing thoroughly. Pour into well-greased lamington tin (7 x 11in.). Chill. When cold ice with glaze icing (see below), sprinkle top with chopped walnuts. Cut into finger lengths. Makes approximately 24 biscuits.

Lemon Chocolate Glaze: Four ounces sifted icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa, lemon juice, walnuts.

Combine sifted icing-sugar and cocoa in basin, add enough lemon juice to make smooth spreading icing.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Cutts, 70 Woodline Cres., Ryde, N.S.W.

## WINTER BUFFET (from opposite page)

grill slowly until coconut browns (about 2 to 3 minutes). Cut into squares and serve.

Note: This cake would be best finished off just before serving because the meringue topping may not carry too well.

## OCEANIA HOT POT

Two pounds fish fillets (bream, flathead, whiting, or any other fish desired), 6 medium-sized potatoes, 2 large onions (finely chopped), 1 green pepper (finely chopped), 2 cups tomato juice, 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, few drops chilli sauce, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch sugar.

Remove skin from fish fillets, cut into 2in. pieces. Peel and thinly slice potatoes and crisp in cold water. Combine onions, green pepper, tomato juice, sauces, oil, salt, pepper, and sugar; mix well. Place alternate layers of fish, drained potatoes and tomato mixture into greased casserole. Cover, bake in a moderate oven about 40 minutes or until potatoes begin to soften. Remove cover, continue baking until potatoes are tender (about 30 minutes).

## ITALIAN PIZZA

Three cups self-raising flour, 1½ oz. shortening, 1 teaspoon salt, good pinch pepper, 1 cup milk, little extra milk, 4 or 5 large firm tomatoes, 1 pkt. Swiss cheese or processed cheese slices, 1 small can anchovies, 1 small jar black or stuffed olives (optional), salt, pepper, oregano.

Sift flour, salt, and pepper into basin, rub in shortening, mix to soft dough with milk. Knead lightly on floured board, roll to 10in. circle. Lift on to large greased pie-dish or plate. Brush with milk. Peel and slice tomatoes. Arrange layers of tomato and cheese on top of pastry, seasoning well with salt, pepper, and oregano. Arrange anchovy fillets and olives in attractive pattern on top of pie. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 to 25 minutes. Cut into wedges to serve.

## CHOCOLATE MARSHMALLOW CAKE

Cake mixture: Six ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, 2½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup milk.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Fill into greased 8in. recess-tin and greased 8in. sandwich-tin. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler.

Marshmallow Frosting: One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, few drops pink coloring.

Place sugar, water, gelatine, and cream of tartar in large saucepan, stir over heat until sugar dissolves. Bring to boil, and boil steadily 10 minutes. Remove from heat, allow to cool. When just beginning to thicken, add lemon juice and few drops pink coloring. Beat until thick and fluffy. Join cake layers with little of marshmallow mixture, placing recess cake on top. Pour remainder of marshmallow into recess, coat sides. Place in refrigerator and chill. Top with the following and decorate with walnut halves.

Chocolate Topping: Melt 3 or 4oz. cooking chocolate over hot water, trickle over top and sides of cake. Chill before serving.

Now You can bake perfect sponges like an expert!

There's a promise in this packet. A promise that you'll bake a perfect sponge, without guess-work or tears. With Puffin Sponge Mix you need only one bowl, fresh eggs, water. When it comes out of the oven, you'll have a perfect sponge — high, light, moist and tender textured. Bake one of these two-layered beauties soon.

Betty King  
Home Economist

P.S. Please write to me to Box 3680 G.P.O. Sydney and tell me how much you liked the sponge you made with Puffin Sponge Mix. I guarantee you will make a perfect sponge every time. B.K.





● Attractive cup and saucer (above).

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' questions about their antiques.



THIS plaque, 11in. in diameter, has a black recessed centre with a cameo-like image of Dante in white marble. The outer rim is alabaster with a delicate design etched on it. The handles are attached with clusters of tiny raised flowers.—Mrs. J. B. Murray, Blair Athol, S.A.

Your unusual plaque (left) is Italian and was made about 1860.

● Plaque (right) is Italian.



● Gilt clock is French.

My gilt French clock is 18in. high, and the face is edged in blue enamel. There are no marks that I can see. The clock has a bell-like strike.—Mrs. R. B. Curtis Belmont, via Geelong, Vic.

Your French clock (above) is a fine-quality specimen made between the years 1865 and 1875.

★ ★ ★

My cup and saucer is, I believe, called *Capo di Monte*. The marks are C and S with a crown over N. The cup has Greek figures, and the saucer garlands of flowers and cherubs in relief.—Mrs. E. Howell, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

Your charming cup and saucer (shown top left) is a 19th-century reproduction of *Capo di Monte*. This famous porcelain factory was founded in Naples by King Charles III in 1736. Original porcelain made by this factory was of an artificial paste, sometimes called "soft" paste.

The King took a great interest in the factory. During the annual fairs held in the square outside the palace in Naples there was a stall solely for the sale of *Capo di Monte*. A note was brought daily to the King advising him of the articles sold and the names of the purchasers, on whom he looked favorably. The second period of the factory was under the patronage of King Ferdinand IV, 1759. The mark used at this time was invariably the "N" surmounted by a crown, painted in red or blue, but sometimes impressed. The "N" stands for Naples. Color relief work belongs to this second period.

Unfortunately for collectors, there are countless 19th-century reproductions of *Capo di Monte* porcelain, especially the mezzorelief ware, which has been brought to perfection. A peculiarity which distinguishes the old from the more recent reproductions is the stippled mode of rendering the flesh tints. Authentic 18th-century specimens are very rare now and command high prices on the London market—from £100 up.

### HOME HINTS

● These readers' hints win £1/1/- each.

DROP one or two fresh marshmallows into your cup of black coffee. This is an excellent substitute for cream and adds flavor to the coffee.—Mrs. D. Ferguson, 13 Adelaide Terrace, St. Mary's, S.A.

★ ★ ★

If the thread used to string beads is well waxed with beeswax beforehand it will wear much longer. The wax prevents the beads cutting into the fibres of the thread.—Miss Beverley Crook, R.M.B. 420, Kojonup, W.A.



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*WINDSOR GREAT PARK in England shows the beauty of grouping deciduous and kurume azaleas with rhododendrons and deciduous trees. With planning, a similar effect can be achieved in Australia.*

## RHODODENDRONS —1000 varieties

**A** RHODODENDRON in full bloom can be one of the most beautiful plants in the world. There are 1000 different wild species, from 8ft. forest trees to prostrate shrublets. Overleaf are some varieties and how to grow them.

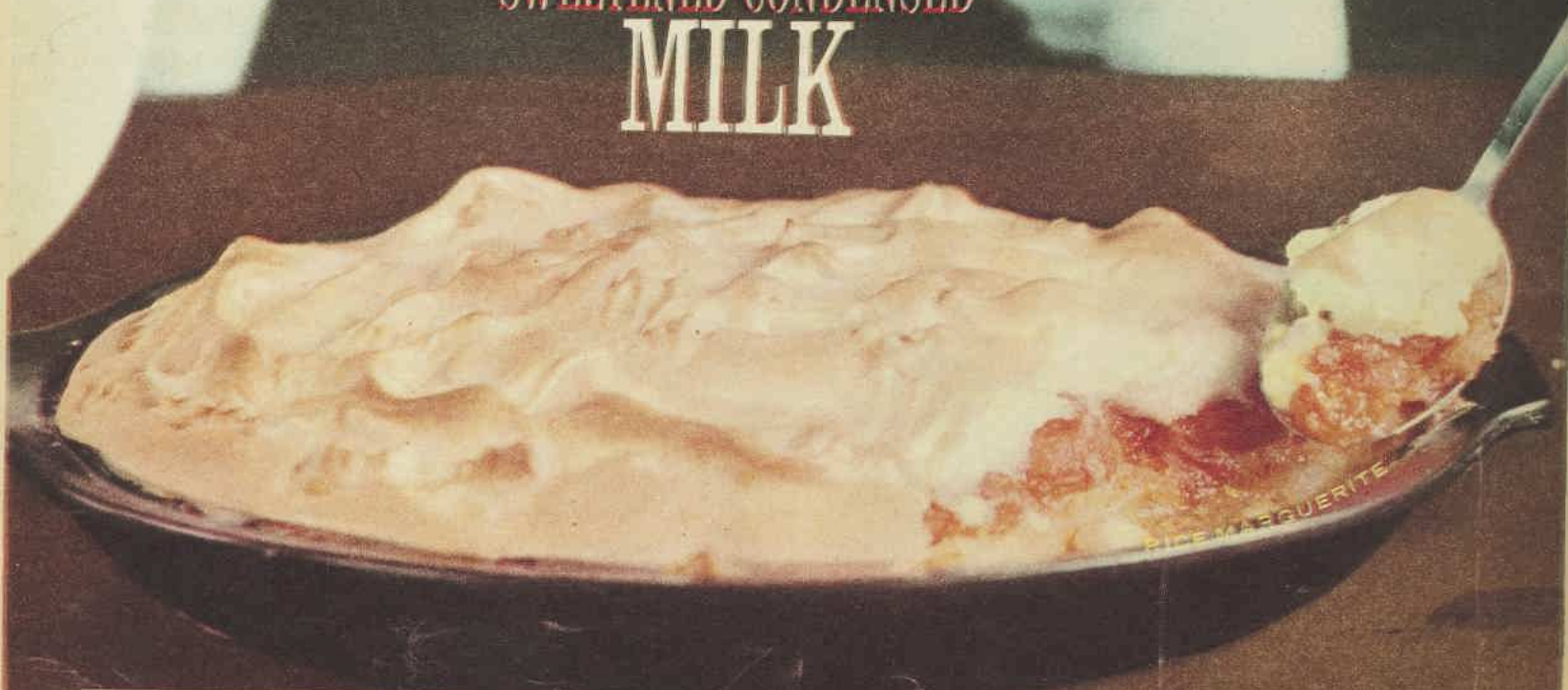
### GARDENING

*RHODODENDRONS at the home of Mrs. J. D. Mack, "Ballantrae," Mount Macedon, Victoria, include the Sydney Herbert and Cynthea varieties. This picture taken by Miss C. R. Taylor, of Victoria.*





# 3 DELICIOUS RICE PUDDING RECIPES WITH NESTLÉ'S SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK



## 1. RICE MARGUERITE (Illustrated above)

Something really elegant...creamy baked rice and stewed apricot topped with chiffon swirls.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup SUNWHITE RICE (3 $\frac{1}{2}$  ozs.), 2 eggs separated, extra water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. dried apricots stewed,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water, juice 1 lemon, 1 tin NESTLÉ'S Sweetened Condensed Milk, 2 tablespoons sugar.

**Method:** Place rice in saucepan; cover with extra water, allowing to come  $\frac{3}{4}$ " above level of rice. Cover with foil; replace lid. Cook over high heat for 3

minutes; lower heat, cook for further 9 minutes. Place cooked rice in a double boiler with Sweetened Condensed Milk and water; cook  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Add beaten egg yolks; cook for further  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. Place rice in ovenproof dish, cover with stewed apricots, sprinkle with lemon juice. Beat egg whites until stiff, then beat in sugar. Swirl on top. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes.

**Note:** Apricots may be replaced by any suitable fruit in season.

## 2. CREAMY RICE DELIGHT

Tonight you can make the simplest, most delicious Rice Pudding, with just  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of Sun-white Rice and 1 tin of Nestlé's Condensed Milk. It costs well under 2/6 yet serves 4 to 6.

**Here's all you do:** Place the rice in a saucepan; cover with water, allowing it to come  $\frac{3}{4}$ " over level of rice. Cover with foil; replace lid. Cook over a high heat for 3 minutes; lower heat and cook for a further 9 minutes. Place cooked rice in a double boiler with the Sweetened Condensed Milk and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water. Cook for 1 hour. Serve hot or cold.

**Note:** If a thicker and richer recipe is required, add 2 beaten egg yolks to cooked rice after the first  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour and then cook for the remaining time.

## 3. CHILLED RICE BAVARIAN

This is a revelation in Rice Puddings! Rice spiced with delicious chopped nuts and cherries! The family will love it! (Serves 6 to 8.)

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup SUNWHITE RICE (3 $\frac{1}{2}$  ozs.),  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, 1 tin NESTLÉ'S Sweetened Condensed Milk, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped nuts and cherries (optional), extra water.

**Method:** Place rice in saucepan; cover with extra water, allowing to come  $\frac{3}{4}$ " above level of rice. Cover with foil; replace lid. Cook over high heat, 3 minutes; lower heat, cook for further 9 minutes. Place cooked rice in double boiler with Sweetened Condensed Milk and water. Cook 1 hour. Add lemon juice, vanilla; allow to cool. Soften gelatine in cold water, then dissolve in boiling water; stir into rice. Whip cream, fold into rice, add nuts and cherries, if desired. Turn into a well greased mould; chill 4 hours. Remove and serve.

**Note:** Chopped nuts and cherries may be replaced by  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup peel, or mixed dried fruit.



LOOK FOR "100 RICE RECIPE IDEAS" IN ALL STORES



Continuing

# RHODODENDRONS



**LODER'S WHITE**, a snowy rhododendron with pink-tipped buds, in the garden of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. McKirdy, South Australia.



**PINK PEARL**, a glorious bloom, photographed in the garden of Melbourne's Lord Mayor, Councillor Maurice Nathan, and Mrs. Nathan, in Toorak, Victoria.

**M**OST rhododendrons will grow in the cooler, moist districts of Australia, but tropical varieties could be injured by frost in the coldest areas.

In the warmer zones, gardeners may have difficulty with the large-flowering European hybrids developed for their late flowering and ability to withstand severe cold.

Although they tolerate heat, they need a long period of cold to grow and flower properly, so care should be taken to choose suitable varieties.

The ultimate size of the plant, its color, and time of flowering are the factors to take into account.

Most hybrids are more satisfactory and adaptable garden plants than the species, so in warmer climates it would be wise to start with hybrids of one of the frost-tender species.

For cold climates choose late-flowering, cold-hardy varieties, and for warmer climates early-flowering, frost-tender varieties.

The Himalayan rhododendron arboreum bears tight heads of blood-red flowers, but grows too big for most gardens. A slow grower, it takes many years to flower.

Its hybrids are more satisfactory, and grow well in regions with mild winters. The cerise-red varieties Elegans, Sir Robert Peel, and Broughtonii do well in Sydney.

There are beautiful blood-red varieties such as Gill's Crimson, Ivory's Scarlet, and Barclazi, and pinks, Mrs. Henry Shilson, Gill's Triumph, and Glory of Penjerrick. Ernest Gill is rose-red.

These and other hybrids of less cold-tolerant species flower early, a great advantage in areas where late-flowering varieties might have their flowers scorched.

Another plant which grows and flowers well in mild climates is the mauve rhododendron ponticum, which is late-flowering.

**TRIUMPHANS**, a splendid variety for warmer climates, is a hybrid of species from Indonesia and Malaya and does well here. It needs frost-protection, likes humidity.

Many species of rhododendrons grow naturally in the tropics, including the Australian native Lechae, found in North Queensland. It has scarlet flowers and is now available from some nurseries.

Similar species are found in New Guinea, Indonesia, and North-east Asia. Not generally available here, they could be grown in many parts of Australia.

The largest group is known as the javanicum group. The hybrid Triumphans, with brilliant orange-scarlet flowers, does well in Sydney and farther north.

Given moisture, acid soil, and some protection from wind and sun, there are rhododendron varieties which will succeed in all the more humid areas.

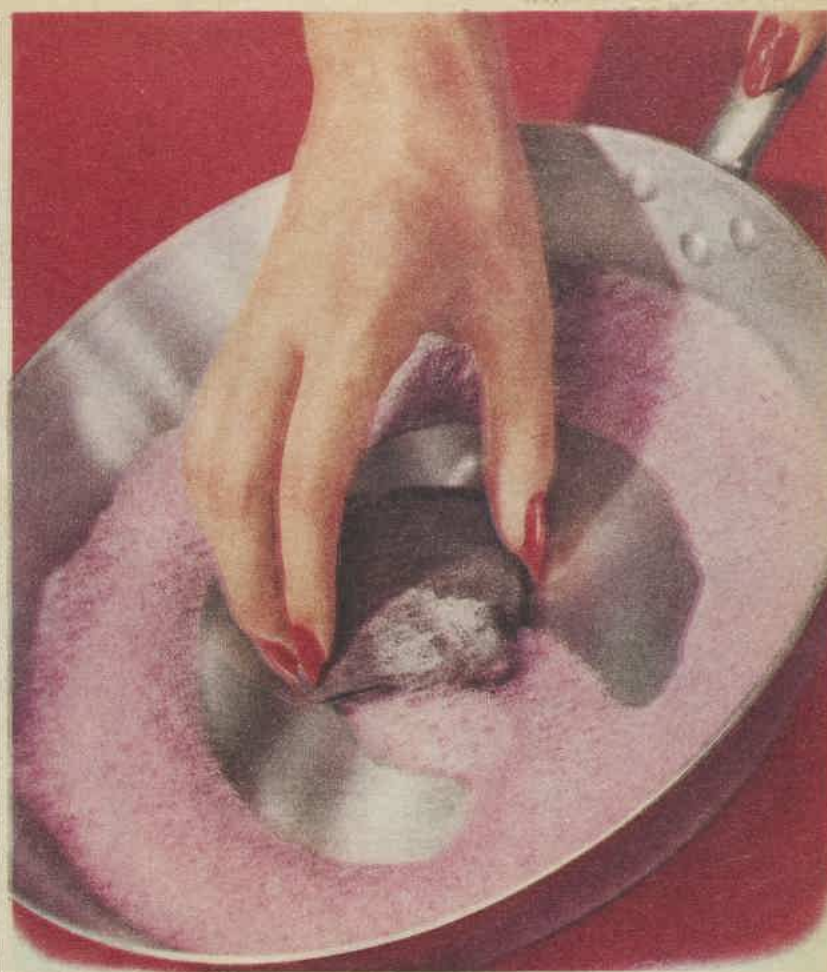
They should be bought during the cooler months and planted between April and September.

The roots should be just covered with soil. A mulch of organic matter helps to keep roots cool and moist.

Lime is harmful to rhododendrons. One of the soluble proprietary fertilisers should be used in spring only. Continued application encourages shoots rather than flower buds. Good drainage is essential.



**LUTEUM**. An unusual rhododendron which has honeysuckle-like flowers. Nurseries should be consulted as to the best varieties for local conditions.



## Burnt pans swirl clean with Steelo Soap Pads



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